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HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS

VOL. XVI.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

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VOL. CXXIII

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL

VOL. XAT

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *Household Words*."
Shakespeare.

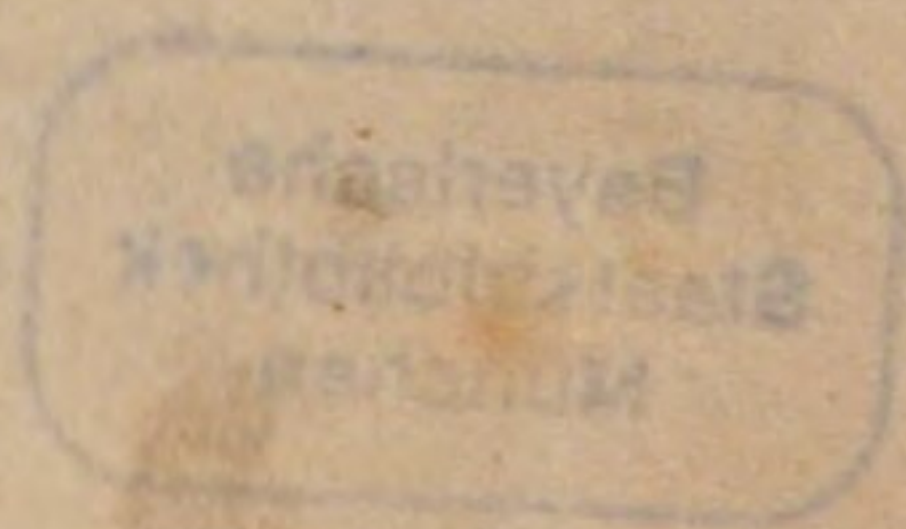
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VOL. XVI.

LEIPZIG

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1852.



HOLDEN WORDS

REGISTERED IN

CHARLES DICKENS

Illustrations of the life of Charles Dickens in his own words

COLLIER'S PUBLICATION

VOL. XVI

LEIPZIG

REINHOLD TAUBERT

1881

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. XVI.

HOW I WENT TO SEA.

How many years ago is it, I wonder, when, resenting some boyish grievance, deeply and irrecoverably irate at some fancied injury, wounded and exacerbated in my tenderest feelings, I ran away from school with the hard, determined, unalterable intention of going on the tramp and then going to sea? The curtain has fallen years ago, and the lights have been put out long since, on that portion of my history. The door of the theatre has been long locked and the key lost where *that* play was acted. Let us break the door open now and clear away the cobwebs.

About that time there must have been an epidemic, I think, for running away at Mr. Bogryne's establishment, Bolting House, Ealing. "Chivying" we called it. We had three or four Eton boys among us, who had carried out so well the maxim of *Floreat Etona* at that classic establishment, that they had flourished clean out of it; and — whether it was they missed

the daily flogging, (Mr. Bogryne was tender-hearted) or the fagging, or the interminable treadmill on the *Gradus ad Parnassum* (we were more commercial than classical) — they were always running away. One boy "chivied" in consequence of a compulsory small-tooth comb on Wednesday evenings — he wouldn't have minded it, he said, if it had been on Saturdays. Another fled his *Alma Mater* because he was obliged to eat fat, and another because he could not get fat enough. Spew-loe, our biggest boy, — who was the greatest fool and the best carpenter of his age I ever knew — caught the chivying disease of the Etonians, and was continually absconding. He was always being brought back in a chaise-cart at breakfast-time, and spoiling our breakfast with his shrieks (he was fifteen, and bellowed like a bull) while undergoing punishment. They beat him, and he ran away the more. They took away his clothes, and he ran away the next day in the French master's pantaloons (crimson crossbars on an

orange ground), and the knife-boy's jacket. They tried kindness with him, and fed him with large blocks of plum cake and glasses of ginger wine, but still he ran away. They rivetted a chain on him with a huge wooden log attached to it, as if he had been a donkey; but he ran off next day, log and all, and was found browsing in a hedge, like an animal as he was. At last they sent for his uncle, a fierce Being connected with the East Indies in a blue sur-tout and white duck trowsers; so starched and stiff and cutting, that his legs looked, as he walked, like a pair of shears. He took Spewloe away; but what he did with him I know not, for he never revealed the secrets of his prison-house. I saw him again, years afterwards, in a cab, with a tiger; his foolish face decorated with such tight whiskers and moustaches, such a tight neckcloth, such tight boots and gloves and stays, that he could scarcely move. I believe he went into the army and to India, to fight the Affghans. I hope they proved less terrible to him than Bogryne, and that he did not run away from them.

I think, were I to be put upon my affirmation relative to the cause of *my* running away from Mr. Bogryne's establishment, and going on tramp, that I should place it to the account of the Pie. There was a dreadful pie for dinner every Monday; a meat pie with a stony crust that did not break; but split into scaly layers, with horrible lumps of gristle inside, and such

strings of sinew (alternated by lumps of flabby fat) as a ghoul might use as a rosary. We called it kitten pie — resurrection pie — rag pie — dead man's pie. We cursed it by night, we cursed it by day: we wouldn't stand it, we said; we would write to our friends; we would go to sea. Old Bogryne (we called him "old" as an insulting adjective, as a disparaging adjective, and not at all with reference to the affection and respect due to age) — old Bogryne kept Giggleswick the monitor seven hours on a form with the pie before him; but Giggleswick held out bravely, and would not taste of the accursed food. He beat Clitheroe (whose father supplied the groceries to the establishment, and who was called in consequence "Ginger") like a sack, for remarking, sneeringly, to the cook, that he (Bogryne) never ate any of the pie himself, and *that he knew the reason why*. Candyman, my chum, found a tooth in the pie one day — a dreadful double-tooth. Who was going to stop in a school where they fed you with double-teeth? This, combined with the tyranny of the dancing-master, some difficulties connected with the size of the breakfast roll, and others respecting the conjugation of the verb *τύπτω*, I strike (for, though we were commercial, we learnt Greek, hang it!), and the confiscation of a favourite hockey stick — for which I had given no less a sum than four-pence and a copy of Philip Quarll — drove me to desperation. I "chivied" with

the full intention of walking to Portsmouth, and going to sea. Lord help me!

One bright moonlight night I rose stealthily from my bed, dressed, and stole down stairs. I held my breath, and trod softly as I passed dormitory after dormitory; but all slept soundly. The French master — who was wont to decorate himself hideously at night with a green handkerchief round his head, and a night-garment emblazoned like the *San benito* of a victim of the Inquisition — gurgled and moaned as I passed his door: but he had a habit of choking himself in his sleep, and I feared him not. Clitheroe, who slept under the last flight of stairs, was snoring like a barrel-organ; and Runks, his bedfellow, who was the best story-teller in the school, was telling idiotic tales, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, to himself in his slumbers. I crept across the playground cautiously, in the shadow of the wall. The play-shed; the brick wall against which we were wont to play “fives;” the trim little gardens, three feet by four, where we cultivated mustard and cress, and flowering plants which never flowered; somehow seemed to glance reproachfully at me as I stole out like a thief in the night. The tall gymnastic pole on which we climbed appeared to cast a loving, lingering shadow towards me, as if to bring me back. The sky was so clear, the moon was so bright, and the fleecy clouds were so calm and peaceful as they float-

ed by, that I half repented of my design and began to blubber. But the clock of Ealing church striking, called to mind the bell I hated most — the “getting-up bell.” The pie, the tooth, the dancing-master, the diminished roll, and the Greek verb, came trooping up; and, my unquenchable nautical ardour filling me with daring, I got over the low palings, and dropped into the high road on my way to sea.

Nobody was in my confidence. Such friends and relatives as I had were far away, and I felt that “the world was all before me where to choose.” My capital was not extensive. I had jacket, waistcoat, and trousers with the etceteras, half-a-crown in money, a curiously-bladed knife with a boat-hook and corkscrew by way of rider, and an accordion. I felt that, with these though, I had the riches of Peru.

To this day I cannot imagine what the New Police could have been about, that moon-light night that they did not pounce upon me, many-bladed knife, accordion and all, long before I got to Hyde Park Corner. Nor can I discover why Mr. Bogryne pursued me in a chaise-cart and sent foot runners after me up and down all roads save the very one I was walking quietly along. I must have looked so very like a runaway boy. The ink was scarcely dry on my fingers; the traces of yesterday’s ruler were yet fresh on my knuckles; the dust of the playground adhered to my knees

A bed next night at a London coffee-shop; a breakfast and a wild debauch on raspberry tarts and ginger-beer, very soon brought my half-crown to twopence, and I felt a lowness of spirits and the want of stimulants. A penny roll and a saveloy brought me to zero. The accordion was a bed the next night, and a sausage-roll by way of breakfast, the next morning. The many-bladed knife produced a mouthful of bread and cheese and half-a-pint of beer for dinner. Then, having nothing, I felt independent.

By some strange intuitive education, I felt myself all at once a tramp, and looked at the journey to Portsmouth quite philosophically. Curiously, when the produce of the many-bladed knife had been consumed and forgotten, and the want of another repast began to be very unpleasantly remembered; it never once occurred to me to turn back, to seek assistance from any friend or friend's friend or boy's father with whom I had spent a holiday in London. It never struck me that if employment were to be found at sea, there were docks and ships in London. I was bound for Portsmouth — why I know not — but bound as irredeemably as if I had a passport made out for that particular seaport, and the route was not by any means to be deviated from. If the London Docks were situated in New York, and if Blackwall were the port of Bombay, they could not, in my mind, have been more unattainable for

the purpose of going to sea, than they were, only a mile or so off. I was not afraid of Mr. Bogryne. I seemed to have done with him ages ago. I had quite finished and settled up accounts with him; so it appeared to me. He, and the days when I wore clean linen, and was Master Anybody, with a name written in the fly-leaf of a ciphering-book; with a playbox, and with friends to send me plum cakes and bright five-shilling pieces, were fifty thousand miles away. They loomed in the distance, just as the burning cities might have done to Lot's wife, very dimly indeed.

It was Saturday afternoon. I well remember loitering sometime about Vauxhall, and wondering whether that hot, dusty road — with the odours of half-a-dozen bone - boiling establishments coursing up and down it like siroccos — could be near the fairy establishment where there were always fifty thousand additional lamps, and to which young Simms at Bolting House had been — marvellous boy! — twice during the Midsummer holidays. After listlessly counting the fat sluggish barges on the river, and the tall dusty trees at Nine Elms (there was no railway station there then), I set out walking, doggedly. I caught a glimpse of myself in the polished plate-glass window of a baker's shop, and found myself to be a very black grimy boy. Vagabondism had already set its mark upon me. I looked, so long and so earnestly, in at the baker's

window that the baker — a lean, spiky Scotchman, whose name (McCorquodale, in lean spiky letters above his shop-front) looked like himself, appeared to think I was meditating a bold border foray on his stock in trade, and rushed at me so fiercely round his counter with a bread-tin, that I fled like a young gazelle. I plodded down the Wandsworth road, blushing very much as I passed people in clean shirts and well-brushed clothes, and pretty servant-maids, dressed out in ribbons like Maypoles, laughing and chattering in the gardens and at the doors of suburban villas. I had a dreadful qualm too, on meeting a boarding school for young gentlemen in full force, walking in procession two and two. As I passed the master — a stout man genteelly garotted in a white neckcloth, and walking severely with the youngest pupil as if he had him in custody — I shivered. Bolting house and Mr. Bogryne loomed, for an instant, not in the distance, but close upon me. Good gracious! I thought — What if there should be some masonic intercourse between preceptors, relative to the recovery of run-aways; some scholastic hue-and-cry; some telegraphic detection of chivying? But the schoolmaster passed me in silence, merely giving me a glance, and then glancing at his boys, as if he would say, "See, young gentlemen, the advantage of being boarded, washed, and educated in an establishment where moral suasion

is combined with physical development (Times, August 20, 1852). If ever you neglect your use of the globes, or sneer at your preceptors, or rebel at pies, you may come, some day, to look like that." The last and biggest boy, in a checked neckcloth and a stand-up collar, as I made way for him on the pavement, made a face at me. It was so like the face I used to make at the ragged little boys, when Bogryne's boys went out walking, that I sat down on a dog's meat vendor's barrow and cried again.

By some circuitous route which took me, I think, over Wandsworth Common, and through Roehampton and Putney, I got that evening to Kingston-upon-Thames. The sun was setting, as I leaned over the bridge. I was tired and hungry; but, dismissing the idea of supper, as something not sufficiently within the range of possibility to be discussed, I certainly began to feel anxious concerning bed. Where or how was it to be? Was it to be barn, or hay-rick, or outhouse — or simply field, with the grass for a pillow, and the sky for a counterpane? My thoughts were interrupted by a stranger.

He was, like myself, a tramp; but, I think I may say without vanity, he was infinitely more hideous to look at. Short and squat and squarely built, he had the neck of a bull and the legs of a bandy tailor. His hands were as the hands of a prizefighter. They were so brown and horny that where the wrists joined on to

his arm you might fancy the termination of a pair of leather gloves. His face was burnt and tanned with exposure to sun and rain to a dull brickdust colour; purple red on the cheek-bones and tips of the nose and chin. Both hands and face were inlaid with a curious chequer work of dirt, warranted to stand the most vigorous application of a scrubbing-brush. His head was close cropped like a blighted stubble-field, and his flabby ears kept watch on either side of it like scarecrows. He had pigs' eyes of no particular colour; no eyebrows, no beard save a stubbly mildew on his upper lip like the mildew on a pot of paste, a "bashed" nose, and a horrible hare-lip. He had an indefinite jacket with some letters — a W, I think, and an I — branded on one sleeve, a pair of doubtful trousers, and something that was intended for a shirt. None of these were ragged, nor could they be called patched, for they were one patch. Finally, he had a bundle in his hand, a cap like a disc cut out of a door-mat on his head, and something on his feet which I took to be a pair of fawn-coloured slippers, but which I subsequently found to be a coating of hardened mud and dust upon his skin.

He looked at me for a moment half curiously, half menacingly; and then said, in a shrill falsetto voice that threw me into a violent perspiration: —

"Where was you a going to?"

I replied, trembling, that I was going to bed.

"And where was you a going to sleep?" he asked.

I said I didn't know.

He stroked the mildew on his lip and spoke again: —

"I s'pose now you'd be a young midshipmite?"

I am certain that I must have looked more like a young sweep, but I contended myself with saying that I did not belong to His Majesty's service; — yet.

"What might you be a doing of, now?" he demanded.

It was a dreadful peculiarity of this man that when he spoke he scratched himself; and that when he didn't speak he gave his body an angular oscillatory wrench backwards and forwards from the shoulder to the hip, as if he had something to rasp between his jacket and his skin; which there is no doubt he had. I was so fearful and fascinated by his uncouth gestures that he had to repeat his question twice before I answered: then, not knowing what to describe myself, (for I could not even assume that most ambiguous of all titles, a gentleman), I said, at hazard, that I was a tailor.

"Where was you a going to-morrow?"

I said, hesitatingly, to Portsmouth.

"Ah! to Portsmouth," resumed the man, "Portsmouth, surely! Have you got thruppence?"

I replied, humbly, that I hadn't.

"No more haven't I," said the tramp conclusively; "not a mag." an hour's work in the morning, I could be provided with supper and a bed.

There ensued an ambiguous and, to me, somewhat terrifying silence. I feared that my companion was indignant at my poverty, and that, on the principle of having meal if he couldn't get malt, he would have three-penn'orth of jacket, or three-penn'orth of waistcoat, or three-penn'orth of blood. But I was agreeably disappointed; the villanous countenance of my companion cleared up; and he said, condescendingly — "I'm a traveller."

"And a very evil-looking traveller, too," I thought.

"If you had got thruppence, and I had got thruppence," he went on to say, "I knows a crib down yonder where we might a snoozed snug. But if you ain't got nuffin, and I ain't got nuffin," the traveller continued, quite in a didactic style, "we must turn in at the Union. Do you know what the Union is?"

I had heard of the repeal of the Union, and the Union Jack, and one of our boy's fathers was a member of the Union Club. I had an indistinct notion, too, of an Union workhouse; but my fellow tramp had some difficulty in explaining to me that the Union was a species of gratuitous hotel; a caravansary kept by the Poor Law Commissioners for the special relief of the class of travellers known in ordinary parlance as tramps and in the New Poor Law Act as "casual paupers;" and where, in consideration of doing

We walked together to the house of the relieving officer to obtain tickets of admission. The functionary in question lived in a pretty little cottage, with a shining brass door-plate much too large for the door, and a fierce bell; which, every time it pealed, shook the little house to its every honey-suckle. The parochial magnate was not at home; but a rosy girl — with an illuminated ribbon and a species of petrified oyster as a brooch, and who was his daughter, I suppose — came to a little side window in the wall in answer to our summons; and, scarcely deigning to look at us, handed us the required tickets. Ah me! A twitch, a transient twitch came over me when I thought that there had been days when Master Somebody in a prodigious lay-down collar and white ducks, had walked with young ladies quite as rosy, with brooches quite as petrified, and had even been called by them, "a bold boy."

Misery, they say, makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows; but shall I ever again, I wonder, sleep in company with such strange characters as shared the trusses of straw, the lump of bread, and slab of Dutch cheese, that night, in the casual ward of Kingston workhouse? There was a hulking fellow in a smock frock, who had been a navigator, but had fallen drunk into a lime-pit and burnt his eyes out, who was too

lazy to beg for himself, and was led about by a ragged, sharp-eyed boy. There were two lads who tramped in company: they had been to sea and were walking from Gosport to London. My fellow, the man with the wrench, had been born a tramp and bred a tramp; his father was a tramp before him, and I dare say his children are tramps now.

"Yer see," he deigned to explain to me, after he had dispatched his supper, "I likes change. I summers in the country, and winters in London. There's refuges and 'ressipockles,' " (by which, I presume, he meant receptacles) "in winter time, and lots of coves as gives yer grub. Then comes spring time; I gets passed to my parish—the farther off the better, and I gets a penny a mile. When I gets there I goes 'cross country, on quite another tack. I knows every Union in England. In some they gives you bread and cheese, and in some broth, and in some skillygolee. In some they gives you breakfast in the morning, and in some they doesn't. You have to work your bed out. Here, Kingston way, you wheels barrows; at Guildford you pumps; at Richmond you breaks stones; at Farnham you picks oakum; at Wandsworth they makes you grind corn in a hand-mill till your fingers a'most drops off at yer wristés. At Brighton now, they're a good sort, and only makes you chop up firewood; but Portsmouth's the place! You're a young un," he pursued, looking

at me benignantly, "and green. Now, I'll give you a wrinkle. If you're a-going to Portsmouth, you manage to get there on a Saturday night; for they keeps you all day Sunday, and they won't let you do no work; and they gives you the jolliest blow-out of beef and taters as ever passed your breastbone. The taters is like dollops o' meal!"

With this enthusiastic eulogium on the way in which they managed matters at Portsmouth, the traveller went to sleep—not gradually, but with a sudden grunt and jerk backward. The blind navigator and his guide had been snoring valorously for half-an-hour; and the two sailor lads, after an amicable kicking match for the biggest heap of straw, soon dropped off to sleep, too. There was an unsociable tinker in the corner, who had smuggled in a blacking-bottle full of gin, notwithstanding the personal search of the workhouse porter. He gave no one, however, any of the surreptitious cordial, but muddled himself in silence; merely throwing out a general apothegm to the auditory that he preferred getting drunk in bed, as "he hadn't far to fall." He did get drunk, and he did fall. I was too tired, I think, to sleep; but none of my companions woke during the night, save an Irish reaper who appeared more destitute than any of us; but whom I watched, in the dead of the night, tying up some gold and silver in a dirty rag.

Next morning was Sunday — a glorious sunshiny, bird-singing, tree-waving Sunday. They turned us out at eight o'clock with a meal of hot gruel, and without exacting any work from us. The hereditary tramp and I walked together from Kingston to Esher. The navigator stopped in Kingston, having a genteel begging walk in the environs: and the Irishman sallied forth London-ward with a slipshod wife, and a tribe of ragged children, who had slept in the women's casual ward. With them went the two sailor lads; one of whom, with a rough kindness that would have made me give him a penny if I had possessed one, carried the Irishwoman's sickly baby.

"Why don't you chuck them ere shoes off?" asked my friend as we plodded along. "They wouldn't fetch nothing, to sell, and they're only a bother to walk in, unless you was to put some wet grass in 'em. Look at my trotters," he continued, pointing to his feet, and tapping the sole of one of them with the blade of his knife, "they're as hard as bricks, they is. Go buff-stepped — that's the game."

Some remnants of Master Somebody's pride in his neat Bluchers must have lingered about me, for I declined the invitation to walk bare-foot.

"When shoes is shoes," pursued the tramp argumentatively, "they're good for those as likes 'em, which I don't; but when they're 'crab-shells,' and leaky and gummy in the soles, and lark-

heeled, the sooner you get shut of 'em the better. There's togs, too," he pursued, looking with proper pride at his own attire, "the sooner you peels off them cloth kicksies the better. There ain't no wear in 'em, and they're no good, if you ain't on the flash lay. My jacket's Guildford jail. My trousers is Dartford Union; and my flannel shirt is the Society for the 'Ouseless poor. When I can't patch 'em no longer, and they gets all alive like, I tears up. Do you know what 'tearing up' is? A course you don't. Well, I goes to a Union a night, and I rips up into bits every mortal bit I has upon me. Then they comes in the morning, and they puts me into a sack, and they puts me in a cart and takes me afore the beak. Tearing up is twenty-one days, and quod meals, which is mind ye reglar, is good for a cove, and freshens him up."

Here he sat down on a milestone; and, producing a remarkably neat housewife case, proceeded to overhaul all parts of his apparel with as much care and circumspection as if they had been of purple and fine linen, catching up any stray rents and "Jacob's ladders" with a grave and deliberate countenance.

How long this man and I might have kept company I am not prepared to say; but we soon fell out. He descried, or fancied that he could descry, something in my face that would be sure to attract the sympathies of the benevolent, and loosen their purse strings; or,

as he phrased it "nobble the flats;" and he urged me with great vehemence, not only to beg pecuniary relief from all passers by, but also to diverge from the high road, and go "a grub cadging," *i. e.*, to beg broken victuals at small cottages and gentlemen's lodge-gates. Finding that I was too shame-faced, he felt himself, I suppose, called upon to renounce and repudiate me as unworthy his distinguished company and advice; and, telling me that I warn't fit for tramping nohow, he departed in great dudgeon down a cross road leading towards Reading. I never saw him again.

I walked that day—very slowly and painfully, for my feet had begun to swell—to Guildford. I was very hungry and faint when I arrived, but could not muster courage enough to beg. I had a drink or two of water at public-houses, going along, which was always readily granted; and I comforted myself from milestone to milestone with the thought of a supper and bed at Guildford, where my ex-mentor had informed me there was a "stunning Union." But, woeful event! when I got to Guildford, it was full nine o'clock in the evening. The good people of that pleasant market-town were taking their walks abroad, after church service; good, easy, comfortable, family folk—fathers of families—sweethearts in loving couples—all, doubtless, with cosy suppers to go home to, and snug beds—and knowing and caring

nothing for one poor, soiled, miserable tramp, toiling along the highway with his fainting spirit just kept breast high by the problematical reversion of a pauper's pallet and a pauper's crust. I soon found out the relieving officer, who gave me my ticket, and told me to look sharp or the Union would be closed; but I mistook the way, and stumbled through dark lanes, and found myself, weeping piteously and praying incoherently, in quagmires; and when I did get at last to the grim, brick, castellated Union-house, the gates were closed, and admission to the casual ward was impossible. The porter, a fat, timid man, surveyed me through the grate, and drew back again as by the light of a lantern he scanned my gaunt, hunger-stricken mien. He thrust a piece of bread to me between the bars, and recommended me to seek the relieving officer again, who, he said, would find me a bed. Then, he wished me good night, and retreated into his little lodge or den with the air of a man who has got rid of a troublesome customer.

Good night! It began to rain, and to menace a thunderstorm; but I sat down in a ditch, and devoured the bread. It was eleven o'clock, and I was wet to the skin; when by dint of dodging up and down dark lanes, and knocking up against posts, and bruising my shins over milestones, I got to the relieving officer's again.

The relieving officer lived up

a steep flight of steps; and, as I approached the bottom thereof, was peeping out at the door to see what sort of a night it was. He shook his head, either at the dirty aspect of the weather or at that of your humble servant, and was just about closing his door, when I ran up the steps and caught him by the coat-tail.

"Dear-a deary me!" said the relieving officer, when I had explained my errand to him, "dear-a deary me!"

This was perplexing rather than encouraging; and I waited some moments for a more definite communication. But, none came, and the relieving officer kept staring at me with a bewildered expression, twitching nervously at a watch-ribbon meanwhile, and then whirling it round as if he intended presently to sling the seals at my head; but I made bold to tell him what the porter had told me about his finding me a bed.

"Dear-a deary me!" said the relieving officer again, dropping the threatened missiles; but, this time, with a shake of the head that gave solemn significance to his words. "Where am I to find a bed?"

This was a question that I could not answer; nor, apparently, could the relieving officer. So he changed the theme.

"There *isn't* such a thing as a bed," he remarked.

I don't think that he meant to deny the existence of such a thing as a bed, taken in the light of a

bed; but rather that he intended to convey the impossibility of there being such an institution as a bed for such as I was.

"You must go further," he said.

"Where, further?" I asked desperately.

"Oh, I'm sure I can't say," replied the relieving officer; "you must go on. Yes," he repeated with another stare of bewilderment and clutch at his watch appendages, "go on — further — there's a good lad."

Whatever I may have found inclination to respond to this invitation, was cut short by the relieving officer shutting the door precipitately, and putting up the chain. So I did go on; but not much further. I wandered down to the banks of the canal, where I found a coal-barge just unladen. It was very hard, and black, and gritty; but I found out the softest board, and, in that barge, in spite of all the rain and the coal-dust, I slept soundly.

From Guildford to Farnham next day, through Alton; where, if I remember right, the ale is brewed. My feet were terribly swollen and blistered; but, with a sullen pride I kept to my shoes. I have those shoes to this day in a neat case. Such crabshells! It was just one o'clock when I walked into Farnham, Hants; but, I was so tired out that, pending the opening of my hotel, the work-house, I turned into a field, and slept there, under a hedge, until nearly eight o'clock.

I may remark as a note-worthy feature of the frame of mind I must have been in during my tramp, that although I was a sharp boy, with a taste for art and a keen eye for the beauties of nature, I observed nothing, admired nothing — nor smiling landscapes, nor picturesque villages, nor antique churches. I saw, felt, thought, of nothing but of the mortal miles I had to walk. The counties of Surrey and Hampshire were to me but vast deserts of coach-roads, diversified by oases of milestones, with a Mecca or Medina, in the shape of an Union workhouse, at the end of each day's weary travel. I met wayfarers like myself, but they were merely duplicates of the sunburnt tramp, the Irish reaper, and the drunken tinker. There was, now and then, a stray Italian boy, and an Alsacian broom-girl or so; and once I met a philanthropist in a donkey-cart, who sold apples, onions, pots and pans, red-herrings, Common Prayer-books, and flannel. He gave me a raw red-herring — if, being already cured, that fishy esculent can be said to be raw. Raw or cooked, I ate it there and then.

I never begged. Stout farmers' wives, with good-humoured countenances, threw me a halfpenny sometimes, and one pleasant-spoken gentleman bade me wait till he saw whether he could find sixpence for me. But he had no change, he said; and, bidding me good evening in quite a fatherly manner, rode away on

his dapple gray steed. Has he change, now, I wonder?

When I woke up I went straight to the workhouse. Farnham did not boast an Union, but had a workhouse of the old school. The master was a pleasant old man, with a large white apron, and gave me a liberal ration of bread and cheese. I happened to be the only occupant of the ward that evening; and, being locked up early, I had time to look about me, and select the cleanest and softest-looking truss of straw. The whitewashed walls were covered with the names of former tramps; their poetical effusions and their political sentiments were scratched with nails or scrawled in charcoal. John Hind had laboured hard to rhyme "workhouse" with "sorrow;" but, although he had covered some six feet of wall with his efforts, he had not succeeded. Some anonymous hand had scrawled in desperate Roman capitals "God help the poor;" to which I said Amen. Mr. Jack Bullivant had recorded, in energetic but untranscribable terms, his disapproval of the quality of the cheese; and J. Naylor had given vent to his democratic enthusiasm in "Hurrah for uni" — something which looked like unicorn, but was intended, I fancy, to mean, "universal suffrage." Chartism was the great wall-cry in those days. Close to the door was the sign manual of "Paul Sweeny, bound to London with Fore Kids." Motherless, perhaps.

There had been one "casual" in before me; but he was taken so violently ill immediately after his admission, that he had been removed into another out-house, on to a truckle bed: the rules of the establishment not permitting his being transferred to the infirmary. The poor wretch lay groaning piteously, as I could hear with painful distinctness through the thin wall that separated him from the casual ward. His groans became at last so appalling that they worked me into an agony of terror; and I clung to the locked door (in the centre of which there was a largish grating) and beat against it, to the great disgust and irritation of the porter; who, with a lantern at the end of a pitchfork, came in to look at the moribund occasionally, and who made a rush at me at last as he would have done at a young bull. "It's all over with him," he said to me in remonstrance; "so where's the good? The doctor's gone to a birth; but we've give him a bottle of stuff till he comes, and made his comfable. So lie down."

Whatever the "stuff" was — doctor's stuff, kitchen stuff, or household stuff — the miserable man continued "moaning of his life out" as the porter said querulously, until it was almost morning. Then the doctor (a pale, over-worked, under-paid young man with tight trousers, and spectacles, always in a chaise and a perspiration) came; and I heard him tell the porter that the man

would "go off easily." He presently did.

They let me out at eight o'clock — sick, dizzy, and terrified. "I told you so," the porter said with apologetic complacency, "he went off quite 'comfable.'" This was his epitaph. Who he was or what he was — where he came from or whither he was going — no man knew, and it was no man's business to inquire. I suppose they put him in the plain deal shell, which I saw the village carpenter tacking together as I turned down the street, and so lowered him under ground. They might have written "comfable" on his tombstone, for any purpose a word would serve — if they gave paupers tombstones; which they do not.

But, this poor dead unknown man did me a service. For, whether I was superstitious, or whether my nerves were unstrung, or whether repentance at my obdurate folly came tardily, but came at last, I went no farther on the way to Portsmouth, but thought I wouldn't go to sea, just at present, and tramped manfully back to Ealing, determined to take all Mr. Bogryne could give me, and be thankful. But I did not get what I expected and what I deserved. I found anxious friends just on the point of putting out bills of discovery as for a strayed puppy; I found a fatted calf already slaughtered — kindness, affection, forgiveness, and *Home*.

There was but one drawback

to my happiness. With some strong preconceived notion of the dreadful company I must have been keeping, and the horrible dens I must have sojourned in, my relations and friends found it to be their bounden duty to wash me continually. When it wasn't warm bath, it was yellow soap and scrubbing-brushes; and when it wasn't that, it was foot-bath. I was washed half away. I was considerably chafed, and morally hustled, too, by good pious relatives in the country; who, for many months afterwards, were for ever sending me thick parcels; which, seeing, I thought to be cakes; which, opening, I found to be tracts.

I have walked a good deal to and fro on the surface of this globe since then; but I have never been to sea — on similar terms — since, any more.

THE GARDENS OF RYE.

IF I lived in Piccadilly, I believe that I should not be tempted to Hyde Park by the grandest review of drums, and guns, and cartridge-boxes that was ever held, though Russia, Prussia, France, and Austria, sent their Field-m Marshals and their picked troops to eke out the show. Living not very far from Piccadilly, I was, however, tempted a short time ago to journey off to the remote neighbourhood of Romney Marsh, attracted by the announcement that a grand field-day was

to be held, and that a review of regiments of turnips, carrots, pumpkins, and such brave supporters of the country, was to take place under the auspices of field labourers from Playden, Peasmarsh, Iden, Northiam, and other places, who would bring contingents to the field.

There had been sent to me a bill of the performance of the Rye District Cottagers' Horticultural Society, advertised to be presented in capacious marquees on a promising day at the close of August in the present year (1852). The programme lies before me now, a sheet as large as half-a-dozen London playbills, and offering a proportionately large combination of attractions. There are set all over the paper, apples, for cooking; apples, for eating; pots of honey; ripe fruit; scarlet runners; and many other equally old favourites, which were all announced to appear together in their finest characters. I thought that an assemblage of them in considerable force was worth going a good way to see. Little enthusiasm as I feel about the tented field, commonly speaking, I thought that there might be something that would cause my heart to warm a little when I got among the tents of the horticulturists, and saw the flags of the cottagers of Sussex floating victorious over the soil they had conquered, and which they had compelled to pay to them heavy tribute.

I took the first train for Hast-

ings on the appointed day, and, quitting Hastings instantly again, proceeded on to Rye. It was one of the cheerful days which autumn has in her youth before she takes to sighing, weeping, and the wearing of russet. She wore a very gay dress — green and golden — on the day in question, prettily trimmed, I observed, with festoons of hop; and she had on a magnificent blue cap, upon which there floated a few ribbons of cloud. Mistress Autumn does not wear her best clothes when she is in town, but it is different when you go to see her in the country.

The sea looked its bluest as we swept away upon our flight like birds; and the Downs, with the remains of Hastings Castle on their summit, were drawn over the waters like a glorious curtain. The field of glory that I had come out to see was not far from the railway station. I saw the fluttering of flags, and, turning into a lane called the New Rope Walk, which the Corporation of Rye, by placards, particularly requests that nobody will injure — I am sure I feel great pleasure in making their wish public — I came to the very spot which, like a loadstone mountain, had exerted its influence on me, nailed to London, and, drawing me with a strong wrench from a bookshelf to which I have there been habitually fastened, whisked me away to Sussex. Only there was a ditch of very muddy water which still parted me from the spot to which

I had been flying. Being a bachelor of fifty, partial to nankeen and wearing pumps in summer, it may not be regarded as a weakness that I am particular about my feet and legs. I could not cross that ditch. It being obvious, however, to my capacity, that the ladies, the true bloom of Rye, who would be coming up that rope-walk to get into that field, would not be called upon to wade to the tents of glory through that ditch, I made a narrow search for means of passage, since no bridge was readily to be discovered. While I was thus engaged, a buxom damsel walked into the ditch and over it, and displayed, as she ascended on the opposite bank, a perfectly unsullied pair of stockings. Pictures may wink and images may walk, but a young woman of her size, I thought, could not get over mud or water without sinking.

I was right. A load or more of cut grass had at one particular point been thrown into the ditch; and, over that — as soldiers cross a moat over the bodies of the slain — we were to march to where the banners had been lifted. They had been lifted in a large and pleasant meadow, much shaded by clumps of old trees. They consisted chiefly of union-jacks, which had braved frequently the breeze, and had been hung out often, I suppose, in dirty weather. Within a space, parted from the rest of the field by a light wall of fishing-nets, rose a broad white hillock of tent completely covered

in, and completely covering in also the vegetable portion of the exhibition. Of the human portion, groups were scattered about the field; but, as I had arrived upon the spot when the day's sun had reached its noon, and as the noon of triumph to the horticulturist was not to blaze until two o'clock, the groups were few, and the business transacted by two merchants in ginger-beer, gingerbread, and Brazil nuts, was not of a kind likely to call for greatly increased exportations from the Spice Islands, or to give much impetus to the Brazilian trade.

Having seized the hand of the Rye Cottagers' Society, that is to say, having seized its secretary, I was introduced at once among the mysteries within the tent. Remembering, as I now do, how that tent appeared when it was dressed for company at two o'clock, and how elegant it was declared to be, I do not know that it is requisite for me to betray the secrets of the toilet, and to tell how it appeared at half-past twelve, while the great business of dressing was in progress.

I strolled away, to take a look at the town of Rye — once a seaport; now, only a Cinque Port. The sea in it is not very much seen, because the harbour choked itself some years ago, and is defunct. I believe there is a new channel, and a way by which the tide can come up to give the town a little daily kiss; but it must be, I think, a very little kiss, and no such hearty smack as the waves

gave to Rye, when, for example, Rye was the town to throw nine ships at a time upon the ocean's lap, as contributions to King Edward the Third's equipment for a French invasion. Even now, however, Rye must be a town of enormous importance, for it has the privilege of returning men to assist in holding the canopy over sovereigns of Great Britain at their coronation. And a town that is privileged to throw a king into the shade should be a town worth looking at. It is in a fertile district; and its gardens have in them vigour enough and its gardeners have in them wit enough, to reproduce the biggest bombshells in their pumpkins, to grow mock bullets of all sizes in their peascods, and to shed the richest blood from the black hearts of cherries. As for vegetables, they are growing on the broad marsh (waste as it looks), broken only by its trenches. The shrewd people have drained it. Leap the drains and you may gallop dry over that marsh in winter-time. One would not wish to live upon it though one may work upon it, and I see no houses on its surface; only one house in the distance, sacred to One and visited of many, with a slender spire that points from the reclaimed earth to heaven.

A quaint and pleasant old town, with true life in its heart, I think to myself as I return to the marquee. I pause before the door of an old store-house, which, I am told, was once upon a time — be-

fore the wars with France — a monastery of Augustine Friars. A half defaced bill on the door, remaining from the last election, calls upon the men of Rye not to be trampled under foot, to rally round a tried friend, to secure for Great Britain the glorious triumph of a great principle, and remember the mighty din of the tremendous battle in the classic streets of their famous town when the false traitor John Atrox would have led them all into a pitfall. Rally, cried the old monastery door to the electors, rally round Free Trade!

“A band of music will be in attendance.” The bill which made this promise held out no false baits; there is the band under a shady tree — nine gloomy men who sit about a deal table, and prepare at this moment to blow. Blow, fiends, and crack your cheeks! “Let fall your horrible pleasure.” Ah, well, well! not so unpleasant after all. Although, outside my window in London where I have been poring over my book, musicians, measuring with deliberate malignity some twenty paces from my ears, have often blown the brains nearly out of my head; yet here, under the trees and autumn sky with the sea breeze upon my cheeks, I can receive even you into my large heart and enjoy the produce of your windy industry. My large heart has also room for admiration of these fresh-complexioned daughters of Rye. For the first time in my existence I enjoy the contem-

plation of Rye faces. I enjoy this double-distilled essence of all maidenly gentility, which looks so comical with limp hair and a curly lip; this fine mass of blue satin. I should like to see this resplendency feeding pigs on a washing day in her print dress, with her sleeves tucked up; her elbows kissed by the suds. She looks contemptuously at my nankeen and pumps as I sit quietly upon a bench by which she floats. She leans upon the arm of a decided agriculturist, whose pigs she will feed hereafter when they are a happy couple. They are not a happy couple now; for I can see that the young lady is flirting. — Here, in the wake of a portentous portly gentleman, come two buttercups of daughters. There is a blue-bell with a bended head. Poor blossom! born in vain among the dairies; smell of cows will never cure her; only death can ever dim the fatal lustre that is in her eye. The throng increases — reverend gentlemen, country gentlemen, bankers, tradesmen, millers; all with wives and daughters. Outside there hang the lookers-on. They are receiving with great joy notes to an incredible amount scattered recklessly among them by the band. I cease to share this joy. I plunge into the tent.

A writing on the wall, which spreads over its whole surface, traced in the divine material of leaves and flowers, faces me as I enter. “The Earth,” it says, “is the Lord’s, and the fulness there-

of." So my eye falls from this upon the fruits and flowers which surround me, formed in quaint patterns and wreaths, while human holiday faces shine among them, each hung with its own wreath of smiles. This is the thing I came to see, or at least part of it. In this first tent, the fruits and flowers are exhibited by gentlemen and ladies for subscribers' prizes, which are simply cards; cottagers receive cards of the same kind with money. There are more devices on the walls tastefully and laboriously executed: there are Cupids in baskets: there are temples built of flowers. There is also a colossal pair of scales made with plants, having in one scale an admirably disposed group of real vegetables, and in the other scale a group of flowers and fruit; the turnips and carrots being represented — with a due regard to the moral of a cottage garden-show — as outweighing the nectarines and roses. Much time and thought must have been spent upon this, as upon many other of the contributions of subscribers. Well done; I understand this and I like it. I have nobody to talk to, but I think to myself very much as follows: —

This rustic Horticultural Society is established to promote habits of industry, economy, and management among the labouring cottagers. It offers — together with a card of honour that may be suspended from the cottage wall — prizes of money for the best specimens of the most useful vegetables: — for the best sent from each parish, and for the best produced in the whole district. It offers similar prizes for the best specimens of less important vegetables, of useful fruits, of inexpensive cottage garden flowers, and of bees'-wax and honey. Such Societies are common in this country, and their shows, when they are well managed, form wholesome incidents in English rural life; they are among the pleasant, peaceful features of this autumn season. I have visited such gatherings before, but have not always come away from them exactly satisfied. Money prizes are acceptable enough by the competitors, considering the rate of income among rustic labourers. In this instance — as is usual and right — the cottage competition is confined to men holding not more than a quarter of an acre of ground; agricultural labourers, mechanics, and others in trade — not being master-men — whose weekly wages do not exceed an average of seventeen and sixpence. The danger in all these cases is the adoption of a wrong tone by the gentry who undertake to patronise the cottage horticulturists. What I like about these laborious inscriptions done in leaves and grasses, and these floral temples, scales, and basketed Cupids, is the plain fact which they reveal to the cottagers, that it is not they only who have looked forward to the show-day, but that the ladies and gentlemen have

plunged into its fascinations with as true a good will as themselves: that they also have spent their wits on the production of a something that shall win applause and be a credit to the exhibition. What I like in this Society is, that the rich and poor co-operate in exhibiting; all equally desirous to obtain the card of honour, common to all classes. The money prize with which the card of the cottager alone is gilded or silvered, may be given in this way with a good grace, and need not take the form of supercilious encouragement.

In this tent there is a table spread with produce that has been sent in by servants of the South-Eastern railway, residing on that portion of the railway which is contained in the Rye district. The South-Eastern Railway Company deserves credit for its little vote of a few guineas for the maintenance of efficiency on such a branch line as horticulture. To promote a taste for flower-pots in its servants is to keep within moderate bounds a taste for pots of beer, and it moreover testifies a kindliness which excites to faithful service, when the Company enables its men to go down to the distant show, to add themselves to its attractions, and to obtain their share of its prizes, without being beholden to its funds.

When I have penetrated through this ante-chamber to the great marquee, and have passed the pair of massive, handsomely bound Bibles, on their stand of harvest sheafs, I come to the real exhibi-

tion tent, in which the glories of the gardens of Rye inspire me with a new enthusiasm. Covent Garden me no Covent Gardens. You must go to Rye if you would see potatoes. There is a long table down the middle, upon which are laid out French beans, turnips, cabbages, sweet herbs, apples, plums, hollyhocks, dahlias, nosegays, marigolds, and honey in which the prince of all the flies might drown himself after a minute of joy that was worth twenty times his principality. The produce on the centre table consists of articles in which the whole district competes together. The sides of the tent are lined with tables subdivided into parishes. Here is the parish of Peasmarsh, occupying an area of one hundred square feet. Its vegetable productions are potatoes, parsnips, onions, and carrots. The finest may be known by the skewer that is stuck into them supporting the inscription on a label — "Parish Prize." In the district competition, you may know which articles are considered by good judges to be best, and second best, and third best, because there are three prizes, indicated by three tickets, for each kind of flower, fruit, or vegetable that has been fetched up out of the treasure-chambers of the earth. Earth has been conquered and taxed handsomely. The union-jack may well fly overhead, and the band may well cease blowing Roast Beef of Old England through the canvas. Greens and potatoes such as these, look too

provoking as they are; it is not meet to add to them a hint of beef.

At the end of the tent, under another elaborate amateur inscription, are the baskets of vegetables or of fruit sent in for competition. Exhibitors find their own baskets. Wherefore clothes' baskets preponderate: there are a few single hand-baskets, and some little work-baskets. This is the quaintest corner of the show. The different degrees of taste, shown in the arrangement of the articles, betoken very different degrees of natural ability. Much acquired knowledge, Heaven help our legislators, is not yet brought to bear on anything among field labourers. Here is a large clothes' basket, the contents of which might be painted as they stand. Turnips peep bashfully from under cabbage leaves; carrots lie where their colour is wanted; French beans are dashed in with the touch of a master, and the whole contents connect themselves with the great golden pumpkin, as the central point towards which they must all refer themselves in the true spirit of unity. Whoever filled that clothes' basket with produce had a mind busy within his skull; but I suspect it was some labourer's daughter, who will blush presently with pride to see that her home-garden is honoured with a prize. Here is another basket, into which pumpkins, cabbages, turnips, and parsnips have been put — simply put; there was a hand to lift them up

and put them in, there is no sign of a head. But, if ambition be a sign of mind, there is ambition enough of a sort familiar in the ways of literature, and in many other ways. 'Ten ordinary French beans, two tenth-rate cucumbers, a common cabbage, and an undersized carrot have been put into a basket and sent in, no doubt with the decided expectation of applause. I thought of many of the new books I had read; some of them written even (if I may venture to reveal the fact) by lords, and it is odd, to be sure, that I should have been reminded of them by the dressing of this basket. Then, in the way of fruit, there are such basketsful as autumn herself might not disdain to send in as a sample of her English cottage produce; yet what have we here? I do not invent an absurdity; here we have sent in to the rustic show, by some extremely sanguine fellow, a small basket of which these are literally the contents: — a score of small and ill-conditioned hairy gooseberries, six plums of the kind seen on barrows in the streets of London on sale at twopence a quart, and as many bunches of black currants as would go into a saucer of the size of a crown-piece. I have met with such hairy gooseberries and plums and currants among the intellectual produce of some friends of mine whom I won't name. My abstruse friend Wilkins, and my facetious friend Tomkins, more especially after dinner, have repeatedly obtruded upon society

hairy gooseberries of their own cultivation, with the air of men who produce something handsome. These baskets excite melancholy recollections; I will look no more.

The polite company who crowd the tents at Chiswick, fill the air with the five words Beautiful, Exquisite, Sweet, Lovely, and Charming — each of which is multiplied by the three degrees of comparison; so that, altogether, fifteen forms of critical remark may be said to exist among polite attendants at a horticultural exhibition. The last time I was at Chiswick Horticultural Show, I met the raptures of a maiden sister, who was my companion, with two hundred and fifteen beautifuls, ninety-one exquisites, five sweets, and a nice; which latter I threw in on my own responsibility — I counted the goods as I delivered them. Having no lady with me now, I feel malicious pleasure in observing those who have, until, becoming hot, I travel out again into the sun.

The tents are emptying, and the gay people promenade on the fresh grass, or sit under the trees. Silken dresses shine under the bright sun; there is no wind, but a band blows constantly. It will soon be half-past three, and all the cottagers know what's o'clock; they all await the time of entrance in a mighty army outside the camp gate. I stand by the gate. The word is given. In they march. Husbands and wives with children — very old men, whose whole

faculties seem to have run into the one no-faculty of deafness, leaning on younger arms most willing to be burdened — raw, vegetable faces, animal faces, human faces; in they pass. I must go in with them. These are the exhibitors; and all who have thoughts (some evidently have none) are eager as exhibitors at the Academy to go in soon, and see how the placing committee may have dealt with their productions. It is not, in this case, only a desire to see how they will look. The cottager who wants to know whether one of his contributions has obtained a prize, must now go in and see. If he knows his cabbages again, he must look out for them and ascertain whether they have been ticketed. It is, however, a wise cottager who knows his own cabbage; and, if he be puzzled to recognise it, marked only with his number, he must wait until the formal distribution of the prizes takes place presently. I go in with the second crowd, for whom the tents have been vacated. We are all directed to flow in one stream. The crush is immense, and some desire to stop, some to go on; each enters with a special object of his own. The hearts of some are upon cabbages; the thoughts of others rooted among carrots; others desire to run over the beans, or to dilate on pumpkins, or to find the wax and stick to it.

At the entrance, a square exhibitor, who has made me acquainted with his own weight by balancing himself upon my toes,

inquires of me, while I am dancing in my pumps :

"Which be the nighest way to the tearties, Masser?"

He has evidently given hostages to fortune in the shape of ten potatoes, which, from the very bottom of my toes, I hope are not the "best ten." The excitement in this crowd is quite enlivening; there are no more delightful and charmings — everybody has an object in his, or her, or its eye. I say its, for babies in arms enter; and the babies have their eyes about them, and make sudden plunges after anything attractive. One of them, near to which I was fastened in a stoppage, busied its fingers innocently in my whiskers, which are of a winning colour. A neat young maiden asks of a matronly companion with more anxious timidity than becomes sisterly interest, "Where be Will's beans?" The matron does not know, but Will is not far off — a frank young fellow in the whitest smock.

"Will," says the matron, "which be thy bearns? Has thee got anything?"

Will scrutinises many beans in many dishes with the look of a Champollion at work on half-obiterated hieroglyphics.

"If I only knowed my number, Sally," Will says, answering the girl who never asked him any question. "If I only knowed my number?"

"Yaw-haw, Will!" cries a crony from afar, struggling against the stream to get at him. "Thee basket's ticketed a prize." The

girl's cheeks are crimson in a minute. Oho! methinks I know the basket, and who put the vegetables in.

"Thee'll see the number on the basket," says the prudent matron; "then we'll know the bearns." The maiden takes the hint and pushes off to gain the information; Will follows to help her; but the matron, like a solid person, stays to see the solution of the bean question before she moves another inch.

Excitement is great about the cucumbers; two or three of that habitually awkward family are continually hooking themselves into garments, and being swept down by the crowd. A highly critical and intelligent lecturer in velveteen is pointing out, "Now you see it isn't the biggest that gets the prize; you see here's a little un, now." — "But this un," says a sceptic, "as ha' got a prize, is big, to be sure; but then he's old. I dusna cut cowcomers a' that age." A woman of fifty, with the happiness of fifteen in her face, is telegraphing across the table to another woman, and pointing to a cucumber. "Has thee a prize?" says her neighbour. "Yes, yes, my man — second prize;" and all her fingers twitch and dance together with the restlessness of sudden pleasure. The perfect content with which failure is accepted is extremely noticeable. There is no reserve among the men in telling one another of defeats, and no tone of mortification. The prizes are, in fact, more

numerous than the exhibitors; and while some obtain honours in half-a-dozen things, few cottagers of average intelligence need be entirely plucked. Here is a man with a shrewd Yankee look puzzling all by himself over the cabbages. He don't know his own cabbage, for there are fifty in a row, all very much alike; all very fine. The whole show of vegetables is indeed peculiarly fine. I was introduced to the President just now; and desiring to express my appreciation of the quality of the garden produce, and to show myself a little of a judge, lauded "a splendid specimen of the squash or vegetable marrow;" but, being told in bland accents that it was very fine, but a pumpkin, I declined committing myself any farther.

"I've a prize, Tom!" cries one acute man to another, who belonged to the same parish.

"Han yer? so have I. What be yourn?"

"Taties."

"Tairties! Well, so be mine, tairties."

"Sure?"

"Shooer. I nawed my tairties by a slug as narred one on em, so I had to gi' un a cut near one or 'is eyes this marn, and so I nawed un."

"Then you'n got the prize for taties, an not I? Well, sure, I thowt em was my own. Well, I'm glad you'n got him, anyhow."

"Maybe I'm wrong," says Tom; "we'll see at the giving away, presently."

Spite of the rude faces and rude accent, there was the most refined politeness in the whole spirit and manner of this little confabulation — a politeness not assumed, but bred of natural good feeling. I wished prizes to them both most heartily.

Giving-away time was at hand as I went out again into the sunny afternoon. A temporary throne had been made for the President upon the grass. Judges and committee formed a group behind the chair of state. The treasurer was there with funds, the secretary with his cards of honour. For the best kept cottage garden in each parish the money prize added to the card was a half-sovereign, and for the next best a crownpiece. To decide upon these garden prizes, the seven judges, men of rank and standing qualified for their voluntary task, had undertaken an aggregate of travelling equal to four hundred miles. Forms are brought out, and a gay host of ladies, glittering under the sun in an arch before the chairman's seat, create for once a rainbow without any cloud. Gentlemen, and cottagers, and curiosity seekers of all grades, press down over the circle from without, while children, licensed law-breakers, tumble about upon the sacred space through which the prize winners are to march up under a bright fire of eyes to take their honours. No less than one hundred and forty-five prizes are to be distributed, and each prizeholder has to be found and sum-

moned, often by as many shouts from mouth to mouth as call a witness into the Old Bailey. John Tom is wanted. John Tom! — John Tom! — after a long pause there prances into the ring a stout old lady, with two large umbrellas in one hand, and a basket in the other. “Are you John Tom?” “Yes, Sir,” she answers, with a curtsy. It is understood that she is John Tom’s mother, grandmother, or sister, and she takes the prize on his behalf.

Old men come up — young men come; wives come in place of husbands, mothers represent sons. Some shamble up; some run up; some who receive cards of commendation without money stand stock still when they are up, and cannot be made to understand the card without a coin upon it. Stupidity abounds; the acuter men take more than one prize; the same faces often reappear. In 1850, when the Society began, there were one hundred and fifty-six competitors, and a hundred and four prizes were awarded to the best out of five hundred and eighty-seven productions. The year after, among a hundred and four competitors there were distributed one hundred and twenty-four prizes, the highest total netted by one man being then one pound ten shillings. This year Stephen Gadd, of Northiam, has the second best garden, the best parsnips, the best parish onions, the best basket of vegetables, the best district onions, the best district basket of vegetables, the

best runner beans, and the best district cake of wax, for which he receives in money on his prize cards thirty-five shillings and sixpence, together with a costly Bible; — one of two awarded to the two foremost men. So prosperous is this year’s show, I am told, that it is contemplated next year to take a whole day for the exhibition, and to fetch in a skilful gardener to scatter hints about on the occasion. The number of competitors for the garden prizes has risen this year from forty to seventy-five, and the healthy influence exerted on the cottagers in this respect is very marked. One whole parish, which could not show last year a cottage garden worthy of award, this year contains gardens which not only obtain prizes; but which are fit to compete with those of any gentleman in the same district.

The Gardens of Rye then flourish; and long may they flourish. I can’t wait for the end of the distribution, because the last train from this remote and rural spot leaves for London at twenty minutes past five. I shall miss the President’s closing address, and I am told that I shall miss one of the most agreeable annual events of Rye. The President is evidently popular. I cannot help it. I must go. It is but a short walk down to the station; and as I wait there, I look back and see the tent, the flags, the gay and silent group about the presidential chair upon the grass. Here and there a lady and a child or two are co-

ming down the Rope-walk, on their way home, I opine, to tea. The autumn sun, already casting evening shadows, throws a rich light over them all. The train carries me off, and, as it passes quite close to the field, I point out to a fellow-passenger the rustic festival. "It is a happy scene," he says; and I agree with him.

THE TOWER OF THE SEINE.

'T WAS in the old times, and the fierce
Normans lay
All baffled and chafing in sight of their
prey;
A few strips of plank and a fortress of
wood
And courage, betwixt them and Paris
there stood.

That rude tower covered the champions
of France,
So few, the foe counted the band at a
glance,
Those men, were they many as brave,
there, I trow,
The Norman that host might have counted
till now.

Lo, swift from the city a messenger
sped,
And scarce gathered breath till his errand
was said:

"Return, ye brave knights, ere the mor-
row comes on,
The foe may in mockery bid ye be gone.

"Come back, ye have gallantly done
your devoir;
Our traitorous river doth rise to the roar,
And struggling to span the full waters in
vain,
Yon frail bridge, ere nightfall, will sink
in the Seine."

One glance at the Normans, one gaze on
the Seine,
Then spake they their vow as one man to
remain:

"Tell Paris 't is joy with her foemen to
stay,
While e'en our dead bodies can block up
their way.

"Shall we, craven watch-dogs of France,
hurry back
To our threshold, and leave them the
same open track.
No! Death will be triumph, while Paris,
we know,
If we may not reach thee, no more can
the foe!"

With locked hands the pledge to each
other they gave,
With courage grand, silent, and deep as
the grave,
That in its still glory like summer eve
shone,
More calm, more intense as its sunset
drew on.

They shook hands with life without
shudder or sigh,
They loosened their hounds and their
falcons let fly:
Sent farewells to hearts that ere night
should be rending,
But the firmly-set lips never shook in the
sending.

But why to that slender youth talking
alone
That grey-haired old knight? They are
father and son.
And the spirit that time in the one cannot
smother,
Hath not waited for time to grow strong
in the other.

With pride and fond yearning the father's
eyes rest
On the young face that blooms o'er the
steel-covered breast,
And turn from the brow in its maiden-
like snow
To the manhood that burns in the dark
eyes below.

Then spake he: "And must the first hue
of thy fame
Be red with thy young life, oh, last of my
name?
Too soon for its glory, too soon not to
shun
The death that is born of fierce ven-
geance, my son!"

"For me it is little: I dread not their
 rage;
 Life painlessly drops from the loose
 grasp of age.
 But on thee are its strong bands, its
 honours untried,
 High deeds are before thee, my hope and
 my pride!"

"I leave thee not, father! the country
 that gave
 My place 'mid her bravest, then chose
 me my grave;
 And lived I for ever, Fame's highest
 could be
 No higher than this; — that I fought be-
 side thee."

"Thy mother, God help her! sits grie-
 ving alone,
 No child's voice e'er gladdened her ear,
 save thine own;
 And what, when she hears it is silent for
 aye;
 Oh, what when she's reft of us both in
 one day!"

"Thinkest thou she could welcome the
 recreant son,
 That left thee, her dear lord, here to
 perish alone?
 Could I bear her to wish, in her agony
 wild,
 That she never had looked on the face of
 a child?"

"Then think of the bright love so pre-
 cious to thee,
 Betrothed while fair infants ye played at
 my knee;
 All lonely that golden-haired maiden will
 pine —
 Not long; for her sweet life lies hidden
 in thine."

The gallant boy's visage flushed up to
 the brow,
 And the words of his answer were shaken
 and low:
 "I think of her most — my life she *might*
 spare;
 But a blot on my name the true heart
 could not bear.

"And, father, I know she will tenderly
 come
 To share with my mother her desolate
 home.

Bereavement that she could not soften
 were sore;
 Father — beseech thee — O, tempt me
 no more!"

Much moved was the father, but silent
 his tongue,
 At the firm and full pulse of a spirit so
 young.
 Hand folded with hand; and no lover's
 fond clasp
 Held ever more love than that eloquent
 grasp.

The small silver shield of betrothal that
 bent
 O'er his true heart, with few words and
 tender he sent.
 Then each knight, kneeling low, his
 prayer solemnly saith,
 As befits men that tread on the shadow
 of death.

The messenger left them at length. He
 had need,
 For the bridge sank beneath the hind
 feet of his steed;
 And, truly, it told of no generous foe,
 That a long yell of triumph shrieked up
 from below.

The pride of the youth from his bosom
 burst out,
 While he stood in their view, with an
 answering shout;
 But the fair head fell back ere its echo's
 last breath
 On the stout breast, whose heavings
 gave motion to death.

He had stood in the light; and an arrow
 shot fair
 Through a sunbeam that gilt the dark
 curls of his hair;
 That sunbeam might seem, falling slant
 from on high,
 The track of so noble a soul to the sky.

The father bent o'er him, and sighed to
 behold
 How the lifeless hand crushed a rich
 ringlet of gold.
 But none from that passionless face could
 have guessed,
 How father and warrior strove in his
 breast.

They arm for the Norman. Why tarries
 his ire?
 Oh, horror! the fortress is girdled with
 fire!

And what are the brands of that smouldering pile?

The planks of the bridge — their own safeguard, erewhile.

Once spake the old knight: "Oh, thou barbarous foe!

I thank thee at least for one merciful blow."

And on the cold forehead he leaned his grey head —

Thus waiting their burning the living and dead.

"MOVING."

MAN is, undoubtedly, not given to "abide in his den" for any length of time; but is always peering out of his quarters in search of better, or rather, novel accommodation. When he is in a Terrace, he has an insatiate longing for a Crescent; once removed to a Crescent, he feels that existence is only worth having in a Square. He never moves into a new house without declaring that here he will abide to the end of the chapter; but he never pays a quarter's rent without expressing his thanks that three more months of the lease have expired. Every house that he takes is his beau ideal of a residence until he has "moved:" from which time it rapidly descends in his estimation, and he feels irresistibly inclined to migrate to a mansion in every respect the opposite of his present abode. He is in a house in a Square. The house — to an ordinary observer — is a very good house. The rooms are large and well-proportioned. Mr. Chadwick himself could find no fault with

the drains; the rent is remarkably moderate; the landlord is obliging; the air is good; the inclosure is handsomely variegated with flowers; and the supply of water is pure, abundant, and cheap. Yet Homo cannot endure it. Ask him to particularise the faults of his house or the sins of the Square, and he becomes very voluble indeed. The window on the first landing-place opens outside instead of inside; the sun never shines upon the back attic window, owing to an intervening stack of chimneys; there is a board of the second-floor front room perceptibly loose. And then look at the pump in the Square, Sir, why it can only be worked by the left hand. These things are not to be borne by a sensible man; therefore Homo is looking out for a cottage in the suburbs — a cottage with bow-windows. Why bow-windows? Because his present abode has the ordinary square windows. The cottage in the suburbs must have two drawing-rooms communicating by folding-doors. Why "must?" Because in his mansion in the Square the drawing-rooms are permanently separated.

Homo finds a cottage with these peculiarities. Forthwith he engages a man who advertises on several spring-vans, that Goods are carefully moved in town and country. His household gods are about to be translated from his old Purgatory in the Square to his new Elysium in the suburbs. His tables look gouty swathed in bands

of hay; his last night in the Square is passed in a room destitute of carpet. In the morning the towel-horse, he finds, has already taken to the road, having started with the first van, and his brushes are in the lower recesses of a box at the bottom of the loaded van still at the door. But when Homo compares these temporary inconveniences with the dungeon from which he is now emancipating himself, he bears them with a light heart.

The miseries of moving, however, are not insignificant trials. In the first place, several days before you perceive any necessity, your wife orders the curtains to be removed from your study, and your Turkey carpet to be carried away on the back of a sturdy fellow who promises to beat it. A little square of drugget is provided, just sufficient in extent to protect your feet from the floor, provided always that you concentrate your attention upon the position of your toes throughout the morning. For one day you feel no other annoyances — as yet, you have only caught an ordinary cold; but, if you expect to get through the business with this slight inconvenience, you are unreasonable. On a succeeding day you descend quietly, as usual, to the breakfast-table. A tool basket lies in your arm-chair, and a chisel is placed conveniently (for the plumber) upon a bunch of wax-fruit; the glass of which has been carefully packed up long ago. The presence of the carpenter is painfully

suggested by a strong perfume of saw-dust. But you have made up your mind to leave the abominable house, and you still determine to make the best of matters. You endeavour to say a cheerful word or two to the workmen (who appear to be making a hasty breakfast of tin-tacks), and sit down to consume the roll and rasher. You look about for the Times; yonder carpenter has perched it upon the top of his ladder, as a convenient tray for his nails. Probably you try to go out for the day after this experience. Where is your hat? The hat-stand has been carefully moved by spring van, and there is nothing in the hall but two fish-kettles and a boot-jack. Your favourite umbrella (of course, being "moving" day, it rains) is nowhere to be found; and, were it not that your wife has preserved from the wreck a cast-off hat by stuffing it full of children's boots and bundles of tradesmen's receipts, and that the cook accommodates you with her gingham parachute, you would be obliged to remain at home, and to stand all day, like Byron, with your Household Gods shivered about you.

In the evening you return home early in the hope of having a quiet hour or two before bed-time. Of course you knock three times before you are heard, and then a strange head from an upper window obliges you by an inquiry, "Is that you, Joe?" — Joe being one of the bright company enga-

ged to effect your removal to the villa paradise from the detestable town-house. Not being Joe, you make no reply; but, on effecting an entrance with an air of sufficient dignity, you narrowly escape a fall over the hall lamp which has just been taken down, and you carelessly deposit your hat upon an oil-can. These are trifling matters, especially when weighed against the happy emancipation you are about to effect. You enter your study, thinking of the cozy hours you have spent there; of the thoughts — the bright thoughts that have been with you there; of the fairy world with which you have been on intimate terms there for years; of that head of Pallas over your book-case which has been long an eye-rest; of your favourite corner which you have always kept in confusion, and which you have always meant to set in order; and of twenty other familiar nooks and corners dear to you in your thoughtful, your quiet, your best and brightest hours. Wretched man! a pot of glue stands upon your favourite copy of Tennyson; your oft-pored-over chart of the Arctic Circle (in search of Franklin) is crunched round a silver candlestick; that carved and cherished paper-knife which you brought from Lucerne sticks dangerously up out of your waste-basket full of crockery, with a super-stratum of old slippers. Your silver ink-stand, “presented as a mark, &c., &c.,” has totally disappeared; and — distraction! — your pet

corner of confusion has been put in order. You think you will, in spite of all these disturbances, write — with a crushed pen plunged at every dip feather-deep into a quart ink-jar — a few letters; but the top has been removed from your writing-table, and is rolled into a corner. In despair, you take up an odd volume, and seek solace in your wife’s sitting-room. Here, at least, you expect comfort. On entering, you find two maids, with outstretched arms, folding window curtains in lengths; the table is covered with a variety of finger-plates, curtain-bands, screws, and bunches of gilt grapes from the ends of the curtain-rods, scattered upon a thick layer of brass-headed nails. You express a decided conviction that this is a little too bad; but you are sternly reminded that if you wish to see the heavenly villa at all comfortable within a week after your arrival therein, you must bear these preliminary proceedings. As you have made up your mind to live and die in the heavenly villa, you comfort yourself with the reflection that this is the last time these nuisances can come within your experience. You go to bed; perhaps a little sulky. About six o’clock the following morning, you are aroused from your sleep by a noise as decided as thunder: you are informed, in explanation, that it is only a window-cornice which has tumbled down and smashed a Sèvres vase of great value.

Presently you hear a knock at

your door: the maid wishes to know whether you will be good enough to get up soon, as the upholsterers are ready to take your bedstead down. Painfully you reflect that you have another night to pass in this horrible house; and you wonder how and where you will next night take your rest. You would not be surprised, after your past experiences, if you were shown to a door-mat. This morning you discover that all that is left in your wardrobe is a faded bunch of lavender sticks.

To chronicle all the miseries of "moving," would be to draw a picture too harrowing. From the hour when the parlour curtains are taken down, to that when you are requested to take your last meal in the old house upon a hair trunk, the lot of man is misery.

In this age — when mansions, replete with every comfort for a highly genteel family, are to be had any fine morning at a merely nominal rent, "the present tenant having been ordered to Madeira;" when a thousand gentlemen have larger houses than they require, and will, therefore, admit you to the best part of them for any old change you may happen to have in your waistcoat-pocket; when a substantial house, of moderate size, with a fine view of the Surrey hills (which have long been a blessing to metropolitan landlords), and a large garden well stocked with fruit-trees, can be rented for thirty pounds a year; and when house-agents require

no fees — it is not astonishing that, as every Quarter-day approaches, we are afforded glimpses of the legs of various chests of drawers packed between feather-beds, and surmounted with stacks of chairs, passing slowly about our London streets.

Well, *we* know what "moving" is; and we wish all who may be sleeping on the floor to-night, preparatory to a removal to-morrow, a hearty night's rest, and health in that earthly paradise — the new house.

THE THEATRES OF PARIS.

IF the world were some day to become too proud to be amused, what device would it hit upon for causing circulation of the coins that carry life with them in all directions? A very large class of people in all ranks depends for bread and meat on the world's willingness to take some wholesome recreation in the intervals of toil. It is our present purpose to show how money paid for an Opera-box, or deposited at the pit-door of a theatre, if it can be spared fairly by him who spends it, is not spent in waste. There cannot be too many honest occupations in the world, for every one tends to prevent wealth from remaining idle, and helps to cause those very necessary bits of silver or of copper, which are taken in exchange for meat and bread, to find their way into the many pockets of the hungry.

There has been published in Paris, during the present year, the result of an elaborate inquiry into the statistics of the theatres. They have facilities in France for finding out the details of such matters, which are not likely, for a long time, to be afforded to inquirers in this country. The general details of a theatre are, however, in all countries alike, and what is true of theatres in Paris may be regarded as, in the main, true also of theatres in London. In London the prices of admission are generally higher, and the payments made behind the scenes are larger. The London Operas find work for many more people than the single Opera of Paris; but, in Paris, on the other hand, the actual number of theatres is greater than in London, and the proportion of theatre space to population is, of course, very much greater. In Paris, for a population of one million and fifty or sixty thousand, the number of theatres provided is twenty-six, including some that are small and some that are habitually unsuccessful. In London there are provided, for a population of two millions, not more than twenty-three theatres, and to make up so large a number as twenty-three, we must include such temples of the drama as that which is attached to the Eagle Tavern, and must count, of course, as a theatrical establishment, the vacancy in Drury Lane.

The Parisians, therefore, are evidently a more theatre-going

people than the Londoners. The aggregate of space provided in the theatres of Paris is calculated to accommodate thirty-four thousand play-goers, one in thirty-one of the whole population, from the great grandfather — if towns contain such things — down to the babies. The largest of these places of amusement, the Circus of the Champs-Élysées, affords space for three thousand five hundred visitors. Next in size are the National Theatre (the old Olympic Circus), which will hold two thousand two hundred and fifty-nine, and the Theatre of Porte Saint Martin holding about two hundred less. The Opéra Comique has space for an audience of two thousand, but the Grand Opéra of Paris will not accommodate more than eighteen hundred and eleven. The Comédie Française and the Odéon are within two seats of equal size; one able to accommodate fifteen hundred and sixty, the other fifteen hundred and fifty-eight. Two of the theatres, which hold more than a thousand (Beaumarchais and Saint Marcel), were closed in 1851. Six of the theatres hold numbers varying between a thousand and six hundred; and one (the Spectacle d'Arcole) is calculated to admit not more than two hundred and fifty visitors to each of its entertainments.

To the theatres of Paris there must be added a hundred and fifty-six places of public amusement; namely, twenty *cafés* offering the charms of song, six offer-

ing dramatic entertainments, concert and dramatic halls, public ball-rooms and *guinguettes*. These are frequented daily by an average of about twenty-four thousand visitors. If we add these, therefore, to our former calculation, it will appear that there exist means in Paris for affording nightly public entertainment, in the way of drama, dance, or song, to no less than one in every eighteen of the inhabitants of Paris, which number of course includes the aged, the sick, the infants, and the destitute.

Amusement on a scale like this is by no means provided to the Londoners, and, as it is, managers lack support in England. How is it in France? We have supposed in the above calculation that all the Paris theatres are open at one time; that, however, never is the case. The supply, in Paris, of theatrical amusement is kept too frequently ahead of the demand; disasters among managers are quite as common with the French as with the English, and the cost of producing the amusement treads so closely on the heels of the remuneration offered for it by the public, that Paris would not, by any means, appear to be the Paradise of managers. This cost, however, is not waste; it drops in the shape of bread, as we have said, into a great many mouths. In precise terms it may be stated, as will be shown in detail presently, that the theatres of Paris — without counting the work given by them to upholster-

ers in the town, washerwomen, bill-stickers, and others — provide an actual subsistence for four thousand seven hundred individuals, upon most of whom, it is of course to be understood, that families or relations are depending for support. The toll levied in the box-office or at the pit-door, therefore, if it can be spared, is justly paid. The economic housekeeper, who finds that the mind's vigour is not best supported by a course of labour from which hours of recreation are excluded, may satisfy his heart by feeling that, in more than a mere selfish sense, the money spent upon a reasonable participation in the amusements of his fellow-townsmen is not thrown away.

The French Government has, however, for a long time been of opinion, that as entertainment is a luxury, so the people who spend labour in providing entertainment for the public, are the very people whose abundance must be taxed. Wherein the abundance of a player or scene-shifter consists, we have not yet discovered; nor do we know why the receipts derived from poetry and music should especially be mulcted on the score of luxury. Corsets are unnecessary luxuries — why not tax milliners? Bon-bons are unnecessary gratifications — why does not the Government of France take for the poor a tenth out of the tills of the confectioners? We do not understand these things. We can only say that the theatres of Paris and all

places of public entertainment are required to pay a very oppressive tax, under the title of the Right of the Indigent. It was paid in old times as a voluntary alms, and was made by Louis the Fourteenth in 1699 — who fixed it at the modest amount of a sixth of the receipts — payable to the credit of the general Hospital. In 1716, a distinct and extra payment of a ninth was claimed in favour of the Hôtel-Dieu. This Right of the Indigent has, since that date, been variously modified; even, at one time, abandoned for a few years at the beginning of what used to be called *the* Revolution. The abandonment of the claim, however, was but of brief duration, and since 1817, its produce has been annually comprehended in the budget. It amounts now to about an eleventh part of the gross receipts, and yielded, in 1851, nine hundred and ninety-three thousand francs. This tax, of course, scrapes a great deal of butter from the bread of all who work behind the scenes of the theatres in Paris. Revolutions also, which may at least be expected to occur in France as frequently as we have in England dissolutions of our Parliament, play sad work with the cash-box of the Paris manager and with the cupboards of those who depend upon him for employment. In the last ten years of the reign of Louis Philippe, the yearly receipts taken at places of public amusement in the capital, rose from seven to eleven millions of francs. From

eleven millions taken in 1847, the receipts fell suddenly in 1848 to less than seven millions, and from that point they have been gradually rising, so that last year they had again risen to ten millions and a half. We shall be curious to see the figures for the current year when it is closed. Although the temporary manager of France deals largely himself in fireworks and pageants offered gratuitously to the public; yet his spectacles have, for the most part, failed through so much adversity of wind and weather, that the traditional doom of Vauxhall seems to be upon him; and, after all, the legitimate drama may not have suffered greatly through his competition.

But it may be said, that if the French Government picks the purse of the theatres, it is accustomed also to make compensatory presents to them, and to help them out of difficulty by subventions. It takes indeed money from all, while there are only five to whom a portion of their money is returned. The five theatres rejoicing in the privilege of such artificial support rendered by the State are, in the order of their official precedence, the Grand Opéra, the Comédie Française, the Opéra Comique, the Théâtre Italien, and the Odéon. This compound system, therefore, of help and hindrance offered by the Government interfering with the theatres of Paris, cramps their energies and meddles seriously with their profits.

A king of France has even

thought it worth his while to undertake the active management of the Grand Opéra, to order yards of satin for costumes, to let boxes, to monopolise the right of giving free admissions, and to keep, as his own private affair, debtor and creditor accounts of the concern. The laws regulating theatres were, by statute made and provided, framed with the same legislative pomp and exactitude as the whole code of civil law. One of the articles propounds "That the theatrical year shall commence with the calendar year." The code defines every duty, and awards every degree of fine and imprisonment. It took years to complete, and it did not receive the imperial assent until 1812; when Napoleon signed it amidst the smouldering ruins of Moscow. In London, now that patent rights have been abolished, theatres suffer no further special interference from the State than the censorship of the Chamberlain; which, being a ridiculous thing itself, is, we are happy to say, ridiculously exercised; and will, in time, go the way of all nonsense. With this exception, English theatres are suffered to stand or fall by their own merits, and have free liberty to make exertions and enjoy whatever profit they can get. This difference having been duly taken into account, we will now proceed to details upon matters which belong to the routine of every theatre. We should not omit to state, however, that the twenty-five

theatres of Paris upon which the succeeding calculations have been founded, are the theatres of Paris strictly, and do not include eight that are established in the liberties, or the three theatres of Saint-Denis, Sceaux, and Choisy-le-Roi.

There are in the provinces of France eighty-five dramatic companies, covering a body of one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five actors: eleven hundred and five men, and seven hundred and sixty women. In the theatres of the department of the Seine, omitting those of Paris, there are eighty actors and sixty actresses. In Algeria, there are thirty-six French companies of actors, having, on an average, fourteen actors and eleven actresses in each. Finally, four hundred and thirty-eight actors, and three hundred and fifty-five actresses, are attached to the theatres of Paris.

There appear also upon the stage of Paris, in addition to these more isolated artists, five hundred and fifty-two of a gregarious kind: members of choruses and corps de ballet, or pupils, and six hundred and ninety-eight supernumeraries. The total number, therefore, in Paris, whose bread is earned behind the curtain but before the scenes, is two thousand and forty-three, of which number one thousand one hundred and forty-two are men, and nine hundred and one are women. The payments made to all these people make on the whole a sum

expressed in English money, of one hundred and forty-seven thousand two hundred and ninety-one pounds. This money is distributed, of course, in payments varying extremely in amount; from about forty pounds a week to a star at the Opéra, down to four shillings a week to a supernumerary at the Théâtre Rollin.

The payments made to singers in Paris, although very high, and very much higher than they used to be, are small in comparison with the price paid to the same artists in London. The whole rate of admission to the theatres of Paris is lower than in London, and the scale of salaries is lower in the same proportion. The dearest place in any Paris theatre, whether in the Opéra or the Théâtre Italien, costs at the box-office not more than eight-and-fourpence. The cheapest place, in the second gallery of the Théâtre du Petit-Lazari, costs three-halfpence. A seat in the pit at the French or Italian Opéra costs three-and-fourpence, instead of from seven to ten shillings, as it is with us; at the Comédie Française, or the Opéra Comique, it costs two shillings and a penny. A pit seat at the Vaudeville, Variétés, or the Gymnase, costs one-and-eightpence, and at the Odéon, one of the theatres supported by subvention, only a shilling and a halfpenny, or one franc twenty-five centimes. French managers, who have, moreover, the Right of the Indigent to pay in the shape of an eleventh

of their gross receipts, cannot afford London salaries. In the case of the Grand Opéra it is also to be taken into account, that it not only charges lower prices, but accommodates a smaller audience than either of the Operas in London.

In 1713, a chief singer at the Opéra in Paris received a salary of sixty-two pounds ten shillings a year. Between 1782 and 1786 the payment was from two to six hundred guineas yearly; under the Empire, from seven to eight hundred. The salaries now range between two thousand and three thousand pounds a year, passing sometimes to a few hundreds beyond. Madame Saint Huberty, a prima donna much applauded seventy years ago, received a salary of one hundred and sixty guineas yearly. Madame Castellan, in 1849, received the same sum monthly. La Guimard, a fascinating dancer who delighted Paris seventy years ago, when she was in the full height of her success and her beauty, received a yearly salary of a hundred and eighty guineas. In 1849 Carlotta Grisi was paid more than twice that sum for her exertions during a quarter of a year. The permanent principal tenor at the Paris Opéra, who is engaged for four years, dating from April, 1851, receives three thousand a year as his fixed salary.

Salaries have also risen at the Comédie Française, of which M. Regnier is known in England as a worthy representative. The

members of the Comédie Française, however, are content to receive salaries below the market value of their talents, considering the loss of income more than compensated by the honour that belongs to their position, and the prospect of a retiring pension. Of such pensioners the Comédie Française has twenty-five, the Opéra sixteen, making in all forty-one people whose bread is taken at the theatre door, in addition to those that have been already mentioned.

The pay of a supernumerary varies from about three pounds seven shillings to three pounds fifteen shillings a month for men, and to women it is about half the former sum, or one pound thirteen and sixpence. Casual service is also done by labourers, water-carriers, artists' models, and others, who are paid by the evening according to their fitness, at rates varying from two pence-halfpenny to one shilling and eightpence. Sometimes leave is obtained to employ soldiers as supernumeraries in military pieces in the Théâtre National. At the Opéra, under Louis the Sixteenth, supernumeraries were systematically chosen from among the soldiers of the French Guards.

It has been said, that there were in Paris seven hundred and ninety-three of the more individual performers — artists, as our neighbours call them. That was the number in the beginning of the year 1850. On the first of January in the year 1852, although two

considerable theatres were closed, the number of performers in Paris had increased by twenty; we reckon their number now, therefore, at eight hundred and thirteen, and they may be grouped in the manner following: —

Eighty-four (namely, forty-four men and forty women) devote themselves to tragedy and comedy. Two hundred and eighty-four (one hundred and forty-four men and one hundred and forty women) act in vaudevilles. The contrast in the numbers is instructive. The irregular drama is supported by eighty-six sons and fifty-one daughters, being one hundred and thirty-seven in all. There are one hundred and forty-six children of song, ninety-two being singers and fifty-four song-stresses. Fourteen gentlemen and forty-three ladies are artists in dancing. Forty men and twenty-four women act in pantomime, vaudeville, or any miscellaneous way. Twenty-one men and twenty women are performers on the backs of horses. These make up the whole number of eight hundred and thirteen.

Chorus singers, and members of the *corps de ballet* have also increased in number during the last two years. According to the account taken in January 1852, excluding a hundred who are stage pupils, their number is five hundred and seventy-five, among whom the men are in a minority of twenty-five. Of the whole number, men and women, one hundred and twenty are attached to *corps de*

ballet, and four hundred and fifty-five are chorus singers.

We now quit the people who are living by their toil upon the space between the curtain and the scenes; for very many others have to be considered. Before the curtain is the orchestra. To the musicians there is paid yearly in Paris, a sum which a little exceeds twenty-five thousand pounds. Including the conductors, the whole number of musicians living on this fund is six hundred and thirty-nine.

We have next to take into account the persons employed in the service of the theatre, at the box-office, money and check-takers, small officials, keepers, and superintendents of various kinds, sweepers and scourers, lamp-lighters, and others. Offices like these find occupation for about five hundred and twenty men and fifty-five women, for whose livelihood provision is made by payments which amount to an aggregate of about fourteen thousand five hundred and eighty pounds.

In the preceding calculation account is not taken of the box openers. These, in the French theatres, are generally women. In the twenty-five theatres of Paris, four hundred and sixty-seven women, and six men, serve as box-keepers. Except in the *Comédie Française* and the *Lazari*, they receive no other pay than the gratuities of the public. At the *Comédie Française* they buy the appointment, paying for it eighty-

three pounds, six and eightpence. The salary they receive is at least equal to the interest of their money, at most twelve pounds ten shillings a year. The average income derived by each boxkeeper from the gratuities of the public in one of the largest theatres of Paris does not amount to more than twenty-five pounds a year, though in busy years some lucky women have obtained as much as eighty or ninety pounds.

Still before the curtain we have higher officials—stage-managers, secretaries, cashiers, and others—one hundred and twenty-five in number. To these we may add prompters, and copyists of music and manuscript, to the number of fifty-five. These draw from the theatres for their livelihood a sum of sixteen thousand two hundred and fifty pounds.

Now we will go behind the scenes. Our figures deal with twenty-one theatres only; for we drop two as insignificant, and two also whose work is supplied wholly through the agency of contractors. The rest have work-people of their own exclusively employed on their account, and in this way the theatres give occupation to one hundred and forty costumiers, tailors, &c., one hundred and sixty machinists, eighty joiner-machinists, twenty-five locksmith-machinists, thirty upholsterers, thirty-five painters and decorators, one hundred and fifty milliners and seamstresses, and ten women engaged upon upholsterers' work. That is to say,

one hundred and sixty working women, and four hundred and seventy working men. Some of these are paid by the year — most of them by the month; and the annual amount distributed among them for their maintenance, out of the receipts taken from the playgoers, is twenty-four thousand five hundred and forty-two pounds. They earn simple livings. The chief machinists get from forty-two to seventy-five pounds a year, workmen from twenty-five pounds a year to forty. Carpenters, joiners, &c., have about the same salaries as the machinists. Seamstresses are paid yearly between twenty-three and twenty-seven pounds; but they commonly work by the day, receiving for the day's work a sum varying between a shilling and one and eightpence, after which many remain during the evening to serve as tiring-women, and they who do so earn an extra tenpence. All these people, at work for salaries varying between seventy-five and twenty-three pounds a year, know how to read and write; are active and industrious; toil with a good will on behalf of the theatre by which they are supported; and, when a new piece is in preparation, often spend nights in labour without thinking of complaint. If the new piece be a spectacle, of course many fresh hands are employed: those of which we have here spoken are the ordinary staff of labourers who hold a permanent position in dependence on the stage.

Then there are the keepers of coats and bonnets, sellers of play-bills, letters of opera-glasses, holders of refreshment stalls, &c., whom it will suffice to mention. We have still to add to the list of people whose industry is set in action by the theatres of Paris. There are painters at work for them outside their walls, who add to the previous calculation about fifty men. There are the hair-dressers and wig-makers, of whom it is only known concerning seventeen theatres that they employ, in those capacities, forty-seven men and two women, who divide among themselves two thousand pounds.

These are the people who receive direct employment. Indirect employment, by the hiring of occasional labourers, and by the purchase of silks, velvets, and other bravery, it would, of course, be impossible to calculate. It will be curious, however, to observe the comparative cost of various articles of garniture, used in the way of costume. Costume is cheaper than it was seventy years ago. Though there are more bodies to dress, there is less to be paid now for the dressing. In 1849, the cost of dress material at the Paris Opéra for a company of two hundred bodies was four thousand pounds. Out of this sum, the cost of silks, velvets, and ribbons, represents eighteen per cent.; dress for the feet fifteen per cent., and for the head eleven per cent.; woollen and cotton fabrics nine per cent.;

lace, embroidery, and mercers' ware nine per cent.; armour and arms seven per cent.; gloves, &c. four per cent.; and two per cent. on the cost was incurred for flowers and feathers.

Passing from the persons of the actors to the garniture upon the stage, we find that, in eight theatres, including the Opéra, the expense on account of paint and material used in stage decoration, exclusive of the workmens' salaries and wages, amounted to nine thousand, one hundred and sixty-six pounds. Other accounts are also fragmentary. The cost of gas, oil, and other light is known only for seven of the theatres, the Opéra included; in these it amounts to thirteen thousand, three hundred and seventy-five pounds. The cost of warming is known only for six theatres, Opéra included, and amounts in these to seventeen hundred and fifty pounds. Some managers have also to pay rent for the theatres they occupy; it is known only of four such rents that they amount to ten thousand four hundred pounds.

It will be evident from the above sketch that theatres are not, as they are sometimes called, temples of idleness, but mines of industry, in which the miners work hard at extremely modest wages to produce their glittering results.

When we sum up the annual expenditure of the theatres — two hundred and thirty thousand pounds in salaries and wages, one

hundred and twenty-five thousand in cost of materials and accessories; adding to these the forty-one thousand, three hundred and seventy-five pounds taken from them in the name of the poor — we arrive at a total expense not very much under four hundred thousand pounds, and only about sixteen thousand pounds under the whole receipts. The receipts are, however, artificial. The amount of subvention granted to the five privileged theatres is greater than the tax taken from the whole twenty-five in the name of the poor. The theatrical till in Paris is robbed by the State with one hand, and replenished with the other, only the robbery is endured by all, and the replenishment enjoyed by five. The subvention to these amounts to a trifle more than fifty-two thousand pounds. The poor, therefore, would be benefited were this money paid to them; and the stage would be the better if it were not, after this clumsy fashion of protection, knocked down by the State with one fist, and then dragged up with the other.

Many directors of the Paris theatres swell their receipts by balls or concerts. Of these no account has been taken in the preceding estimates; but it will presently be seen that, without some devices of this kind, it would not be easy for an average manager in Paris to obtain for himself a decent living. We left the theatres just now with a gross

balance in their favour of about sixteen thousand pounds. We have not, however, yet finished the account of their expenditure. They, of course, have to pay authors for the pieces they perform.

There are in Paris eight or nine hundred authors or composers who have had one or more of their works presented on the stage; but the number of authors or composers of the new pieces represented in Paris in a single year is about two hundred and fifty. Paris is much more prolific of new pieces than London, and the payments made by the stage of Paris on account of authorship form a considerable item in the year's expenses. The year 1851 may be taken as a fair sample of the rest. In that year the two hundred and fifty authors owned two hundred and seventy-three new pieces, of which number one hundred and eighty-six were vaudevilles, and thirty-two were pieces produced by the theatres enjoying part in the subvention. The method in which French authors are to receive payment for dramatic works has been practically subject to much fluctuation, and great discussion has been held upon its theory. The rights of authors, in the case of the Opéra, the Comédie Française, and the Opéra Comique, are now established upon a system fixed by authority. For other theatres, a scale has been fixed by the Association of Dramatic Authors, and generally accepted

by the managers. The following are now the author's dues upon each night's performance of his piece. We express the larger sums of money in round numbers, by addition or subtraction in each case of a few odd shillings.

At the Opéra. For an opera in five acts: for each of the first forty representations, twenty guineas; for every subsequent representation, eight guineas. For an opera in three acts, the two rates of payment are fourteen pounds and seven pounds. A ballet in three acts, seven pounds, and then two pounds. A ballet in one act, four guineas, and then one pound five:

At the Comédie Française. A twelfth of the gross receipts (after deducting the Right of the Indigent) for pieces in five and four acts; an eighteenth for pieces in three acts. A twenty-fourth for pieces in two acts or one act:

At the Opéra Comique. After deducting the tax for the poor, an eighth-and-a-half, that is to say, two-seventeenths of the receipts, for pieces in three acts:

At the Odéon, Vaudeville, Variétés, Gymnase, and Palais Royal, twelve per cent. on the gross receipts. At the Gaîté, Ambigu, and Porte Saint Martin, ten per cent:

At the Théâtre National, one pound thirteen shillings and fourpence nightly for a long piece, and one pound ten shillings for pieces in three acts, during the first twenty-five representations, and one pound for each subse-

quent performance. Fifteen shillings a night for pieces in two acts; ten shillings and tenpence for pieces in one act.

At the instigation of Beaumarchais, the dramatic authors had combined before 1791 to exact their dues of the players. A society was formed in 1794, afterwards reconstituted, and, finally, in 1829, there was formed the existing Association of Dramatic Authors and Composers. The Association protects its members, collects through special agents — charging moderate commission — authors' dues, and sets aside a charitable fund, for aid of decayed members, or of widows and orphans of those who are deceased. The whole amount received by authors from the stage of Paris is about twenty-eight thousand pounds a year. The whole stage in the provinces yields to them about seven thousand more. In addition to this they have, of course, the copyright of their manuscripts, certain fees called *primes de lecture*, and the right of signing — every night when their plays are acted — a fixed number of free admissions, which are sold at a price lower than that of the tickets issued by the theatre, and produce an additional fund of profit to the authors, which is not by any means to be despised. It adds to their aggregate of payments no less a sum than sixteen or seventeen thousand pounds a year.

To the credit of the actors we should not omit to say, that they

have established among themselves a most prosperous benefit society, in the shape of an Association of Dramatic Artists, to which even the poorest actor of the provinces endeavours to contribute. By means of this Association, the French actors snatch their poorer brethren out of debt and difficulty, extricate their clothes and property from pawn, assist the weak, pension the aged, and do all that can be done by the most earnest exertion to alleviate the burdens incident to a profession that is in few cases well paid, and liable in all cases to much uncertainty. Of this Association there were, in May 1851, two thousand five hundred members. It has now an income of five thousand a year, derived partly from subscriptions, partly from gifts, a ball, participation in a lottery, a small Government allocation, and such other ideas as an active committee can suggest. The members of the committee — who are at the head of their profession — do not grudge time or labour, but meet as often as seventy or eighty times in the year.

There is no idleness in all this. There is abundance of good feeling, abundance of hard work; there is a minute division of the proceeds of the public patronage among industrious people in all ranks, giving to each a living, and to very few more than enough. Truly, then, we may pay our money for amusement at the theatre with a sincere good will, if we will only think of the results that

are obtained out of a little figuring upon the stage.

CHIPS.

A TIGER'S JAWS.

GRICE (a man of the 26th, stationed here) and I obtained two-and-a-half months' leave on purpose to kill tigers, panthers, and bears. Having made our preparations for the jungle, we started on the nineteenth of March with a fine band; consisting of one big drum, one big bell, four small drums, and a pair of pistols always loaded with coarse powder, and being continually let off. The noise of this concert was sufficient to frighten any animals out of the jungle; and, when it was not, we had also some twenty or thirty men to set up a supplementary yell. I should like you to have heard our band turning a corner amongst the hills! Our battery consisted of ten double guns — some rifles, the others smooth-bored — and two brace of pistols. We did not commence shooting until the twentieth, when we began at about nine in the morning; our plan being always to go some half-a-mile before the beaters; and, having placed ourselves in some likely spot, to sit quietly, and (if possible) concealed, until they had beaten up to us. Owing to rain, we saw nothing until the twenty-second; when, having walked some five miles, we perched ourselves, guns and all, on a small

tree, and put the beaters in. We had been in the tree about twenty minutes, when Grice whispered to me, "Tiger!" I saw her almost at the same moment: we fired four barrels, all of which took effect. She charged with frightful speed right under the tree in which we were sitting, and was into the jungle in a moment. Immediately after this, a peacock began calling, a sure sign of a tiger being near; and, sure enough, in another minute out came a small cub about the size of a dog; this, Grice shot. We then began the ticklish work of "following up," generally done on elephants; but, not being rich enough to sport them, we were forced to go on foot. We traced our prey about half a mile into the jungle, which was so thick that one could not see more than ten yards ahead. I separated some six or seven yards from Grice, and was in the act of looking down close to the ground, when I heard a frightful roar; and, before I had time literally to cock one barrel (I had imprudently gone into the jungle with my piece on half-cock), I felt myself jammed in the brute's jaws. She carried me about ten yards. My face, I believe, was touching her cheek, when Grice, with the most wonderful presence of mind, put two bullets into her ear. She dropped, but still held me. Grice ran up, and before she was actually dead, pulled me out of her mouth.

I am told that there was not two inches of space between my head

and the spot where the bullets hit. Had Grice's hand shaken, I should probably have been shot through the head, as he had a very small mark to fire at. I was perfectly conscious when pulled out of the brute's mouth.

The skin, of course, I keep as a trophy — it is nearly twelve feet long. The accident occurred fifty miles from camp; and if it had not been for Grice, God knows how I should ever have been taken back; but he is well known by the natives; in fact they are afraid of him (his nickname is "Tiger Grice,"), and he told them they would be well paid if they carried me to the next town, Jaat, about twelve miles off. After some little arrangement, they carried me on my bed to Jaat, where Grice is almost worshipped, on account of having last year killed a tigress which had at different times killed twenty-four of the villagers, and at the time Grice shot her, she was in the act of eating an unfortunate woman. Twenty-four men were sent out from camp with a palanquin, to meet me. Grice rode all night by my side, and accompanied me till within two miles of camp, when he went back again to go on with his sport. It is more than a month since he has been heard of, but I hope he is all right. I suffered great agony, from the moment I was bitten. My mother was always anxious about all her children's constitutions; well, a very clever doctor told me that if I had not had an iron constitution it would have gone very hard with

me. I am perfectly convalescent, walk about, and go out every evening in a kulkee; the wounds are healing, but it is irritable to have one's arm continually slung up. I should like very much to send the skin to England, but it is very large, and would be difficult to pack up; otherwise, it would make a nice rug.

LLOYD'S LIST.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that the statement in the article on Underwriting (Vol. XV. p. 197), that the oldest published Lloyd's List in existence bears date 1745 and is in possession of the Committee of Lloyd's, is incorrect; — that gentleman possessing, he writes, a volume for the year 1740, commencing with No. 560, dated Friday, January 2, 1740, and concluding with No. 658, Friday, December 25, 1741, wanting one number to complete the year. These all bear the following heading: "This List, which was formerly published once a week, will now continue to be published every *Tuesday* and *Friday*, with the addition of the Stocks, Course of Exchange, &c. Subscriptions are taken in at three shillings per quarter at the Bar of Lloyd's Coffee-House in Lombard Street. Such Gentlemen as are willing to encourage this Undertaking, shall have them carefully deliver'd according to their directions."

BELGIAN BRISKNESS.

LATELY it was my duty to proceed to Belgium on a mission, the nature of which rendered it necessary that I should transmit frequent despatches to London the instant they were written. My avocations did not commence, however, for a week after my arrival, and meantime I had full leisure to see how railways were managed in the Low Countries: not by any means for the first time, but with more care and closer scrutiny — arising from the business I had to undertake — than I bestowed on such matters while travelling merely for pleasure. There was at the time a regular glut of English railway murders. As sure as Galignani or The Times arrived, there was a diurnal report of death and inquest. Locomotives appeared to be eternally waiting round corners to drop into antagonistic trains. Ash-pans, and driving wheels, and connecting gear were continually indulging in vagaries, generally ending in the destruction of human life; and when that mechanism failed, guards, drivers, stokers, and pointsmen seemed to have entered into a grand conspiracy for the promotion of murder and its usual sequence, suicide. It was enough therefore, to make the slow pace of the Belgian trains pardonable, when it was seen how higher velocity on the English railways was productive of insecurity for life and limb. A vast proportion of our countrymen

have travelled over these Belgian lines on their way to the Rhine or to the glorious old city of Flanders. Nearly every one is familiar with those smooth, straight roads running between the everlasting rows of poplar and ash, by fat rich meadows and corn field — striking through swampy hollows, across black-looking canals or rivers which seem to have very serious thoughts of stopping in their course every moment, and skirting by white villas with the uniform vista opening between the trees to a fine view of a duck-pond or towing-path, or huge towns sleeping over the thoughts of their ancient power and renown, and reposing quietly, like tired giants, under the shadow of their noble cathedrals. We are all familiar with the warlike looking guards — all moustache, gold-lace, and wonderful initial letters in embroidery — who blow their horns with military gusto to give signal to the hairy engineers; and on *fête* days we have been astonished to see a *chef de la station* turn out in cocked hat, with sword by his side, and spurs and tinsel enough to emblazon a Lord Mayor's Marshalman. We have grumbled over the change of carriages, the constant inspection of tickets, and the abstraction of our baggage to be covered all over with little bits of yellow tickets. Much, too, no doubt, have most of us lamented over the disappearance of the little counterfoils, the production of which will alone enable us to effect a meeting with

our property, and denounced the formalities of the authorities, which lead, however, it must be confessed, to great security in transmitting articles of value. But did any of your gentle readers ever try to send a parcel by rail? Were his or her temper as placid as Patient Grisél's, it would be very soon roused out of all gentleness; for, assuredly, a system so tedious and annoying as that which has been devised by the wisdom of the Belgian State in that respect, never drove men into petty treason against the powers that be, and to the use of forcible, but unseemly, expletives. For the guidance and warning of my good countrymen, I will give them a specimen of Belgian briskness, by describing how, according to my experience, they send parcels in that slow-going country.

In England it is usual, in certain cases, to forward important despatches as parcels by the fast trains instead of sending them as letters, because the delays incidental to the post-office are obviated, and a small gratuity ensures a much earlier delivery than if the despatch was put into a letter-box. This, moreover, also leaves more time to write before the departure of the train.

All that any person engaged in such business as mine would have to do in England would be, to book his parcel at the station a few minutes before the train started. Acting on the notion that things would be managed much in the same way in Belgium, I re-

paired about half-an-hour before the starting of the evening train to the office, where I was horrified to learn that my parcel could not be sent by that despatch.

"Why? — am I not in time?"

"Certainly not! By the regulations, this parcel ought to be here six hours before the train starts; indeed, it is safer to have it here a clear day before."

It was in vain that the nature and the importance of the parcel was explained to the *chef du bureau*. He stroked his moustaches, and placidly appealed to the regulations. So at last, I slunk back into town, convinced of the superiority of the post in Belgium, although there was still some time to be saved if I could send off the parcel by the early morning train, at six o'clock.

In order to make all sure about the six hours' law, I resolved to book my unlucky parcel that night, and went accordingly to the office to which I had been referred by the *chef* for the conveyance of railway parcels. Imagine my horror, on being politely told by the very civil clerk in command, that it was quite impossible to book it. I fear I had recourse to the bad habit which our men were prone to in Flanders, according to Toby Shandy, before I collected myself to inquire the reason why. I was clean dead against the regulations. The *chef de la station* could not have known I had not procured my papers when he referred me to the *chef du bureau*. If Monsieur would kindly look to the wall be-

hind, he would see what were the conditions under which parcels were to be conveyed by railway. I turned, and there indeed was a manifesto in French and choice Flemish, with as many *considérants* in it as if it had come from the pen of the President, or from a Prefet bullying a newspaper editor, implying that M. Van Vogelbeke, Minister of the Interior, being greatly impressed with the general utility of railways; believing that they facilitated intercourse, and that locomotives were faster than mail-coaches; thinking it desirable to let people travel there-upon, and being also persuaded that it would be advantageous to the public if they were allowed to send small parcels by fast trains, had, under some two dozen heads, devised and invented certain regulations there following, for the speedy and safe transmission of such small parcels. With much painful study did I master the substance of M. Van Vogelbeke's regulations; and, turning back again to the civil clerk — who evidently thought I ought to murmur out my applause of the sagacity of the minister, and the excellence of the regulations — I demanded the papers; which, as I learned from the Vogelbekian Code, were absolutely indispensable, under the most terrible penalties, before the tiniest parcel could be received at any Belgian station.

The clerk presented me with the documents, and I immediately returned with them to my private

room in the hotel, locked my door, trimmed my wax-lights, and applied myself to study their purport. How the time passed I know not; but it was with a pale and haggard face that, several hours after, I rose from the perusal of these sybilline leaves. They were only two in number; but they were as full of horrors as a page of the Newgate Calendar. I seriously think of forwarding them to the Cambridge Examiners, to be used for the wranglers; I quite despair of describing them, but, in pity to my fellow-countrymen, I will make the attempt.

Know then that these papers are about one foot long, and eight inches broad. The first is called the *Déclaration*. It is ruled in twelve spaces, with headings in French and German, and is dotted all over with little letters and numerals — *Zug no.*; *train no.*, &c. All the blanks after "*no.*" (for *numéro* or number) to be filled up in the most rigid way. It is headed *Chemin de Fer, Transports Internationaux*, &c. First, you must fill up the station from which your parcel is to be forwarded, next that to which it is to go. Next comes a statement for the Custom-house "concerning the merchandises hereafter designated, sent the — day of — at — o'clock, by the train No. —, of — o'clock, along with the paper numbered —." In one column you put the name of the receiver (*Empfänger*); in another, the number of parcels, singular or plural, written at full length; in another, the quality of

the parcel; in another, the marks upon it; in another, the designating number of each parcel, to be selected by the sender at discretion; in another, the weight of the parcel. The same process is to be performed in a less minute space in the next two columns for Goods (*Güter*). Then come three more columns, devoted to the description of the waggons, French, Belgian, or Rhenish, by which the hapless parcel is to be conveyed; and then comes a large column for "observations" (*Bemerkungen*) — which, certainly, would not have been very complimentary in my case. Having filled in all these particulars, made your *Bemerkungen*, and written your name and the date at the end of the sheet, you must get sealing-wax and place your seal over the name, said seal to correspond with that which is on your parcel. You must then number and mark your parcel in accordance with the account in the declaration. Thus ends process number one. Paper No. 2 is the same size as the former, printed in blue also, and ruled in nine columns. On the back of it is a most uninteresting extract from the *Livret réglementaire*, relating to the transmission of parcels, baggage, and merchandise. This is headed *Bordereau d'expédition*, and is printed in French only, but is quite as full of little marks and letters as the other. Well; first you must fill in the name of the sender; then that of the receiver. Then come

tion, Passavants, acquits à caution, &c., each one to itself on a separate line. After this is a column of *Détail de frais et port*, with three little subdivisions for items; another column for the designation of the parcel; another for the marks; another for the number of parcels; another for the private number marked on each parcel. Then comes a column for merchandise; another for the weight, and another for a total. Having filled up these, you clap your seal in the centre of the paper, direct it at bottom, sign your name, and your labours cease for the time.

When mine were over, I repaired to the Chief Office. It was closed; but the polite clerk was smoking a powerful cigar on the door-step, his head enveloped in a magnificent cream-coloured cap, with a gold band and patent-leather peak; his feet endued with gorgeous slippers, and his person covered with a graceful, but rather unclean, blouse. He informed me it was quite "contrary to the regulations" to take in a parcel after the office was closed; in fact, it could not be done; and, though sensibly afflicted on my account, grieved, indeed, to the bottom of his soul, he could not, dared not, take in my little miserable Coli, which, by this time, I began to look upon with loathing unutterable.

As I was retracing my steps to the hotel in despair, he called after me, and gave me to understand, that though he couldn't take the parcel at the office, it was

probable, if I went down to the railway station half an hour before the train started, I might prevail on the *chef* to send it for me; "though," he added "it is quite contrary to the regulations." The train started at six o'clock in the morning. The station was outside the ramparts. In order to be there at half-past five, it was necessary for me to get up at half-past four at farthest. Could I depend on the servants to call me? Alas, experience answered sharply and decisively, No! — I knew how often I had been "marked" for six and called at nine — not by the waiter, but by the bell for breakfast — and I remembered that no one ever was awake when he desired at a Belgian hotel, unless he was going to leave early, and they feared he would run off without settling the bill. There was nothing for it, but to sit up over strong coffee and cigars. And so, to while away the hours, I opened my parcel and interpolated my despatch till it was unreadable, and then had to write it over again, by which, and sundry other expedients, I managed to keep awake hour after hour till the chimes of the cathedral warned me it was time to sally forth. Stealing out of the great *portecochère*, I passed through the silent streets — deserted by all save the little lads in soldiers' clothes glaring out with goggle sleepy eyes from their sentry-boxes by the great white jail-like looking houses belonging to Government departments, and watching for

their "reliefs," — and crossed the drawbridge and *porte* of the octroi, where the Custom-house people had just been roused into life by the approach of a cabbage cart, which they were drawn up to receive in hostile array.

It was a little after five when I arrived at the station, Coli in hand, and, with the exception of two more little soldiers propped up by their big firelocks, and regarding me as though I was going to run off with a locomotive, not a soul was visible. In vain I flattened my nose against the glass of every accessible window till I was warned off by the irritated infantry — no one was stirring. So I took a meditative stroll by the moat of the town, watched the little eels wriggling through the mud, and made acquaintance with a few Belgian ducks of dignified demeanour, though of familiar habits, and then returned to the charge.

This time I was more fortunate, for I caught a glimpse of a man through a window, and knocked at an adjoining door until it was opened by a very cross-looking personage, with scrubby moustache and dirty face, who told me he was clerk in the very department I sought. When led to his bureau I briefly stated my business, and produced my Coli and accompanying credentials. Judge again on my horror when, after a cursory glance at them and me, the fierce clerk, in an abrupt tone, informed me the "Coli could not be forwarded by that train — it

must wait till the afternoon, when it would be forwarded by Ostend." To all my entreaties, expostulations, and explanations, the fierce clerk had one answer: "It was contrary to the regulations." But he added that his *chef* would be at the office speedily; and if I liked to wait I could see what he would do. Very soon after, the *chef* made his appearance; but, alas! he only confirmed the decision of his clerk — My Coli couldn't go by that train.

"But it is the only train I want it to go by."

"*Cela fait rien.* Monsieur must know that it is contrary to the regulations to send a parcel to England by any route but the Belgian one of Ostend."

"But surely, when I tell you the sole object I have is to send it by Calais, you will allow me to forward it by this train, which goes on to Calais."

"Impossible; we have no convention with France for the carriage of anything but mails."

"Do you mean to say, Sir, that my Coli will be stopped at the French frontier?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell, Monsieur; but it cannot—according to the regulations — go by this train, as we have no convention for the carriage of small parcels with France."

"Could he not let it go to the frontier?"

No, he was bound by the regulations, and it would be contrary

to the eternal regulations. Meantime the train was ready to start. I waxed eloquent. I appealed to him as a man, as a Christian, as a cosmopolite, as a Belgian, as a *chef*. He was impregnable. He was a fellow who would have laughed at Demosthenes. He bowed to me. He took snuff. He blew his nose. He gazed at me with a calm, vacant self-possession during my finest passages. I offered two hundred francs to any one who would take my parcel to Calais, and to pay his expenses.

"It was a noble, generous, princely offer; but, alas, no one could accept it—Ah! pardon! Ma-thieu! Ma-thieu! Ma-a-thieu!" And here the *chef* ran across the line after a delinquent official, with whom he speedily grappled in warm controversy. The guard blew his cracked horn, an answering blast came from the front of the train, and off went the carriage, while I was left lamenting. I was stopped at the octroi.

"Had Monsieur anything to declare?"

I offered them my parcel. They gracefully, but decidedly rejected it. On reaching my hotel, driven from despair to recklessness, I put my parcel in the fire; though, half an hour before, I would not have done so for fifty pounds.

And this is the brisk way in which they deal with express parcels in Belgium.

OUR BORE.

It is unnecessary to say that we keep a bore. Everybody does. But, the bore whom we have the pleasure and honour of enumerating among our particular friends, is such a generic bore, and has so many traits (as it appears to us) in common with the great bore family, that we are tempted to make him the subject of the present notes. May he be generally accepted!

Our bore is admitted on all hands to be a good-hearted man. He may put fifty people out of temper, but he keeps his own. He preserves a sickly solid smile upon his face, when other faces are ruffled by the perfection he has attained in his art, and has an equable voice which never travels out of one key or rises above one pitch. His manner is a manner of tranquil interest. None of his opinions are startling. Among his deepest-rooted convictions, it may be mentioned that he considers the air of England damp, and holds that our lively neighbours—he always calls the French our lively neighbours—have the advantage of us in that particular. Nevertheless, he is unable to forget that John Bull is John Bull all the world over, and that England with all her faults is England still.

Our bore has travelled. He could not possibly be a complete bore without having travelled. He rarely speaks of his travels without introducing, sometimes

on his own plan of construction, morsels of the language of the country:—which he always translates. You cannot name to him any little remote town in France, Italy, Germany, or Switzerland but he knows it well; stayed there a fortnight under peculiar circumstances. And talking of that little place, perhaps you know a statue over an old fountain, up a little court, which is the second—no, the third—stay—yes, the third turning on the right, after you come out of the Post house, going up the hill towards the market? You *don't* know that statue? Nor that fountain? You surprise him! They are not usually seen by travellers (most extraordinary, he has never yet met with a single traveller who knew them, except one German, the most intelligent man he ever met in his life!) but he thought that YOU would have been the man to find them out. And then he describes them, in a circumstantial lecture half an hour long, generally delivered behind a door which is constantly being opened from the other side; and implores you if you ever revisit that place, now do go and look at that statue and fountain!

Our bore, in a similar manner, being in Italy, made a discovery of a dreadful picture, which has been the terror of a large portion of the civilised world ever since. We have seen the liveliest men paralysed by it, across a broad dining-table. He was lounging among the mountains, Sir, basking

in the mellow influences of the climate, when he came to *una piccola chiesa* — a little church — or perhaps it would be more correct to say *una piccolissima cappella* — the smallest chapel you can possibly imagine — and walked in. There was nobody inside but a *cieco* — a blind man — saying his prayers, and a *vecchio padre* — old friar — rattling a money box. But, above the head of that friar, and immediately to the right of the altar as you enter — to the right of the altar? No. To the left of the altar as you enter — or say near the centre — there hung a painting (subject, Virgin and Child) so divine in its expression, so pure and yet so warm and rich in its tone, so fresh in its touch, at once so glowing in its colour and so statuesque in its repose that our bore cried out in an ecstasy, "That's the finest picture in Italy!" And so it is, Sir. There is no doubt of it. It is astonishing that that picture is so little known. Even the painter is uncertain. He afterwards took Blumb, of the Royal Academy (it is to be observed that our bore takes none but eminent people to see sights, and that none but eminent people take our bore), and you never saw a man so affected in your life as Blumb was. He cried like a child! And then our bore begins his description in detail — for all this is introductory — and strangles his hearers with the folds of the purple drapery.

By an equally fortunate con-

junction of accidental circumstances, it happened that when our bore was in Switzerland, he discovered a Valley, of that superb character, that Chamouni is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it. This is how it was, Sir. He was travelling on a mule — had been in the saddle some days — when, as he and the guide, Pierre Blanquo: whom you may know, perhaps? — our bore is sorry you don't, because he is the only guide deserving of the name — as he and Pierre were descending, towards evening, among those everlasting snows, to the little village of La Croix, our bore observed a mountain track turning off sharply to the right. At first he was uncertain whether it *was* a track at all, and in fact, he said to Pierre, "*Qu'est que c'est donc, mon ami?*" — What is that, my friend?" "*Où, monsieur?*" said Pierre — "Where, Sir?" "*Là! — there!*" said our bore. "*Monsieur, ce n'est rien de tout —* Sir, it's nothing at all," said Pierre. "*Allons! — Make haste. Il va neiger — it's going to snow!*" But, our bore was not to be done in that way, and he firmly replied, "I wish to go in that direction — *je veux y aller*. I am bent upon it — *je suis déterminé. En avant! — go ahead!*" In consequence of which firmness on our bore's part, they proceeded, Sir, during two hours of evening and three of moonlight (they waited in a cavern till the moon was up), along the slenderest track, overhanging perpendicularly the most awful

gulfs, until they arrived, by a winding descent, in a valley that possibly and he may say probably, was never visited by any stranger before. What a valley! Mountains piled on mountains, avalanches stemmed by pine forests; waterfalls, chalets, mountain-torrents, wooden bridges, every conceivable picture of Swiss scenery! The whole village turned out to receive our bore. The peasant girls kissed him, the men shook hands with him, one old lady of benevolent appearance wept upon his breast. He was conducted, in a primitive triumph, to the little inn: where he was taken ill next morning, and lay for six weeks, attended by the amiable hostess (the same benevolent old lady who had wept over night) and her charming daughter, Fanchette. It is nothing to say that they were attentive to him; they doted on him. They called him, in their simple way, *l'Ange Anglais* — the English Angel. When our bore left the valley, there was not a dry eye in the place; some of the people attended him for miles. He begs and entreats of you as a personal favour, that if you ever go to Switzerland again (you have mentioned that your last visit was your twenty-third), you will go to that valley, and see Swiss scenery for the first time. And if you want really to know the pastoral people of Switzerland, and to understand them, mention, in that valley, our bore's name!

Our bore has a crushing brother

in the East, who, somehow or other, was admitted to smoke pipes with Mehemet Ali, and instantly became an authority on the whole range of Eastern matters, from Haroun Alraschid to the present Sultan. He is in the habit of expressing mysterious opinions on this wide range of subjects, but on questions of foreign policy more particularly, to our bore, in letters; and our bore is continually sending bits of these letters to the newspapers (which they never insert), and carrying other bits about in his pocket-book. It is even whispered that he has been seen at the Foreign Office, receiving great consideration from the messengers, and having his card promptly borne into the sanctuary of the temple. The havoc committed in society by this Eastern brother is beyond belief. Our bore is always ready with him. We have known our bore to fall upon an intelligent young sojourner in the wilderness, in the first sentence of a narrative, and beat all confidence out of him with one blow of his brother. He became omniscient, as to foreign policy, in the smoking of those pipes with Mehemet Ali. The balance of power in Europe, the machinations of the Jesuits, the gentle and humanising influence of Austria, the position and prospects of that hero of the noble soul who is worshipped by happy France, are all easy reading to our bore's brother. And our bore is so provokingly self-denying about

him! "I don't pretend to more than a very general knowledge of these subjects myself," says he, after enervating the intellects of several strong men, "but these are my brother's opinions and I believe he is known to be well-informed."

The commonest incidents and places would appear to have been made special, expressly for our bore. Ask him whether he ever chanced to walk, between seven and eight in the morning, down St. James's Street, London, and he will tell you, never in his life but once. But, it's curious that that once was in eighteen thirty; and that as our bore was walking down the street you have just mentioned, at the hour you have just mentioned — half-past seven — or twenty minutes to eight. No! Let him be correct! — exactly a quarter before eight by the Palace clock — he met a fresh-coloured, grey-haired, good-humoured looking gentleman, with a brown umbrella, who, as he passed him, touched his hat and said, "Fine morning, Sir, fine morning!" — William the Fourth!

Ask our bore whether he has seen Mr. Barry's new Houses of Parliament, and he will reply that he has not yet inspected them minutely, but, that you remind him that it was his singular fortune to be the last man to see the old houses of Parliament before the fire broke out. It happened in this way. Poor John Spine, the celebrated novelist, had taken

him over to South Lambeth to read to him the last few chapters of what was certainly his best book — as our bore told him at the time, adding, "Now, my dear John, touch it, and you'll spoil it!" — and our bore was going back to the club by way of Millbank and Parliament Street, when he stopped to think of Canning, and look at the houses of Parliament. Now, you know far more of the philosophy of Mind than our bore does, and are much better able to explain to him than he is to explain to you why or wherefore, at that particular time, the thought of fire should come into his head. But, it did. It did. He thought, What a national calamity if an edifice connected with so many associations should be consumed by fire! At that time there was not a single soul in the street but himself. All was quiet, dark, and solitary. After contemplating the building for a minute — or, say a minute and a half, not more — our bore proceeded on his way, mechanically repeating, What a national calamity if such an edifice, connected with such associations, should be destroyed by — A man coming towards him in a violent state of agitation completed the sentence, with the exclamation, Fire! Our bore looked round, and the whole structure was in a blaze.

In harmony and union with these experiences, our bore never went anywhere in a steam-boat but he made either the best or the

worst voyage ever known on that station. Either he overheard the captain say to himself, with his hands clasped, "We are all lost!" or the captain openly declared to him that he had never made such a run before, and never should be able to do it again. Our bore was in that express train on that railway, when they made (unknown to the passengers) the experiment of going at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. Our bore remarked on that occasion to the other people in the carriage, "This is too fast, but sit still!" He was at the Norwich musical festival when the extraordinary echo for which science has been wholly unable to account, was heard for the first and last time. He and the bishop heard it at the same moment, and caught each other's eye. He was present at that illumination of St. Peter's, of which the Pope is known to have remarked, as he looked at it out of his window in the Vatican, "*O Cielo! Questa cosa non sara fatta, mai ancora, come questa* — O Heaven! this thing will never be done again, like this!" He has seen every lion he ever saw, under some remarkably propitious circumstances. He knows there is no fancy in it, because in every case the showman mentioned the fact at the time, and congratulated him upon it.

At one period of his life, our bore had an illness. It was an illness of a dangerous character for society at large. Innocently

remark that you are very well, or that somebody else is very well; and our bore, with the preface that one never knows what a blessing health is until one has lost it, is reminded of that illness, and drags you through the whole of its symptoms, progress, and treatment. Innocently remark that you are not well, or that somebody else is not well, and the same inevitable result ensues. You will learn how our bore felt a tightness about here, Sir, for which he couldn't account, accompanied with a constant sensation as if he were being stabbed — or, rather, jobbed — that expresses it more correctly — jobbed — with a blunt knife. Well, Sir! This went on, until sparks began to flit before his eyes, water-wheels to turn round in his head, and hammers to beat incessantly thump, thump, thump, all down his back — along the whole of the spinal vertebræ. Our bore, when his sensations had come to this, thought it a duty he owed to himself to take advice, and he said, Now, whom shall I consult? He naturally thought of Callow, at that time one of the most eminent physicians in London, and he went to Callow. Callow said, "Liver!" and prescribed rhubarb and calomel, low diet, and moderate exercise. Our bore went on with this treatment, getting worse every day, until he lost confidence in Callow, and went to Moon, whom half the town was then mad about. Moon was interested in

the case; to do him justice he was very much interested in the case; and he said, "Kidnies!" He altered the whole treatment, Sir — gave strong acids, cupped, and blistered. This went on, our bore still getting worse every day, until he openly told Moon it would be a satisfaction to him if he would have a consultation with Clatter. The moment Clatter saw our bore, he said, "Accumulation of fat about the heart!" Snugglewood, who was called in with him, differed, and said, "Brain!" But, what they all agreed upon was, to lay our bore upon his back, to shave his head, to leech him, to administer enormous quantities of medicine, and to keep him low; so that he was reduced to a mere shadow, you wouldn't have known him, and nobody considered it possible that he could ever recover. This was his condition, Sir, when he heard of Jilkins — at that period in a very small practice, and living in the upper part of a house in Great Portland Street; but still, you understand, with a rising reputation among the few people to whom he was known. Being in that condition in which a drowning man catches at a straw, our bore sent for Jilkins. Jilkins came. Our bore liked his eye, and said, "Mr. Jilkins; I have a presentiment that you will do me good." Jilkins's reply was characteristic of the man. It was, "Sir, I mean to do you good." This confirmed our bore's opinion of his eye, and they went into the

case together — went completely into it. Jilkins then got up, walked across the room, came back, and sat down. His words were these. "You have been humbugged. This is a case of indigestion, occasioned by deficiency of power in the Stomach. Take a mutton chop in half-an-hour, with a glass of the finest old sherry that can be got for money. Take two mutton chops to-morrow, and two glasses of the finest old sherry. Next day, I'll come again." In a week our bore was on his legs, and Jilkins's success dates from that period!

Our bore is great in secret information. He happens to know many things that nobody else knows. He can generally tell you where the split is in the Ministry; knows a deal about the Queen; and has little anecdotes to relate of the royal nursery. He gives you the judge's private opinion of Sludge the murderer, and his thoughts when he tried him. He happens to know what such a man got by such a transaction, and it was fifteen thousand five hundred pounds, and his income is twelve thousand a-year. Our bore is also great in mystery. He believes, with an exasperating appearance of profound meaning, that you saw Parkins last Sunday? — Yes, you did. — Did he say anything particular? — No, nothing particular. — Our bore is surprised at that. — Why? — Nothing. Only he understood that Parkins had come to tell you something. — What about? — Well! our bore

is not at liberty to mention what about. But, he believes you will hear that from Parkins himself, soon, and he hopes it may not surprise you as it did him. Perhaps, however, you never heard about Parkins's wife's sister? — No. — Ah! says our bore, that explains it!

Our bore is also great in argument. He infinitely enjoys a long humdrum, drowsy interchange of words of dispute about nothing. He considers that it strengthens the mind, consequently, he "don't see that," very often. Or, he would be glad to know what you mean by that. Or, he doubts that. Or, he has always understood exactly the reverse of that. Or, he can't admit that. Or, he begs to deny that. Or, surely you don't mean that. And so on. He once advised us; offered us a piece of advice, after the fact, totally impracticable and wholly impossible of acceptance, because it supposed the fact then eternally disposed of, to be yet in abeyance. It was a dozen years ago, and to this hour our bore benevolently wishes, in a mild voice, on certain regular occasions, that we had thought better of his opinion.

The instinct with which our bore finds out another bore, and closes with him, is amazing. We have seen him pick his man out of fifty men, in a couple of minutes. They love to go (which they do naturally) into a slow argument on a previously exhausted subject, and to contradict each other, and to

wear the hearers out, without impairing their own perennial freshness as bores. It improves the good understanding between them, and they get together afterwards, and bore each other amiably. Whenever we see our bore behind a door with another bore, we know that when he comes forth, he will praise the other bore as one of the most intelligent men he ever met. And this bringing us to the close of what we had to say about our bore, we are anxious to have it understood that he never bestowed this praise on us.

WHOLESALE DIVING.

THE first of September! All the world is gone out a sporting this morning, for the purpose of killing time and partridges; though the Restaurant has given us the latter for the last two or three days, and though most of us complain of the shortness of human life. The weather is magnificent; but, alas! I am no shot. Having once in my life blazed away at covey after covey the livelong day without touching a single feather, the birds would be insulted by being popped at by such a bungling hand as mine. But, never mind; other resources are at hand. The waters are blue and calm under a gentle breeze, so we will go a fishing instead; and I promise you such sport as you cannot light upon every day. Not that I am any great adept in

that art either; but I delight to see it practised, especially on a grand scale, or in a remarkable locality.

To give you some idea of what to expect; our haul this morning *might* be a sunken ship's cargo, a forgotten piece of old-fashioned ordnance, a waggon-load of pearl oysters, a few bushels of coral, or, if you like it better, a genuine sample of Cancale oysters, which now are honestly and truly edible seeing that the month has at last got an *r* in its name. I say, we *might* catch any of these, but shall not on the present occasion, because our fishing tackle happens to be engaged on special service. Dr. Payerne says that he must first finish his job of stubbing up rocks at Chanteraine; but he kindly adds, that if we like to walk with him and take part in that amusement, we are perfectly at liberty so to do.

Thanks, good Doctor. I could run full gallop to the spot; but that would rather prevent our chatting by the way. And these men, these nine reckless fellows, are they really going to the bottom of the sea, maintaining no communication whatever with the upper air?

Yes, certainly, at nine o'clock the boat plunges, and they are only awaiting our arrival.

And have they no apprehensions about the consequences? Have you no difficulty in getting hands?

At that moment, for answer, a man advances to the Doctor, takes

off his hat, and begs for a job of work in the Diving Boat. He is not wanted: the list is full. A few steps further bring us in sight of the wonder, which lies floating in the sea, ready to perform its duties.

Chanteraine, I ought to tell you, is a suburb of Cherbourg — the Plymouth of France — occupied by dockyards and arsenals, which is said to owe its name to the circumstance of the Empress Maude "singing out" in a storm at sea, and building a chapel here afterwards in obedience to the vows made during her fright. The mouth of one of the basins opening into the sea is obstructed by submarine rocks. It is in the task of removing the rock at this spot that Dr. Payerne's Diving Boat is now employed; and that is the day's fishing which is offered to your acceptance.

The *Auguste* — the name of the first Diving Boat, and therefore worthy to be recorded — the *Auguste* lay, on the first of September in this present year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, moored by four anchors exactly over the point on which her crew were to continue their work of excavation. The sea was calm; and, though a certain buoyancy was perceptible in the vessel, there was nothing approaching to heaving or tossing. You will first want to know what the *Auguste* was like. I answer that she had a resemblance to nothing so much as to some strange sea-monster

come up from the abyss of the ocean to take a breath of air and a glimpse of sunshine, and then go down again — a simile which will not give you a very clear idea of the object of your curiosity. Therefore, to be more precise and homely in my comparisons, the *Auguste* in colour is bright red, like a boiled lobster. As to shape — take two boiled lobsters, remove their heads, clap the two decapitated portions together, contrive to float them in the sea, back upwards, in such a way that only the thicker part of the body is above water; of course, greatly magnify them in idea — and you have the best notion I can give you of the *Auguste* lying at anchor. She is built entirely of iron, and the joinings of the pieces and the bands encircling the structure increase her lobster-like appearance. The windows — small circular plates of inch thick glass, here and there let in as firmly as iron can fix them — are not noticed at a distance; but, when you are walking on the surface of the *Plunger*, they remind you of the green glimmering eyes which a magnifier will show you upon a spider's back. In short, M. Payerne has invented a new species of marine crustacean, which is naked and worm-like externally, having neither claws nor fins; but, which is provided internally with an air-bladder like that of many fishes; with lungs which are reservoirs of air as those of the camel are reservoirs of water; and with spiracles and

siphuncles capable of producing various effects, in imitation of the functions they would perform in the entrails of the nautilus and the ammonite. Fins and claws, or legs and feet, a screw tail for locomotive purposes, or perhaps, wings even — for who can tell? — may one day sprout through the shell of the *Auguste*. In which case she must be considered at present as a mere *larva* or grub, or at most only in the chrysalis state, from which the perfect full-fledged insect is to burst forth some bright sunshiny morning.

I ought to mention that the *Auguste*, though called a Diving *Bateau*, or Boat, has not in herself the means of progressive motion through the waters, as by sail or oar, which the word "boat" suggests to the mind. She can sink; and she can rise to the surface without assistance. But, in order to arrive at the spot where a descent is proposed to be made, she has to be towed through the waves by a steamer or a sailing vessel. Therefore, those nervous persons who are groaning over the invention, fearing that a force of a dozen men may secretly invade our coast, or, entering our docks in the disguise of flounders, may blow up, or sink, our navy from below, are quite premature in their apprehensions. The apparatus has to be considerably amended and enlarged before the French can play us such tricks as those, even supposing that they wished to play them.

The only things which interrupt

the surface, or grow out of the hard smooth shell of the *Auguste's* back, are: Firstly, a ring, on what may be called the croup of the creature, behind, and another on the back of its neck, before; these are for the purpose of towing it; they are button-holes in which to fix its leading-strings when it is sent out from its home pond, like a trained hippopotamus, to perform its task under water. Secondly: quite in the middle of the back, there is a small rectangular hole or trap-door, which might be called in French either a *porte* or a *trou d'homme* — this is the place of exit and entrance for the crew. Over it springs an arch of bar iron, about five feet high and two or three inches thick, which is technically styled a *potence* or gallows; only in the place where a strangled man should be suspended, there hang a pulley and ropes, that can be attached to the trap-door, for a purpose which you will understand by and bye.

The entire length of the *Auguste* is thirteen *mètres*, a *mètre* being somewhat more than an English yard. Call it a vessel forty feet long. The internal chamber, or hold, or submarine work-place, is nearly five *mètres*, or fifteen feet long. Nine men go down in it comfortably; a dozen find themselves a little crowded. The two extremities, that is to say, the whole remaining space, are employed for the double purpose of reservoirs of condensed air, and hydrostatic regulators of equilibrium. These last words

may, perhaps, sound a little hard, but they shall soon be made considerably plainer. The extremity — which we may call the tail — of the crustacean is hemi-spherical, or rounded off in a circular form; the front or snout end is conical, or very bluntly pointed, with, however, a tendency to bulge outwards. The apparatus at each extremity is similar; and outside, close to certain pumps at each end of the chamber, are the *Auguste's* breathing holes or spiracles — tubes fitted with valves for the discharge of water mainly, but, sometimes, of air.

Suppose, then, the *Auguste* lying at anchor in diving trim, waiting for nothing but the bold crew who shall man her. The inventor pushes off in a boat, in company with his inquisitive visitor; we soon touch the *Plunger* vessel, and I jump on board, and am taken into the interior through the little square trap-door. The air reservoirs are indeed charged; for the Doctor, in proof thereof, touches a screw, and out whistles a blast worthy of the imprisoned winds of *Æolus*. The floor of iron is also an entire trap-door, into which other smaller ones are let, to be opened, as most convenient, at the bottom of the sea wherever search is to be made, or work performed. Many of the present details, however, may be considered as not final, but as temporary arrangements; for, almost every day suggests improvements in an invention which is not once so novel and so bold. The grand

principle alone must remain unchanged.

You will not suppose that the cabin of the *Auguste* (for it has only a single apartment) is a very luxurious retreat; that it is panelled with mahogany and looking-glass, hung with festoons of muslins and silk, or strewn with cushions of velvet padded with down. The first submarine boat is as far from the thought of such superfluities, as was the first surface-going steamer. It is of no use calling for the steward to bring you an ice, a pint of Champagne, or a new-laid egg warranted never to have known the touch of *terra firma*; nor are you put to the inconvenience of puzzling your brains as to which of the *Waverley* novels you shall take down from their stylish bookcase. In the first steamer, the stoker's apartment would be the place of honour, and perhaps almost the only place; on board the *Auguste*, the wind man's and the bellows man's cabinet is everything — quarter-deck, fore-cabin, aft-cabin, state-room, kitchen and all. You find yourself in a low apartment in which you cannot stand upright after the awful upper trap-door is closed; but, that does not matter, because you have not time to be cramped, and, as soon as you get to the bottom, you open the trap in the floor, cause the waters to retreat by the force of your condensed air, and find yourself standing on the actual bed of the sea — on rock, or sand, or shingle, or whatever else

it may be. The walls, too, are iron, and round them runs a low divan, likewise of iron, on which the company seat themselves until they commence their aquatic labours — their water-works, if I may so denominate them. The only decorations observable, are sundry screws and cocks and pump-handles and pipes, the necessary agents for the manœuvre of the vessel; the only furniture, a pailful of thick creamy white-wash, and a large pair of bellows.

Be it remembered that we, *Bateau Plongeur*, and all, are on the surface. The men are now ready, and put off from the shore in another boat. Like miners, they have changed their usual dress for coarse, shabby clothing, more suitable to the bottom of the sea. We get out of the hole, and into our boat; while they leave their bark (in which a tenth man remains), and prepare to drop, one by one, through the *trou d'homme*, into the hollow entrails of the red-shelled and cannibal *Auguste*. I marvel to behold them:

“Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!”

That is to say, they laugh, and seem to care no more about the matter than if they were going down into a wine-cellar, to fetch a bottle of Bordeaux a-piece for their own private drinking. There is no symptom of any horrible drownings, after the fashion of Nantes, being either designed or anticipated; nor, have they the look of those desperate men who

habitually risk life to gain a livelihood, and who exist in the constant consciousness that they are so risking it. I could not observe in any one of them the aëronaut's expression of countenance.

Well; these nine sane and healthy men voluntarily entered their iron floating den, without grimace or trembling; and — it made me gasp — their foreman (a sleek-skinned, jolly-looking fellow, with a straw-coloured military chin-beard), shut the trap-door with a hearty slam. There they were, and no mistake, unless some legerdemain trick had been played, as when the conjuror puts your watch into his mortar, and afterwards pounds a watch to pieces. And now we learn the use of the *potence*, the gallows and pulley. The tenth man outside clenches the foreman's slam of the trap-door, by hauling it even more tightly up, which he does by fastening the rope of the pulley to a ring on the door. When he has done his best, he quietly sits down upon the shell of the *Auguste*. And then you hear a rapping, and a tapping, and a hammering inside. What is it? They are absolutely screwing and bolting themselves in; or rather, they are screwing and bolting the water out: for water is a terribly violent house-breaker, when you have twenty or thirty feet of it above the highest ridge of your roof. And now they have finished. A few knocks are given to warn the tenth man to jump off *Behemoth's* back, unless he has a mind to go to the

bottom" too. He kneels down, peeps into one of the spider's eyes, knocks in answer, shouts a few words which seem to be audible within — for a muffled groan is heard in reply — jumps into his boat, and goes ashore. His part of the performance is played; he may now go home to breakfast. We, however, continue to linger at hand in our skiff, to observe the disappearance of the *Auguste* as closely as possible. The men are working away at the pumps, taking in water as fast as they can: she will soon vanish.

It has been already stated that the Diving Boat, composed entirely of iron, floats by means of the compressed air contained in the reservoir at each end, aided by the air in the central chamber. If that compressed air is still further diminished in bulk, after the hold has been made safe and water-tight, it is clear that the specific gravity of the whole machine will be altered till it sinks. Accordingly, into these air reservoirs, the imprisoned men inject water by means of a forcing pump, until they have thus taken in as much additional ballast as suffices to sink them. It is the principle of ballooning applied to the ocean, instead of to the atmosphere.

Dr. Payerne obligingly pointed out that they were pumping away, or loading the boat with water, first at the tail of the vessel; which, in consequence, gradually sunk, till it scarcely floated above the surface of the sea. Then the front

portion was similarly loaded, and became submerged. And then — it was quite as exciting as the first sight of a balloon ascent; it was more fearful than seeing the kraken plunge into the depth below, after you had mistaken it for an island; — then, down went the scarlet-mailed monster, with a decisive dip which had all the air of a voluntary and muscular action. And the boiling waters, and the white-streaming mass of bubbling air, which those desperadoes left behind them on the surface! Oh! Gracious Heavens! Can I believe my eyes? — that there, down below, and out of sight, nine living breathing men should be cheerfully at work, though hidden from our view by the waves of the sea! And not exactly hidden; only veiled. The waters here are clear, their bed being of rock, and I can perceive a reddish gleam, with a brighter point in the middle, which is the top of the *potence*, struggling through the blue-green medium in which those nine wretched lost men lie entombed. Survive they cannot, short of miracle! Lucky that none of their wives or children were here to witness that fearful descent.

“Full fathom five thy father lies:

Of his bones are coral made:

Those are pearls that were his eyes:”—

The “father,” however, quotes responsively,

“— but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us.”

The men are safe, thanks to

Payerne’s ingenuity. They have much more air with them than they will require during their stay below; they can regulate the supply at pleasure, and this will give them sufficient oxygen. But, by breathing they throw off carbonic acid, and this must be got rid of, or they will suffer inconvenience, and, perhaps, be injured in health. They, therefore, take down with them a bucket containing about six (French) pounds of first-rate quick-lime, with a small portion of potash; it is mixed with water, and, as soon as their feelings tell them what is wanted to be done, one of the number takes a pair of bellows having the rose of a garden watering-pot fixed on its snout, and with this simple implement dipped into the alkaline solution, he blows away, until the air is sufficiently purified by the passage through it, to be again wholesome to the lungs. For those who doubt the healthiness of house-cleanings and white-washings, here is a lesson that the human body throws off a something, whose ill effects are neutralised by lime.

Dr. Payerne has made many experiments on the purification of air — some, in the diving bell at the London Polytechnic Exhibition, ten years ago — and has published on the subject. But, the Diving Boat has led to the discovery of an unexpected means of clearing air of an excess of carbonic acid. The Bell cannot be worked in a strong current; the boat works best there, for this reason. It is known that carbonic

acid is very soluble in water, much more soluble than atmospheric air; that is, it is taken up by it in combination, like sugar or salt: or, as they are both fluids, it might be better to say that water and carbonic acid unite together like spirits and water, instead of remaining separate, like water and oil. Now, it turns out that carbonic acid combines so readily with water, that when the Diving Boat is working in a strong current, the men have no need to use their lime solution, nor to work their bellows at all. The water running beneath their feet attracts and carries off with it the carbonic acid, as fast as they produce it. And, fortunately, carbonic acid is so much heavier than atmospheric air, that it naturally sinks to the bottom of the boat by its own weight. It is only in still waters that they are obliged to have recourse to the bellows and the alkaline air-filter; and the more the water changes from the condition of stillness, the less need have they of that acid. We may hence deduce the fact, that fountains and running streams in the midst of populous cities are not only pleasing to the eye, but are healthful to the constitution, by carrying off, while they seem to be only idly sparkling to and fro, many an unseen, impalpable, and unsuspected impurity.

Another difficulty with the Diving Bell is, that the deeper it descends, the higher the water rises within it, from the compression of the included air by the

superincumbent mass of water; so that the adventurer finds himself half-flooded and seriously hindered both in investigation and in work, long before a depth impossible for human lungs to bear has been reached. But, the Diving Boat, by making use of the internal spring of its store of compressed air, is always able (by letting out an extra supply, as profounder depths are arrived at), to keep the water-surface quite at the bottom of the internal walls of its chamber.

It seems at first sight a little paradoxical to learn that it costs much less trouble to make the *Auguste* float on the surface, than to cause her to sink to the bottom of the sea. But, a very slight change of equilibrium or alteration of specific gravity is sufficient to produce the tendency to float. If you sink a bladder full of air in a tub, by means of a small bag-full of shot just enough to keep it at the bottom, it is surprising how few shot have to be subtracted, in order to make it mount; just as, in a nicely balanced balloon, the shaking out of a small sand-bag causes it to mount steadily. And so the *Auguste*, by discharging a little water through the spiracles of its iron shell, makes itself lighter, and rises buoyantly. The idea is beautifully simple, and would be perfectly novel if similar contrivances had not been observable in the structure of certain marine animals. Human ingenuity sometimes has the good fortune to hit upon means similar

to those employed by the Great Author of Nature; and is then most sure, as well as most successful.

The descent of the *Auguste*, on the other hand, is effected by a laborious injection of water into the reservoirs of compressed air; and, of course, the greater the store of breathable provision, the harder work it is to cram and force upon it so unyielding an intruder as water is — the least squeezable of things. The air does yield at last to the impudent invasion, but with a very bad grace, and after proving itself to be somewhat heated by the contest. Moreover, for convenience sake, a greater excess of floating power is usually maintained at the surface, when the *Auguste* lies at her moorings, than of sinking power at the bottom, when she wants to lie steady at her work.

It is good, for the safety of the crew, that this should be the case; namely, that it should be less trouble to float the *Bateau Plongeur* than to sink her. But Dr. Payerne has superadded a very beautiful and simple contrivance, by which, if the pumps should fail to perform their duty, the *Bateau* can, by a few touches, be instantly brought to the surface. It is a proof too, how little complex the whole management of the machinery is, that the workmen who dive conduct it with perfect confidence, and, Dr. Payerne says, quite as well as himself.

We left the men at the bottom of the sea. The master had re-

turned to his scientific labours, and I had gone home to put on paper something of what I had seen and heard. Having been present at the imprisonment of the nine martyrs, I was anxious to assist, as the French say, at their escape. They went down at nine in the morning (or a little after, for my visit caused a short delay), and they were to emerge about one in the afternoon. I returned at the time appointed, and was just too late to see the *Auguste* rise, like a Venus with the scarlet fever, from the sea; but the living cargo was untouched and unadulterated: the tenth man was beginning to untackle the trap-door and clear the ropes from the pulley and gibbet. At last the hole opened [it just comes into my head that it is very like the hole in a humming-top, which admits the wind, and causes the music; or still more like the enlarged bung-hole of a cask], and one by one they lifted themselves out. There was no struggling or fighting who should get away first, as must have been the case had they been pent up for four hours in a real and true black hole of Calcutta; the exit was made quietly, and even a little lazily. The first word which I heard from their mouths, was not "Thank God, here we are, above water again!" nor "Catch me at the bottom another time, if you can!" but the foreman, turning towards the dock wall on which we were standing, asked, "*Sommes nous bien descendus?*" "Did we make a good descent?" Think

of the fellow's coolness in caring about the style of the performance! I almost believe that he purposely made the last plunge a little more precipitately than usual, simply to show what a high-mettled Triton his *Auguste* could be on occasion.

The other men toddled off to their dressing-room, not a bit more beaten than miners whom I have seen returning from their work. To say that they were as cool as cucumbers and as neat as if they came out of a band-box, would not be true. But, they were to get a hasty snack of dinner, and go down again in the afternoon. The air reservoirs contained sufficient for that day's consumption, without any more being pumped into them. Next morning, a fresh stock would have to be laid in. Eight hours, divided into two spells, is the usual day's work at the bottom of the sea; but, sometimes, when the boat drops nicely, in a convenient position, a shorter stay enables them to satisfy themselves and others as to the quantity of rock removed. The fragments detached are brought up in the Diving Boat.

These things are only the beginnings of wonders. What Dr. Payerne longs for, is additional mechanical power to work his invention, which he feels certain of gaining when he has obtained additional capital. He proposes to make a submarine steamboat, which, however the reader may stare, is as actual a possibility as the *Auguste* is an existing fact.

But, expense is the present stumbling block; experiments cannot be made for nothing.

The submarine steamer would have two fires: one for the surface, and another for the deeps. Up above, it would burn air; but air is too valuable to burn in the abyss below. Heat must there be generated by means of nitrate of potash, though the process is much more costly.

The first descent was made in the Seine at Paris; and it showed the confidence which the inventor placed in his apparatus. Inclosed in an iron cage at the bottom of a river, he could not have been very easily raised to the surface either dead or alive, if the effect calculated on had not been produced by the means employed. But, a trial in the sea at the time of high water, and at a point above low water-mark, would have insured him some sort of succour in case of need, if he patiently waited in his den for three or four hours, and had only air enough to breathe.

The greatest depth to which Dr. Payerne has yet descended, is seventy-five French feet — a trifle more than English. But, many valuable cargoes lie sunken deeper than that, and are well worth the fetching up again. He believes that a man is capable of sustaining the pressure resulting from a depth of a hundred and fifty feet; but, to attain that result, he would require to use steam-engines as his air-compressors. Manual labour is incapable of the effort;

and he has not at present sufficient pecuniary means at command to make the necessary outlay.

Whether the invention is to halt where it is, or progressively to grow into the marvel of a submarine locomotive steamer, the name of the man who has already dared and performed so much ought to be enrolled on the list of the world's notables. And therefore, I venture to propose that the words, Diving Boat, or *Bateau Plongeur*, be now for the last time used in England; and that henceforth, when we wish to mention this admirable result of mechanical skill, we call it simply — A PAYERNE.

SUNDAY MORNING.

It is a question not, I think, beneath the dignity of the philosopher and psychologist to discuss whether, supposing our dear old friend Robinson Crusoe to have lost count of a few days during his stay on the Island of Juan Fernandez, he would have been enabled to correct the notches on that dear old post — Heaven's blessing upon it, how it stands up in the plain of my childhood, sun-lighted for ever! — by intuitively knowing Sunday as soon as it came round. My theory is that he would: my opinion is, that there is something in and about the aspect of the Sabbath so contra-distinguished from other days, so perfectly *sui generis*, that, the wide world over, the cognizance

and recognition of Sunday are innate and intuitive. It is not like other days; the air, the stillness, the noise, are not like those of other days. There is rain on a wet Sunday, and rain on a wet Monday; but they are not the same rains by any means. The Sunday sunshine and the Saturday sunshine both light us and warm us and cheer us; but the sunny Saturday is far different from the sunny Sunday.

I do not hold with Sir Andrew Agnew. I do not row in the same boat as the crusaders against Sunday oranges and Sunday orange-women. I cannot pin my faith to the statute of King Charles the Second (a pretty fellow to force sours on Sunday as on vegetables that are none the better for pickling). I cannot see perdition in a Sabbath-sewed-on shirt-button; the bottomless pit in a Sunday-baked pie; Tophet in the boiler of a Sunday steamboat. I do not feel inclined to blacken the reputation of my friend the Pot because he enjoys himself on a Sunday, seeing that he, in his turn, might say something severe of my mamma the Kettle. If we "maunna wheestle on a Soonday," my friends beyond the Grampians, we "maunna" drink quite so much whiskey between services. I cannot, in conclusion, see any reason why, because it is Sunday, a man should half throttle himself with a white neckcloth; turn his eyes all ways save the natural one; and put on a look of excruciating wretchedness and anguish when

he is naturally inclined to be cheerful. Excuse me if I use strong language, but I feel strongly; and, do not think me scoffing or irreverent, if, acknowledging my respect for missionary enterprise and perseverance and sincerity, I confess my inability to believe in the conversion of that New Zealand chieftain, who, having been educated at a missionary station, was in after years questioned by one of his reverend friends as to his spiritual progress, and, on being pressed, avowed that he had not been quite able to give up cannibalism, but that he "nebber eat him enemies on a Sunday, now."

Sunday morning in town and country: let me essay, with my blunt pencil, to sketch some Sunday morning draughts.

What sort of a Sunday morning could that have been of the 18th of June, 1815, when the two great armies of the English and the French lay opposite each other (after couching uneasily in their muddy lairs all Saturday night), like wild beasts, ready to rend each other in pieces presently? Gunner and Driver number seven, as he pushes and labours, and toils and moils at the wheels of yonder great piece of ordnance, overhauling and sponging out the creature's mouth to see that it is ready for roaring and biting, does he think of the bloody Sunday's work he is upon, — that it was on a Sunday morning that the great Untiring Hand yet chose to rest from the labours of Creation?

Gunner and Driver number seven, as, wiping the sweat from off his anxious face, he scans the trees and farms and cottages as well as he can for a rainy mist, — does it ever strike him that the grey church of Waterloo yonder was meant to be something else than a mere "position" — than a place to hold or defend, or to assault and attack — than a thing to batter and rear great guns against, and throw red-hot shot into, or may be, after the battle, to establish an hospital or litter down troop horses in? Comes there ever a thought across this rude fighting man that there are villages and village churches in his own land of England? — notably a little, grey, ivy-coloured fane "down in his part of the country;" a church with a leaden spire and a thatched roof, and little lozenge casements glistening like diamonds; a church with a rebellious sea of churchyard, all stormy waves of turf, crested with breakers of white tombstone, surging up viciously against the church, and threatening to break through its Gothic windows, and quite submerge that smug Corinthian porch the last vicar (who had a pretty taste for building, confound him!) raised, rolling its verdant billows to rocks ahead of family vaults, and the low encompassing stone wall. Here he played, years ago, before ever he thought of 'listing, or of being a Gunner and Driver, or of fighting anybody on a Sunday morning; were it not, indeed, Tom the blacksmith's son,

or Toby Crance who lived "along a Saunders," which last — the self-styled cock of the village — he, the embryo Gunner, met on a Sabbath morning and "paid," knocking him from his cockish eminence, crowing, to the very bottom and foundation of a muck-midden, where he lay howling amongst the ordure; for which exploit he (Gunner) was sorely scourged next morning by the schoolmaster, a learned man, who could talk like a book, and had a wonderful property of boxing your ears, sitting the while at his desk, were you ever so many feet off. Many a Sunday morning has he, Gunner, sat in the free-seats close to the squire's pew, wondering why the brave gentlemen and fair ladies on the brasses always crossed their arms like scissors, and held their heads askew; why the mailed knights with tin pots (in marble) on their heads, always went to sleep with their feet resting on little dogs; spelling out that quaint marble tablet setting forth how Sir Roger Bielby died in the Civil Wars, and wondering what wars were like. Those Sunday mornings: how drowsy, how distressingly somnolent they were to him! That weary litany! that still more sleepy sermon! There was a sharp zest or relish thrown in to relieve the monotony of the former in the shape of the publication of marriage banns, and a neat peppery little prayer about the French and the Pope and a certain "blood-thirsty usurper," whose "casting down" was heb-

domadally supplicated; but no such zests enlivened the dreary waste of sermon. Page after page of manuscript was turned over with a lullaby of rustling foolscap, and the drooping, sleep-oppressed spirits of the boys would have given in, have knocked under entirely, were it not for the thought — the mighty thought — the bark riding on a sea of joy with twenty anchors of Hope at the bows — the thought of the gathering round about the baker's shop after church; the glad symposium of boys and girls with snowy napkins waiting for the baked dinners; the gastronomic Bourse — where a rumour that Starling's pie was spoilt, that Bailey's over-cake or puff-paste rider to her pie had been devoured by a buccaneering baker, was sufficient to throw a gloom on the market, and cause apples and marbles to be quoted at nothing at all. And, when the Sunday bakings did come forth, what glorious sights they were! Gunner and Driver number seven, you have had commissariat beef, and commissariat biscuit, this Sunday morning; but in those days you were entitled to a share in a dish in which there was brown, hot meat with streaky fat — a dish so brown, so streaked with white itself, so encompassed with savoury crispness that you fancied you could eat it, as well as the meat, for all it came from Staffordshire and was but a potsherd. Nor was this all; for in another compartment of this edible dish there lurked in a greasy nectar,

potatoes — so crisp, so exquisitely done, so yellow, that they looked like the golden apples of the Hesperides, or that the shepherd gave to Venus. Who would mind sermons with fruits in store? Old days, those, Gunner and Driver number seven, quiet days, timid days!

Sunday morning at Doctor Tweep's Classical Seminary, Kilburn, Middlesex. Classical was Doctor Tweep's. There were talismanic "*adsums*" and "*licets*" and "*placets*," used in playground, and class, and refectory. There was Smith *major* and Smith *minor* and Smith *minimus*; and the boy who had charge of the birches, hang him! was *præfectus*. When we saw Doctor Tweep coming, we cried "*Cave*," — when he gave us permission to go "down street," on half-hours, he granted us an "*exeat*." Everybody was classical save the writing-master, who pretended to be, but wasn't; and who, wishing to bestow a mark of approbation on one of his pupils one day, called him *bonus puerus* (thinking, good man, that what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander) and was then and there discharged by Dr. Tweep "for poisoning," as he elegantly expressed it, "the pure stream that flowed from the Aonian Mount." Select, also, was Doctor Tweep. At least we had room for forty, but only numbered twenty, which did not hinder our impartial preceptor dispensing among us the full allowance of flogging for two score.

Sunday morning at Kilburn is marked in my recollection with three white stones. One stands for tea at breakfast, the next for letters from home, the third for Greek Testament. The tea was a great thing. We had milk and water during the week — "sky-blue," as we ironically called it — and bitter jokes we made about the chalk supposed to form one of its component parts, and the preposterous share the pump-handle had in its manufacture. But, on Sunday mornings we had tea, not in mugs, mind you, but in real cups, mind you. It was curious tea — somewhat resembling thin broth, not unlike very weak sago, with a smack of diluted colewort and a dash of camomiles, and a pervading, sickly flavour, half saccharine, half "clothy," that gave it quite a relish. It was of a light liver colour, and had a thin marbled scum of skim milk a-top, and left a residue of thin leaves of a strange shape and colour, with a great quantity of short stiff stalks, that, when you swallowed any of them by accident, made you cough and sputter a great deal. Our head satirist and poet, who was thrashed about five times a week for inability to scan the humorous Virgilian line ending with "*vox faucibus hæsit*," and who always got the quantities right in his sleep and forgot them when he woke — Muffinhard he was called, — who is now, I believe, a professed "funny man" and diner-out, declared that these stalks were chopped birch-brooms. He

ought to have known; for no boy had a more intimate acquaintance with the twigs of the tree of knowledge than he had.

Letters from home were always delivered to us at this Sunday tea-time — open: after having undergone an ocular quarantine at the hands and eyes of Doctor Tweep to secure, I imagine, their not containing unlawful playthings, fireworks, notions on education unsuited for our years, or “cribs” for our Latin exercises. If they conveyed serious intelligence, such as births, or deaths, or marriages, we got them without delay; but, in ordinary cases we had to wait the Sunday morning delivery; till which time, though we knew of their arrival, on the previous Monday, even, we were compelled to wait. Agonising suspense for those who were anxious to know how the poney was, or what Bob Burns had done with the last batch of puppies; when the next plum-cake and silver crown were coming, and whether Mr. Park’s stock contained any more “Red Rovers of the Ocean,” for tinsel-ling!

Greek Testament also came on Sunday mornings, between breakfast and church times. Of all the gallons of tears I must have shed over the Hellenic language, the fewest, I think, the sparsest drops were poured forth over Testament. Digging up Greek roots as we did at other times, like pigs hunting for truffles, and scratching at the horny bark of the appalling tree of Greek verbs till we

felt inclined to hang ourselves on the branches, we went smilingly and joyfully to Testament. The master was an Oxford man, too poor to keep the necessary amount of terms, but hoping manfully to save a few pounds yet, and go back, and come out a Fellow. He had such a winning way, and easy power of explanation and illustration, and such a deep, rich, bass voice, that we used to sit with rapt ears and eager faces listening to him. And Tommy Brooks, from Smyrna, whose father was supposed to be a “dragon,” an impossible profession, but was really, I opine, a “dragoman;” Tommy Brooks — who used to stumble over *en arche en o logos*, as if the words were made of wood with rusty nails in them — grew so excellent a Greek scholar that at the half-yearly examination, being entrusted with the recitation of the ode of Anacreon, beginning “*Thelo legein atreidas*,” he broke into such a flux of Attic, Ionic, and Doric intermingled, that they were obliged to stop him, thinking that he was in a fit. Moreover, it was in a comfortable little slice of a study in winter, and in the garden, a shady place, under laurel bushes in summer, where our class met. I would I were there again with Mr. Bidloe (drowned going out to the Cape) listening, “under the laurels,” to the magnificent gospel of St. John.

Sunday morning in London streets. The pavement seems to have its Sunday coat on, as the pavement treaders have. The

omnibusses, though working, poor vehicles! look spruce and "Sundayfied." The horses have bunches of ribbons in their ears, and the coachmen carry pinks or dog-roses in their button-holes, or in their mouths. The drivers and conductors have some degree of smartness in their attire, not always, I am afraid to say, displaying clean linen; but, always mounting — on the part of the driver — a pair of fresh gloves, and on that of the conductor an extra polish to his boots. The cabmen, unused to frequent fares on Sunday mornings, snore peacefully on their boxes, or improve their minds with the perusal of cheap periodicals; or, seated on the iron door-step of their vehicles and puffing the calumet of peace, hold mystic converse with other cabmen, and with the waterman on the stand.

Town-made little boys, with caps between Lancers' shakoes and accordions, pick out the cleanest spots on the road to cross, lest they should soil their bright highlows. Policemen lounge easily past, whistling softly, as if to say that, with the exception of orange baskets, they war against no human thing to-day. Cooks and housemaids peep slyly over area railings and out of second-floor windows; for it is their "day out," and they are anxious to ascertain what the weather looks like, and whether it is within the limits of reason to risk and throw on the clemency of the skies that gorgeous thing I know of in the

back-kitchen and a band-box — that boomerang, which is to strike terror and dismay into the heart of "Missus," and then, recoiling, seat itself triumphantly on the head of Jane or Ann Elizabeth — the Sunday bonnet. But see, the door of this genteel residence opens, and forth from it comes Missus herself in her Sunday bonnet (with not half such splendid colours or so many ribbons as Jane's in the band-box), and Master, and young Master, and Missey, and the children, all bound for church. Master has a broad-brimmed hat, and such a shirt-collar, neckcloth, and frill, as only the father of a family conscious of his moral responsibility can boast. His boots are the boots of a man with five hundred a year, who owes his baker nothing, or, if anything, can pay it, Sir, at Michaelmas when he sends his bill in. His double eye-glass has respectability, paternity, morality in it. He is a Church man, I can see, by the complete Church Service in a small port manteau of blue leather, which young Master (bound in a cut-away coat, turned up with check trowsers, and gilt lettered) is carrying.

Ring out, ye bells, from the great spire of Paul's; from the twin towers of St. Peter's Westminster; from lowly St. Margaret's, with its great stained window nestling close by. Ring out from St. Pogis-under-pump, where the rector is non-resident, and the mild young curate has a hankering after candlesticks on the commu-

nion-table. Ring out from the dozy chapel-of-ease, where the very crimson cushions seem to slumber; from the bran-new Puseyite bazaar — I beg pardon, church — where a wax-chandler's shop seems to have broken into the main avenue of Covent Garden market, and, having stormed the Pantheon in Oxford Street, to have sat itself down among the ruins; tinkle from St. Hildeburga's, the sly little Romish chapel; — call your flocks together, Zoar, and Enon, and Ebenezer, and Rabshekah; — Howlers, Jumpers, Moravians, Johanna Southcotonians, and New-Jerusalamites, Ring out, ye bells — for this is Sunday morning.

And, ring out, oh bells, a peal of love, and kindness, and brotherhood. Ring Tolerance into preachers' mouths and men's hearts, that while they pray they may forbear to thank Heaven that they are not as other men, or even as "this Publican" who is their neighbour!

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

JOHN WILDE of Rodenkirchen was standing on a hill
Of the far-off Isle of Rügen, on a morning bright and still;
And, as he looked about him, he saw a little shoe
Of glass most strangely fashioned, that glitter'd like May dew.

No foot of mortal creature such a little thing could wear;
John saw it was a fairy's shoe, and took it up with care.

For he knew that the dwarfish owner, who lived in the cave below,
Until he regained his slipper, on one bare foot must go.

John kept his treasure safely; and, in the dark midnight,
He went up to the hill-top, alone, without a light.

To the ground he put his mouth, and he gave a loud halloo:
"John Wilde of Rodenkirchen has found a tiny shoe."

Straightway he heard a murmur far down within the hill,
Like the swarming of a flight of bees and the clacking of a mill;
Straightway he heard a pattering of little feet hard by:
But John was very cautious, and homeward did he hie.

Next morning came the fairy, like a merchant rich and gay:
"Have you got a little crystal shoe you could sell to me to-day?" —
Quoth John, "I have a slipper, of glass so fine and small,
That only one of fairy size could put it on at all."

Said the merchant, "I will give you a thousand dollars new,
From the mint all freshly shining, for this wonderful glass shoe."
But John was avaricious — a grasping hand had he:
He laughed out in the merchant's face with loud and scornful glee;
And vowed by all things holy, no less sum would he take,
Than a ducat for each furrow that ever his plough should make.

The merchant writhed and twisted, but saw that he must yield:
So he swore that in each furrow John made within his field,
Yea, of what length soever his life might chance to be,
A heavy golden ducat he should not fail to see.

John knew right well that fairies to their oaths are always true:
So away the elf has taken the little crystal shoe.
And away John Wilde has hurried into his field to plough;

"Without," thought he, "a single seed,
I shall soon have crops enow."
Anon he drove a furrow — a furrow
broad and deep;
And at once a golden ducat into his hands
did leap.

He jumps about and dances, to be sure
't is not a dream:
Then, shouting like a madman, again
drives on his team.
Oh, now 't would seem a devil has entered
into John!
From furrow unto furrow he goads his
horses on:

From furrow unto furrow he urges them
amain;
And still the golden ducats, spring up
like golden grain.
Faster and ever faster, he tears across
the land;
And fast the yellow ducats come glit-
tering to his hand.

The sun rides up the heavens; the noon
is fierce and dry:
Yet still John drives his horses, beneath
the bright bare sky.
The sun rides down the heavens; and,
hastening to his bed,
Shuts out the eastern moonlight with
cloudy curtains red:
Yet, till the valley darkness, he ploughs
the dusky loam,
John does not stop his labour, nor turn
his face towards home.

The thirst for gold has seized him; each
day is now the same:
His blood is all on fire, his heart is like
a flame.
For ever, ever ploughing, ever running
to and fro,
Driving random furrows, with ne'er a
seed to sow.

Still ploughing, ever ploughing, through
all seasons of the year!
In the seed-time, in the harvest, in the
winter bleak and bare.
He scarcely thinks of resting; — in the
early morning's cold,
While the night yet fills the valleys, and
the mists are on the wold,

His wife beholds him rising out of his
weary bed,
With eyes like staring marsh-lights, in
the hollows of his head.

When the night is at its noon, and the
stars have mounted high,
He reels home with his horses, like one
who straight must die.

Poor wretch! his work's not ended! —
he has a feeble light,
And o'er his chest he hovers, in the
shadow of the night:
Over his chests he hovers, to count his
lovely gold;
Counting, counting, counting, till the
sum is fully told.
He crawls to bed, and slumbers, yet still
at work he seems —
Still ploughing, ever ploughing, through
dark and tangled dreams!

John Wilde grows thin and haggard —
he mumbles with his mouth;
His eyes are fixed and arid, like one con-
sumed with drouth.
It is the dead of winter — his hands with
cold are sear'd;
The sweat is on his forehead, but the
frost is in his beard.

Still ploughing, ever ploughing! though
the sleety mists environ,
And the plough goes through the fur-
rows, like iron into iron.
Still ploughing, ever ploughing — but
see! he cannot stand;
There is darkness all about him; he has
fallen upon the land!

The horses come home early; but their
master — where is he?
Some neighbours go to seek him, where
they know that he must be;
And there they find him lying, all stiff
and stony-eyed,
Stretched full-length in a furrow — and a
ducat by his side.

Oh, wretched fool! what matter how
fast the plough he drave? —
In ploughing up his ducats he was dig-
ging his own grave!
John Wilde of Rodenkirchen died many a
year ago:
Still many for gold are delving, whom
gold will soon lay low.

BLIND SIGHT-SEEING.

It was travelling on the railroad from Orleans to Amboise, that I first met Monsieur and Madame Faye, who were returning from Paris to Tours. There was a little bustle, just as the train was starting, in consequence of late comers. The only wonder is how any Frenchman manages ever to be ready, considering the immense amount of talk and leave-taking which seem a part of their existence, — and I, amongst others, put out my hand to help in an apparently infirm man, whose agitation seemed to prevent him from knowing where to take his seat. I pointed to that next to me, pulling his coat to force him into it, that we might not all be inconvenienced by his lingering. He bowed and smiled, and continued to talk to a female who followed him; and who began to stow away numerous baskets and bundles which she was tightly embracing, thanking us, all the time, for our politeness to her husband. In a few seconds they were seated, and we then had leisure to remark the appearance of the new travellers. The gentleman was rather past middle age, good-looking, neatly dressed. He had a cheerful, pleasant countenance and soft mild eyes, which he directed towards those to whom he spoke, although we afterwards found they possessed no speculation. The lady was anything but tidy in her style; indeed, so much the reverse, as

to be surprising in a Frenchwoman; but her story, when it was told me at our next meeting at Tours, explained the peculiarities which made her at first an object of somewhat disrespectful observation.

We soon became good friends. Monsieur Faye was blind, and had been so from childhood. His cousin, Mathurine, had *proposed for him* when they were both about five and twenty, and had, from that time, devoted her whole life to attend on him.

"I should not," she said, "have asked him; but that my brother, who required my services because of his lameness, determined just then to marry; and therefore, as I had a substitute with him, and poor dear Hector here was too modest to ask *me*, what else was to be done?"

I found, on further acquaintance, that Hector was a remarkable personage in his way: a bit of a musician, a philosopher, an antiquary, and a great reader of or rather listener to history; for it was his little, lively, untiring wife, who read to him from morning till night; and sometimes, when he could not sleep, from night till morning.

I found Mathurine incessantly occupied with the well-being of Hector. She might have been pretty at the period of their union, probably some twenty years before; but her small, slight figure was rather awry, in consequence of having, for so long a time, served as a prop to her tall hus-

band, who always leant on her shoulder as he walked. She seemed indeed altogether out of the perpendicular; her bonnet never sat straight, owing to its being pushed aside by his arm; her shawl had the end anywhere but in the middle; her gloves were generally ragged at the fingers, while I observed that his were carefully repaired — it being evident that my friends were obliged to practise economy; her shoes were shabby, with the strings often untied. "What would you have?" she once remarked laughingly. "I have no time to attend to these trifles; which, after all, don't signify; for I am not *coquette* and he does not see me. I catch up the first thing that comes to hand, and he fancies I am quite a *belle*."

Hector had the strangest voice I ever heard; it would begin *contralto* and run up to *alto* in an incredible manner when he was excited; and then fall down again to the gruffest bass, his little brisk wife's treble accompanying so as, as she imagined, to soften the sharp effects he produced.

She had managed to learn several languages in order to read to him the authors he admired in the original; and odd enough her versions were; but, as he perfectly comprehended the jargon they had studied together, her plan succeeded admirably.

Amongst Monsieur Faye's peculiarities was that of being an inveterate sight-seer. There was no object of interest near the

places he visited that he had not, as he said, seen; and no sooner did he hear a description of a castle or a cathedral than he became restless to make its acquaintance. I happened one day to speak of having, in former years, gone to the strange old castle of Loches, about thirty miles from Tours; and, struck instantly with his usual desire for exploring, he proposed a journey to the spot, inviting me to be his guest and guide.

I have always observed that the French, although by no means what we call rich, are very generous, according to their means, and if they cannot do a thing in grand style, they do it equally well on a small scale. Hector had long wished to give a treat to his hostess and her family, and this he felt was a good opportunity. Our party, therefore, was formed of Madame Tricot, a black-eyed little widow; her sister Euphrosine and her young lover the militaire — just arrived on leave to visit his betrothed — and Achille, the widow's eldest son; a sharp boy of thirteen, distinguished by his half-military college uniform, more perhaps than by the progress he was making in those studies which Madame Tricot felt sure would lead him to immortality; and which she herself superintended with unwearied zeal, forcing her refractory pupil to rise before daybreak every morning and repeat his Greek and Latin lessons to her previous to school hours, although, when I

questioned her with surprised awe, she replied by saying with a knowing nod:

"No, no, I do not understand all this; but Achille imagines I do; and, at all events, he is obliged by this means to learn his lessons. They are very severe at college, and he is such a *gamin*!"

As I had seldom seen Achille occupied, in his leisure hours, in the absence of his mamma, in any other way than teasing a peculiarly uproarious parrot whose discordant shrieks regularly awoke me from early slumber, I could easily believe that some difficulties lay in the way of the future hero's advancement, had he been left entirely to his own plan of pursuing knowledge.

Seven persons, large and small, besides the driver, one fine October morning filled the large rumbling vehicle which Madame Faye had engaged for our expedition to the old ruined castle of Loches; and very merry we all were as we saw the baskets of eatables stuffed under the seats, and wedged ourselves inside and out preparatory to setting forth, which we did at last in the midst of a shower of precautionary words from Madame Tricot, sent after the two staring, laughing rosy-faced maids who stood helping and enjoying our prospect of a *fête*, and flirting with our smart driver up to the very last moment. At length we rattled away along the leafy avenue of the Boulevard Heurteloup, at Tours, and were

soon on the long level road which conducts to the old town, which we made our goal.

Situated just at the entrance of the luxuriant garden of Touraine; full to overflowing of grapes and melons, and plums and peaches, of incredible size; on the banks of the river Indre (here spanned by several pretty bridges), rises the craggy hill, on the sides of which was built, at a period too remote to be ascertained even by a hand-book, the rugged, stony, impassable, confused, fossil-looking town, crowned at its extreme summit by the grimmest, strangest, oldest, and most inexplicably constructed castle that exists in France. Probably its like would be sought in vain in Europe. Such another series of towers, and spires, and long and high walls, terraces, battlements, staircases, and dungeons, was never brought together by the hand of man. The castle was constructed by order of a certain Count of Anjou, named Foulques Nera, to become — long after his valorous fame had passed away or had merged into the reputation of an ogre — a ponderous plaything.

The inn where our party stopped at Loches, is very characteristic of the place; for it is, though modernised and beautified outwardly, a maze of galleries, and corridors, and turrets, and secret staircases, and rooms with vaulted ceilings, so that the world of the present day seems shut out the moment the façade

is lost sight of. It has an odd effect in such a place to see smart handmaids flitting about, and a chattering hostess coming out to welcome guests to her antique dwelling, which has all the trouble in the world to look young and inviting, in spite of the paint and frippery in which French taste has striven to disguise its feudal reality.

We very soon arranged ourselves and our repast (with but little addition from the larder of our nevertheless civil hostess) on a sort of platform, on the walls of what is now a terrace, and was once no doubt a warlike spot, where if people "drank the red wine," it was probably "through the helmet barred." The hostess merrily uncorked our bottles of Loire wine, observing candidly that it was much better than her cellars produced; and, addressing herself to me, adroitly began a eulogy on the character of the English in general, remarking, that it was astonishing how many of my countrymen made her hotel their home for six months together.

A ramble through the streets showed us that it was market day at Loches. From the lower range of rugged walls to the rocky summit where the castle toppled over, — comprising the narrow, high street, which ascends through the whole length, winding and twisting like a snake pursued — was one mass of vegetables, fruit, and flowers, whose bright hues, and the gay colours of the vendors'

dresses, contrasted strangely with the lofty houses with overhanging roofs, frowning down on the groups that dared to disturb the solemn gloom which had been theirs for centuries.

Monsieur Faye stopped every moment to talk to the market women, to cheapen melons, and to accept bouquets from girls whose bright eyes he praised. On he went, chuckling that his defective sight had not been discovered: his little wife winking to us meantime with an air of entire satisfaction. Madame Tricot endeavoured to excite Achille to study the *guide pittoresque* and make himself acquainted with the notable objects of the place. The lowers, who had doubtless much zeal in the same cause, proposed to him that they should all three mount the hill at a quick pace, and find out the points of view ready for us on arrival at the top. By a curious chance we never managed to find the couple again until our return; and Achille reported that he had not seen them since he observed them to have "joined their heads" over the tomb of Agnes Sorel, the chief lion of the spot.

It seems that Charles the Seventh came to Loches to hunt, when he was visited by the disconsolate wife of the troubadour King René of Anjou, who came to solicit his aid in favour of her imprisoned husband. Agnes was in her train — one of those dangerous maids of honour whose eyes have done such fatal mischief to

the susceptible hearts of incautious monarchs — but when the duchess quitted Loches, her beautiful companion accompanied her not, she remained in the service of Mary d'Anjou, the wife of Charles the Seventh.

It would be curious to know in what chamber of this wild old castle the love tale was first told which has furnished France with a ceaseless romance. All that remains of Agnes now is her white marble tomb, on which she lies with her hands clasped on her breast, her beautiful, delicate, and expressive head guarded by two winged kneeling cherubs, and her draperied feet supported by two lambs. The tomb is in perfect preservation, and is one of the most exquisite *morceaux* in France. Agnes was the châtelaine of the castle, and loved to live here above all other places, although the munificence of her lover gave her the choice of several abodes.

Here, it is said that the ill-nurtured Prince Dauphin, afterwards Louis the Eleventh, performed an act very much in conformity with his usual brutality. In one of these saloons he struck the beautiful favourite of his father; but he who could beat his own chosen little effigy of the Virgin Mary, because she refused some of his requests, might well begin his career by an outrage like this. Happy, no doubt, were both the angry beauty and her royal lover, when they saw the last draw-bridge of the castle of Loches fall and shut out for ever from their

presence the gloomy prince, who disapproved of their luxuries, and who spurred his steed onwards, nor stopped till he had reached the dominions of the Duke of Burgundy.

Louis came back eventually, however, to these walls, and either late repentance or a sense of justice caused him to respect the tomb of Agnes, which he refused to let the monks of Loches remove.

Monsieur Faye was very anxious to ascertain — for he was rather a phrenologist — the form of the celebrated beauty's head, and felt it through the bars which protect the lovely marble statue to his heart's content, discovering bumps which would have disclosed the whole of her character, had history been silent on the subject. There was, besides, not a cornice nor a balustrade in the building that he did not feel; his hand being guided by that of Mathurine. I was amazed at the accuracy of his notions of the places we inspected; and more so at the unwearied patience of his guide; who had no enjoyment which he did not feel, and who had acquired a habit of description so accurate that I felt at last inclined to let her see for the whole party.

The towers of the castle rise above a hundred and fifty feet from the gigantic rock upon which they are built. Some of them appear light and graceful at a distance, although really massive.

The castle is divided into two unequal portions: in one is a huge church, the spires of which peer up between enclosing turrets in a way quite original: the other is chiefly composed of a huge tower, which looks like the spiteful ogre of a fairy tale, bending over a mountain and watching to snap up unwary knights or merchants who ventured near his stronghold. Century after century this grim old place has been the abode of personages famous in the romance of history. Joan of Arc came here on a visit; Anne of Brittany and her two husbands made it their favourite abode, and her oratory still exists, covered with ermine spots and *cordelières* in stone, which encrust the walls, and were very sensible to the touch of my blind friend. Mary Stuart here tuned her lute; and here, several ages before, our John Lackland feasted and revelled; here Philip Augustus came to receive the castle as a bribe for the assistance he was to render him against Cœur de Lion, who afterwards besieged and took it. Here Jean of France resided, before the great battle which sent him the prisoner of the Black Prince to England, and in the fine Lady Chapel — whose delicate columns Monsieur Faye felt with his hands — was instituted a perpetual mass for the souls of the identical King John of France, and all the Kings and Dukes that had preceded him here. Here Francis the First and the fair and inappropriately named Diana,

lived and loved a great part of their hours away.

When one sees the dark, dreary, gloomy, rugged walls, it is difficult to fancy Loches a dwelling for beauty and love, and it would require loads of bright tapestry and gilt furniture to fill up the black and blank nooks which yawn on all sides. In these chambers, however, once all was revel and luxury, as the court of the profligate Medici could testify: and the be-puffed and be-hooped ladies, and the be-slashed and be-jewelled lords, danced many a *branle* and *pavane* over the dungeons, where howled and groaned the victims of their tyranny and cruel luxury.

It is said that one of the towers descends as deep into the earth as it rises above it, and terrible are the approaches to these frightful spots. A tradition exists that one of the later governors of the castle, being curious to know the extent of these gloomy places, set forth one day on an exploring expedition, and found several passages closed by iron doors: these he had forced open, and found himself in new passages, cut in the depth of the rock on which the castle is built. Another door arrested his progress, which was also broken open, and he entered a long alley, still in the rock, which he followed for a considerable time, till at length it led him to a subterraneous chamber, where, seated on a huge block of stone, with his head leaning on his two hands, sat a very tall man.

Monsieur de Pontbrillant, the enterprising governor, was amazed at this vision; but, scarcely had he looked upon it, when the current of air striking the figure, it fell away into dust at his feet. Beside the unfortunate prisoner stood a small wooden coffer, in which still remained several articles of linen, very fine, and carefully folded. The skull and bones of this corpse were long shown at the castle, and were looked upon with awe by those to whom this story was related: but who the prisoner was was never known. In more than one of the old castles of France are still to be traced these horrid dungeons, where captives of all ranks were confined, immediately beneath the pleasure chambers of the lords and ladies.

The governor of Loches was always a very great man, which perhaps accounted for the fact of our having to wait a long time for the keys of the great tower, which a messenger had gone in search of at the present governor's lodgings. While we waited in an outer court, we were civilly invited by the portress to walk into her parlour, and there we sat sometime talking to her, and hearing the gossip of the place. Beside the large fireplace, guarded from the draught of the open door by a huge wooden screen, sat the grandmother of the establishment — generally a cherished member of the humblest family circle in France — who, old as she seemed, got up and made us a reverence, resuming her cosy

seat by the fire, which was directly piled with enormous pine cones and sent up a resinous flame, the perfume of which spread through the room. Monsieur Faye was placed near her, and as she went on with her ceaseless knitting, she was soon busy in cheerful converse with her new acquaintance, while I was listening to a history of a lately escaped convict from this apparently secure retreat: the castle being the country prison.

"You see," said the portress, "you would not have been obliged to wait so long for the keys but for this: we used, till three days ago, to keep them here, but since that event they are sent up to the governor's house, and my husband, the guide, who shows you over the dungeons, is obliged to go and get them — but he will soon be back."

"Do they keep prisoners in dungeons now-a-days?" I asked.

I was told that the escaped culprit, who had robbed a hen-roost, had been put in a room above the dungeons — of which there are three stories beneath the ground level — and had contrived to hook up a plank, by which means he descended, with intent to rise the easier, having swung himself down till he could jump across a certain black abyss, which we afterwards shuddered to see, and gain a broken staircase where a door led to a corridor conducting to the outer court. With an iron nail he had displaced a huge stone in the steps, had

crept through that, displaced a second in the same way, and thus arrived at the passage. Here he hid himself in a dark corner on the chance of the jailor-guide coming that way with visitors before long. As it happened, that event occurred, and the jailor was just preparing to light the candle which serves to illumine the gloom, having left the outer door open till the process was accomplished, when the ready adventurer leapt from his hiding-place, overturned the guide, and amidst the screams and cries of the affrighted visitors rushed out, with them, pell mell into the outer world. As his blouse was the same costume as that worn by many of the affrighted strangers — for all ranks make the dungeons a lion — he passed unnoticed in the crowd, and excited no surprise as he “ran violently down the steep hill” with the rest and got fairly off. I could not regret that so ingenious and fearless a personage had baffled the vigilance of the guardians of Loches, but I felt a little nervous at the chance of a similar adventure occurring as we began our exploring expedition in the same quarter. I was assured, however, that there was no chance of such a thing, all the prisoners now detained, to the number of four, being at that moment smoking their pipes in a pleasant sunny little court which we had to cross before we reached the low door which gave entrance to the dungeons.

There was nothing formidable

in the aspect of these worthies, whose crimes were not of a deeper die than that of having got drunk and committed damage to the citizens in their cups; and we passed amongst them, returning the salutes they made with their nightcaps, quite without alarm.

In the great court before this enormous and sinister-looking tower, one of the most splendid and the most worthless of the ancient governors of Loches paused before he entered, attended by three hundred gentlemen of high family, all probably “as wicked as himself,” and all bent on turning the good fortune of their friend and patron to the best account. This governor was the famous favourite of the infamous Henry the Third of France, the gorgeous Duke d’Épernon, and during the time he passed in these walls, the gold of the kingdom was no more spared by him than by his master. But a change arrived — two reigns had intervened — and a second time he visited these walls, more as a prisoner than a prince; he was then a grey-headed, gloomy, morose, miserable man, deserted by all the former companions of his profligacy whom the axe and the sword had spared, and here he came to hide himself from a court which his vices had disgraced.

Marie de Medicis, the prisoner of her son at Blois, also arrived here, in night and silence, escaped from her captivity, and entreated shelter of the old favourite, who

had been suspected of knowing more than was honest of the murder of her husband, Henry the Fourth.

It is a strange reflection, and one that might well intrude while one stands before the door of the great tower of Loches, waiting till its rusty key turns in the lock, how unequal is the fate of those who have acted remarkable parts in the drama of the world. In spite of the mutations of fortune, mortification, neglect, disgrace or discontent, in spite of the overthrow of ambition, the wreck of hope, the struggles and turmoils that d'Épernon had gone through, he could not get rid of the burthen of life till the age of eighty-eight, when he died in the Castle of Loches, unregretted, and at once forgotten.

A story is told relating to him, which proves that men are not to be frightened by tyranny and power out of their natural wit and sarcasm. While this favourite of the contemptible king was in the enjoyment of his greatest favour, the public criers were accustomed to carry about a huge book, which they announced as "The high acts and deeds of valour and virtue of the most noble Duke d'Épernon." These books, eagerly purchased, were found to contain blank paper. I fear that these historical recollections did not occur to Achille as he descended the rugged steps, green, and slimy, and steep, which led, from stage to stage, to the hideous dark holes in which these heroes of middle-age

romance were accustomed to place their vassals or equals, as the case might be, when once in the power of their vengeance. Our guide, the jailor, was a good deal interrupted in his customary story of the place by indignation at the devastation committed on his steps and apartments by the late fugitive. Not attempting to smother the indignation awakened in his bosom, as he reviewed the ruin caused by the nail of the man of expedients, he mixed up his historical records with allusions to the damage in something like the following terms:—

"Here you see the dungeon where the great monarch Louis the Eleventh (confound his impudence!) confined his minister Cardinal Balue in an iron cage—(I wish there was one here now and Jacques le Pochard was in it!) This is the place where the Grand Duke Sforza was lodged, and you may see where he painted the walls all round to amuse himself—here, where the flame of my candle touches the roof—(it'll take me a whole day to mend the bottom of that door—the villain!) This is the dungeon where criminals were fastened to that iron bar in the middle of the chamber, and were only able to move from one end to the other by slipping a link of their chain along—mind the step! it leads through the dark passage to the next flight. (I had no idea the rascal had done so much harm to my steps! if ever I catch him again, I'll flay him!—the brigand!)"

Nothing could equal the delight of my blind friend, at finding that he could touch the damp roofs of these horrible boudoirs for the favourites of princes with his hand, and that he could make out the patterns sketched by the unlucky Duke of Milan on the walls of the chamber with three rows of bars to the window, through which the duke found light enough to pursue his passion for art.

We had seen or felt all at last, and I was glad to return to the last corridor leading to daylight, when suddenly our guide exclaimed that he had left the key in the lock outside, and that some miscreant in the court had shut the door upon us. This was startling intelligence, and we began to feel anything but satisfaction in the adventure, while our guide, placing his lips to the huge gaping keyhole — through which a long line of sunlight streamed, as if in mockery — roared lustily to those without. Presently we heard suppressed tittering, and, after a minute or two of altercation between the old man's voice and that of a young girl on the other side, the key was replaced, turned, and we hastily emerged to day and freedom.

"I ought to have known," said the old grandfather, laughing, in spite of his anger, as a pretty, saucy-looking girl of twelve bounded across the court and took refuge in the porter's lodge, "that that young hussey would never let an opportunity slip of playing me a trick — *brigande!*"

Achille seemed more amused with this last episode than any of our adventures; and it was with much gaiety, and highly satisfied, that we descended the stony street, no longer filled with sellers and buyers, for the market was over. We had been four hours exploring! and nothing interrupted the stillness of the dreary old town but the ringing laughter of our young companions, and the pleasant exclamations of the whole party.

It was beyond midnight when we drove merrily up to the Boulevard Heurteloup, and found the same two watchful maidens on the look out for our return. They did not appear to have been dull in our absence, nor did they seem afraid of solitude, probably feeling secure in the opportune presence of the sentinels on guard, whose measured tread still sounded along the avenue leading to the railroad station hard by. Monsieur Faye remarked that we were fortunate in a moonlight night, and observed that he had seldom seen the stars so bright as they had been all the way from Loches.

PIC-NICS IN THE PRAIRIE.

A YOUNG Englishman, Mr. Edward Sullivan, who, according to his own phrase, has been enjoying rambles and scrambles in North and South America, has brought home a cheerful budget of small talk from various regions of the

New World: some from the Ojibbeways, the Sioux, and the buffaloes; some from the presence of the Victoria Regia, up the Essequibo. His small talk is published for the common good, and about some of it we now propose to gossip; that is to say, about so much of it as may refer to Indians, and prairie life in North America.

From St. Paul's — which is a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, some two thousand miles up the Mississippi — Mr. Sullivan started in the middle of September, with two fellow-travellers of his own party; Mr. McLeod, a trader, two Sioux half-breeds, one Creole half-breed, and three Indians in their paint and feathers. Being in a feverish state, he was relieved on the first night by Doctor Nature, who prescribed a bleeding from the nose; a circumstance which placed it in the power of the Indians to call him Bloody Nose; his two friends being Water Rat, and Big White Man. Crossing the Arrow Prairie, and picking up by the way the bit of information concerning Indians at home, that they are much subject to diseases of the lungs and throat, the travellers swam the St. Peter River, and rested at the lodge of a half-breed Scotchman, a descendant of Claverhouse, whose squaw prepared for them a feast of ducks and tea. Indians who dropped in to buy powder and shot looked upon the strangers as curiosities; and the old men, very strictly speaking, looked upon them — watching

them gravely by the hour together, but without impertinence, the young men only being troublesome. The young Indian, like the young European, is apt to break out as a dandy. He paints and greases himself with studious care, and dallies elegantly with his pipe and tomahawk. He aspires to possess a looking-glass, and when he gets one, dresses by it more than seven times a day. It is, however, not only a vain thing — it is serviceable to him in the prairie: since, by flashing it against the sun, he can make signals visible by distant friends before his own dark body is to be descried; and that, on many critical occasions, may be a property that makes the looking-glass a valuable friend. Mr. Sullivan estimates the smoking power of the Indian at fifty pipes a day, but his tobacco is diluted with three times its quantity of the dried bark of the red willow, which makes it hotter to the mouth, but much diminishes its sedative effect.

The travellers, after certain days, having quitted the timber regions, crossed the Chippeway River, and reached Lac-qui-Parle, there found a camp of about two thousand Sioux Indians collected in some two hundred lodges. They were awaiting the arrival of McLeod the trader, with powder and shot. The first glimpse of the pure white cow-skin lodges in the sunset, with hundreds of horses tethered about, and ten score of young warriors doing a scalp-

dance to the music of ten score of squaws was tolerably striking. The squaws were assembled about forty poles, from which were suspended the scalps of Pawnee men, women, and children, that had been brought in by a war party some days before. Every now and then some fine fellow darted aside from the dance to strike his tomahawk into some particular post, on which hung a scalp of his own taking. Then the squaws lifted their voices to the highest, lauding him by name—the smiles of beauty rewarding the toils of chivalry—till they broke off into a yell of malediction against the deceased. The daughters of these squaws wear their hair in two long plaits down the back, tied and ornamented at their ends with ribbon.

These Indians, says their missionary, pray to their evil spirit; they believe in a good spirit, but believe that, as he is good, he does not need entreating to be kind to them. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and they worship fire after a fashion, never poking it up rudely, and taking it as their totem or tutelary genius. They make also totems of animals, sometimes of wolves, sometimes of foxes; and connect with their totems and other auguries so many superstitions, that they are often restrained by them from the war path, though their passions burn, and so the devastating warfare between tribe and tribe is often checked. After death the final alternative is a region in the south

of happy hunting grounds, or cold and hunger in the north. The missionary who had dwelt among them thirteen years informed Mr. Sullivan that he had made in all that time only a single convert, and that he recanted as soon as he was old enough to go out with his tribe in search of scalps.

The Indians are much attached to their young children, but condemn their squaws and their dogs to hard labour, beating them both equally without remorse. It is not, so far as the squaw is concerned, a happy thing to take part with the Indian in his native wilds; suicide, however, is but rarely sought as an escape from misery. They believe it to be a crime seriously punished after death, and that they who hang themselves will be compelled to drag about with them in the next world, as a clog for ever, the tree from which they were suspended. When, therefore, they do hang themselves, they choose the lightest sapling that will serve them for their purpose.

From Lac-qui-Parle, the three English travellers set out with a guide named Rainville, son of a half-breed trader and a Sioux woman; with the guide went an Indian. Encamping for the first night on a bluff above the Beaver River they, for the first time, saw a thunderstorm over the prairie. The peculiar grandeur of a thunderstorm on the prairie lies in the fact, that the beholder sees a wide expanse of sky in tumult, and nothing else. There is nothing on

the level ground to claim a share of his attention, unless, indeed, some lodge — perhaps his own — be struck by the lightning, which finds nowhere a more eligible object to descend upon. During the next night, the stealing of one of their horses by the Indians provided a new incident for the party. Travelling on over a ground covered with buffalo paths and bestrewn with the bones of buffaloes, but seeing no herds at all; running down wolves; seeing innumerable ducks, geese and swans; swan-stalking, and wishing sometimes for a shot at distant antelopes; crossing a rocky elevation, the Coteau des Prairies, the only high ground between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains, the party came at last to the head water of James's River, a tributary of the Missouri. They began now to be troubled with frost, snow, and bitter wind. They had finished their pork, and the ducks and geese had all gone south, so that they came now to be reduced to flour and bad pool-water, in the way of diet. In the next place, growing a little tired of their first prairie expedition, they were pushing on to a few sticks of timber that would yield a fire, when there came tidings of ten lodges of Ogillilah Sioux in that direction, expert horse-stealers and hungry seekers after scalps. The cattle were therefore tethered in the frost, and the travellers went to bed in their buffalo skins upon the open prairie. In the morning, the hair

of the horses was frosted and raised up in the manner of bristles. By mid-day three horses were quite knocked up, and the riders, who had enjoyed nothing for thirty-six hours but a spare allowance of sour flour and pool-water for breakfast, dinner, or supper, left the horses to be brought on by the Indians, and hurried back to Lac-qui-Parle. They had gone out relying upon buffalo, but, as they found only buffalo bones upon the prairie, the return was absolutely necessary. Every year, Indians and trappers perish on the prairie through the migration of game, as well as through the sudden snow-storms.

At Lac-qui-Parle, roast ducks and potatoes, with a comfortable fire, soon warmed the travellers again to starting point; and for the next trip they determined to march out due north into the prairie, against the advice of the trader, who admonished them concerning cold and hunger. Their old guide, who professed to fear the Indians, claimed the company and support of a son and cousin. Before they started, they received a deputation of old Sioux chiefs, who had claimed reparation for the injury white men would do in firing about their hunting grounds; and, after satisfying them with forty yards of calico and some bad tobacco, they had been invited to dine with them and eat dog.

Dogs being scarce, however, duck was substituted at the feast in question, which was given at

the mansion of The Beaver's Tail. Entering the dwelling of the host through a small hole, as one might go into a larger sort of beehive, the travellers found in a close smoky dining-room ten chiefs, squatted tailor-fashion round a fire. Over the fire hung a pot containing twenty or thirty canvass-back ducks, each of them being equal in size to about three of the kind eaten in England. The cooking of the ducks was superintended by the favourite squaw of Beaver's Tail, a lady named Dohumnêh, or the Prolific Pumpkin. The gentlemen Indians ate much duck, daubing, at the same time, large handfuls of duck-grease over their faces and their persons, and swelling visibly as time went on. It is a point of honour with these Indians to eat largely. We must decline, however, to accept quite literally Mr. Sullivan's record, that "A young warrior, eating for reputation, will consume as much as twenty pounds of fresh meat at a sitting," the size of the human stomach being limited. As for The Old Racoon, who "ate one hundred and twenty potatoes, and would have eaten as many more if his friends had not stopped him:" that may be credible or not, in proportion to the supposed size of the potatoes eaten.

The feast being over, the old chief produced a medicine pipe, which, having been filled by the youngest and duly turned towards the four corners of heaven, was returned to him, and then sent

round the circle, with the sun, as the wine is ordinarily sent round in this country. After dinner, speeches followed, much affection, and exchanging of shirts and other articles of clothing from the persons of the European guests, for pipes and other matters.

The Sioux are cruel in war, torturing and hacking the few prisoners they condescend to make. They scalp in a bloodthirsty way, taking in with the scalp nose, ears, and lips when possible. The Elk-that-stands-at-Bay, one of the most distinguished warriors of the tribe, was bound to friendship with the travellers by the present of some paint and bad tobacco. He was entitled to wear thirty-six eagle plumes, for thirty-six coups struck in battle. Striking a coup means being the first to strike with a tomahawk or to stick a knife into the body of an enemy fallen in battle. The Elk obliged Mr. Sullivan with an account of an Ojibbeway whom he had scalped shortly before. He had found him in the prairie with a broken leg, deserted by his friends. He did not flinch at the approach of his enemy, but, when he felt the knife round his top-knot he did shrink, which, said the Elk, was a pity, as otherwise he had shown himself a brave man.

When a chief wishes to collect his adherents he sends a mounted messenger abroad, carrying a small bag of tobacco and his pipe adorned with wampum. If the summons be to peaceful council

the tobacco bag is blue and green; if it be to war, the colours of the bag are red and black. The warrior to whom the pipe is brought and silently presented smokes it a little if he will accept the invitation, and returns it without smoking if the invitation be declined. When two tribes are at war together, private adventurers may collect scalps in the enemy's country at discretion; when they are at peace, and one warrior is anxious to "raise hair," he cannot go into a neighbour's country without asking his chief's permission.

On the twenty-third of October the travellers started northward on their second prairie expedition. They expected buffalo in seven or eight days, but again were disappointed. Their journey commenced in intense frost over a prairie lately burnt, on which were buffalo bones and enormous granite boulders, whose white masses were in strong relief against the jet black ground. The prairie is jet black immediately after a fire, but, when the wind has blown over it a little while it softens down into a stone colour. In crossing this part of the prairie, when the frost was at its sharpest, the travellers saw an extensive mirage. The whole country seemed to be one vast lake. They crossed St. Peter River, and Potatoe River with its boggy sides, saw wild, white prairie wolves, and slept in the lodge of an Indian at Bigstone Lake. The domestic circle in the lodge consisted of the Indian him-

self, who was recovering from a bullet wound in the back, his two squaws, his two mothers-in-law and his own mother, six or seven children, and a dozen puppies. The whole group, in itself evil-scented, was lighted and warmed up by a buffalo dung fire.

The journey onward was still through an open prairie, burnt as far as the eye could reach. A burnt prairie has a diminishing effect upon the landscape, so that it is impossible to judge of distance upon it. An Indian village on its march was fallen in with, the men carrying nothing, the women and dogs having enormous burdens. The buffalo robes, full of puppies and children, were alive with little red noses peeping out in a confused mass. At night the travellers had lighted a large fire, and were feasting upon pork and flour, when they were joined by three Indians on their way to a village northward, and one of these was an old friend. Nevertheless, though these warriors were shaking with cold, and had eaten nothing during the last hundred miles but half a skunk — an animal unsavoury to the nose at any rate — they sat down gravely a hundred yards from the fire, and did not intrude upon the pork eaters until they were invited to come to the fire and fall to. They came in a leisurely and dignified way, though famishing with cold and hunger. "When they did begin upon the meat, however," says Mr. Sullivan, "they consumed more of our pork in five

minutes than we should have eaten in five days."

The journey still continued through snow and overburnt prairie, and a length buffalo were seen a great way off. In a village of Indians, on the banks of the Shian, flakes of meat were found drying on every pole; there the guides, who had become sulky, left their friends to encamp for the night, hungry, among thick snow, laughed at by the little Indian ragamuffins, while the said guides had transferred themselves into warm quarters, and were feasting on fat cow. Next morning the guides were missing, and the travellers thrown for the present on their own resources. They got hold of an old chief, gave him sugar and tobacco, and endeavoured to make him understand that they desired to become his lodgers. To make their meaning clear they shifted their baggage to his residence, and took up their abode with him at once. With this chief — a good natured old fellow named Wah-ton-she, The Good Man, — they dwelt for six or seven days in peace. During all this time it snowed hard, and the white men kept a pot boiling, from which they could supply coffee or tea to the villagers, of whom there were never less than thirty looking at them, curious but civil, stealing nothing. Wah-ton-she, had quite an European affection for his wife and children; one little boy of about two years old he used to nurse and cram with fat cow till he could hardly breathe, and when his little

pet was quite distended he would get a lump of fat, grease him well over the stomach, and then lay him before the fire to settle gradually down into his former shape.

The prairie Indians depend wholly for subsistence on the chase of their one friend, the buffalo. Out of the buffalo herds are constructed lodges, beds, robes, moccasins, leggings, saddles, powder flasks (from the horns), bows (from the ribs), and arrow heads. Out of them comes meat. When buffaloes are scarce the Indian starves. From childhood to old age, therefore, the great subject of his conversation, when it is not scalps, is buffalo. Some young men, while the travellers were dwelling in this village, were sent out as spies upon the movements of the herds, with strict directions not to hunt, or to disturb the animals in any way. One, however, being tempted, killed a cow. The chiefs heard of this in the evening, and at night the police of the tribe went to the young man's lodge, and slit it all to pieces, breaking his gun, and tumbling him and his family out into the cold, when the thermometer was below zero. The slaughter of two bulls that came into the camp, and the discovery that friends of their tribe journeying to them had been waylaid and scalped by the Blackfeet, with the consequent martial excitement, were the other principal events which marked this week of village life among the Indians.

The guides, finding the white

gentlemen not much discomposed by their disappearance, and fearing that, after all, they might get on without them, came back penitent, and, after a due show of wrath, were received again into service, and the journey was resumed. The track lay among buffalo herds, but buffalo hunting was soon found to be wearisome and simple work. The prairie wolves hunt buffaloes in packs of fifty or a hundred, cutting off the stragglers. Indians and half-breeds hunt them continually. Upwards of a hundred thousand robes pass annually through the hands of traders, these being all skins of cows killed in the autumn and the winter, — skins taken in spring and summer being accounted useless, except for the purposes of the Indian himself, for making lodges, &c. It is calculated that four hundred thousand buffaloes are destroyed yearly in the North American prairies, nine-tenths of them probably being cows.

The experience of further travel through the prairies brought some knowledge of the grisly bears, and some acquaintance with the elk and beaver. We are very glad to be informed that the race of beavers, which was rapidly being swept out of the world by our taste for wearing their fur upon our heads, has enjoyed so great a reprieve by the introduction of silk hats, that they are rapidly recovering their numbers. They are no longer thought to be worth trapping, except by the natives,

upon whose hands their skins are often left unsold, the demand for them, and with it their price, having decreased so very greatly.

The Mandan Indians also, the supposed descendants of Madoc, who have been several times pronounced extinct, are recovering their numbers, though they had very nearly been exterminated by the small-pox.

The journey continued through snow and sleet, with the comfort of buffalo dung fires and buffalo robes, which latter, if there be no inch of crevice left, make excellent bed-clothes. Flour, pork, tea, and coffee having been exhausted, the party had lived for a fortnight upon buffalo meat, when, weary of buffalo, it tried, without much resulting satisfaction, what might be the flavour of wolf. Arriving at last, however, on the twentieth of November, at a lake — the Lake of the Skunk — covered with ducks and geese, they filled a pot with fifteen ducks and two geese, cooked them, and then being seven men in number, ate them all. Having wood here, and having made a blazing fire, they lay down after their feast to sleep, and slept right soundly, but, on waking in the morning, found that they had narrowly escaped being roasted. The prairie had been on fire, and the fire had run up within a quarter of a mile of their encampment; but then luckily the wind had veered, and when they awoke they could see the fire still raging, miles and miles away. The next

night the wind changed, and the fire came back. It had almost swept in a circle round them. They watched it, eating its way up to them all day, and at about four in the afternoon they encamped in a piece of wood, near the source of the St. Peter River. Here they were safe, for the prairie fire never enters among timber.

The fire advanced all night, and crackled round the travellers, sometimes at a distance of not more than three hundred yards. They could read the smallest writing by the light of it. A prairie fire crackles like a platoon of musketry, and with a strong wind travels at the rate of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour: rain or a change of wind arrests it instantly. Of course, a prairie fire is to the Indian over whose hunting ground it extends a serious affair; for so far as the grass is burnt the buffalo is lost to him, and he must go among enemies in search of the deficient food: but there he has to take his chance of being scalped.

We do not propose to follow the tourists any farther, but we have been glad thus far to have been indebted to them for a few fresh pictures of the old subject of prairie life. It is evident enough that the Indians, though picturesque enough, like many picturesque things, are in a very miserable condition; and that the native dignity of man is, after all, not so extremely handsome in the

rough state as to be the worse for polishing.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXII.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH was not quite twenty-one years of age when he took that unquiet seat upon the throne of England. The Lancaster party, the Red Roses, were then assembling in great numbers near York, and it was necessary to give them battle instantly. But, the stout Earl of Warwick leading for the young King, and the young King himself closely following him, and the English people crowding to the Royal standard, the White and the Red Roses met, on a wild March day when the snow was falling heavily, at Towton; and there such a furious battle raged between them, that the total loss amounted to forty thousand men — all Englishmen, fighting, upon English ground, against one another. The young King gained the day, took down the heads of his father and brother from the walls of York, and put up the heads of some of the most famous noblemen engaged in the battle on the other side. Then, he went to London and was crowned with great splendour.

A new Parliament met. No fewer than one hundred and fifty of the principal noblemen and gentlemen on the Lancaster side were decla-

red traitors, and the King — who had very little humanity, though he was handsome in person and agreeable in manners — resolved to do all he could, to pluck up the Red Rose root and branch.

Queen Margaret, however, was still active for her young son. She obtained help from Scotland and from Normandy, and took several important English castles. But, Warwick soon retook them; the Queen lost all her treasure on board ship in a great storm; and both she and her son suffered great misfortunes. Once, in the winter weather, as they were riding through a forest, they were attacked and plundered by a party of robbers; and, when they had escaped from these men and were passing alone and on foot through a thick dark part of the wood, they came, all at once, upon another robber. So the Queen, with a stout heart, took the little Prince by the hand, and going straight up to that robber, said to him, "My friend, this is the young son of your lawful King! I confide him to your care." The robber was surprised, but took the boy in his arms, and faithfully restored him and his mother to their friends. In the end, the Queen's soldiers being beaten and dispersed, she went abroad again, and kept quiet for the present.

Now, all this time, the deposed King Henry was concealed by a Welsh knight, who kept him close in his castle. But, next year, the Lancaster party recovering their

spirits, raised a large body of men, and called him out of his retirement, to put him at their head. They were joined by some powerful noblemen who had sworn fidelity to the new King, but who were ready, as usual, to break their oaths, whenever they thought there was anything to be got by it. One of the worst things in the history of the war of the Red and White Roses, is the ease with which these noblemen, who should have set an example of honour to the people, left either side as they took slight offence, or were disappointed in their greedy expectations, and joined the other. Well! Warwick's brother soon beat the Lancastrians, and the false noblemen, being taken, were beheaded without a moment's loss of time. The deposed King had a narrow escape; three of his servants were taken, and one of them bore his cap of estate, which was set with pearls and embroidered with two golden crowns. However, the head to which the cap belonged, got safely into Lancashire, and lay pretty quietly there (the people in the secret being very true) for more than a year. At length, an old monk gave such intelligence as led to Henry's being taken while he was sitting at dinner in a place called Waddington Hall. He was immediately sent to London and met at Islington by the Earl of Warwick, by whose directions he was put upon a horse, with his legs tied under it, and paraded three times round the pillory. Then, he was car-

ried off to the Tower, where they treated him well enough.

The White Rose being so triumphant, the young King abandoned himself entirely to pleasure, and led a jovial life. But, thorns were springing up under his bed of roses, as he soon found out. For, having been privately married to ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, a young widow lady, very beautiful and very captivating; and at last resolving to make his secret known, and to declare her his Queen; he gave some offence to the Earl of Warwick, who was usually called the King-Maker, because of his power and influence, and because of his having lent such great help to placing Edward on the throne. This offence was not lessened by the jealousy with which the Nevil family (the Earl of Warwick's) regarded the promotion of the Woodville family. For, the young Queen was so bent on providing for her relations, that she made her father an earl and a great officer of state; married her five sisters to young noblemen of the highest rank; and provided for her younger brother, a young man of twenty, by marrying him to an immensely rich old duchess of eighty. The Earl of Warwick took all this pretty graciously for a man of his proud temper, until the question arose to whom the King's sister, MARGARET, should be married. The Earl of Warwick said, "To one of the French King's sons," and was allowed to go over to the French King to make friendly proposals for that

purpose, and to hold all manner of friendly interviews with him. But, while he was so engaged, the Woodville party married the young lady to the Duke of Burgundy! Upon this he came back in great rage and scorn, and shut himself up discontented, in his Castle of Middleham.

A reconciliation, though not a very sincere one, was patched up between the Earl of Warwick and the King, and lasted until the Earl married his daughter, against the King's wishes, to the Duke of Clarence. While the marriage was being celebrated at Calais, the people in the North of England, where the influence of the Nevil family was strongest, broke out into rebellion; their complaint was, that England was oppressed and plundered by the Woodville family, whom they demanded to have removed from power. As they were joined by great numbers of people, and as they openly declared that they were supported by the Earl of Warwick, the King did not know what to do. At last, as he wrote to the earl beseeching his aid, he and his new son-in-law came over to England, and began to arrange the business by shutting the King up in Middleham Castle in the safe keeping of the Archbishop of York; so England was not only in the strange position of having two kings at once, but they were both prisoners at the same time.

Even as yet, however, the King-Maker was so far true to the King, that he dispersed a new rising of

the Lancastrians, took their leader prisoner, and brought him to the King, who ordered him to be immediately executed. He presently allowed the King to return to London, and there innumerable pledges of forgiveness and friendship were exchanged between them, and between the Nevils and the Woodvilles; the King's eldest daughter was promised in marriage to the heir of the Nevil family; and more friendly oaths were sworn, and more friendly promises made, than this book would hold.

They lasted about three months. At the end of that time, the Archbishop of York made a feast for the King, the Earl of Warwick, and the Duke of Clarence, at his house, the Moor, in Hertfordshire. The King was washing his hands before supper, when some one whispered him that a body of a hundred men were lying in ambush outside the house. Whether this were true or untrue, the King took fright, mounted his horse, and rode through the dark night to Windsor Castle. Another reconciliation was patched up between him and the King-Maker, but it was a short one, and it was the last. A new rising took place in Lincolnshire, and the King marched to repress it. Having done so, he proclaimed that both the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence were traitors, who had secretly assisted it, and who had been prepared publicly to join it, on the following day. In these dangerous circumstances they

both took ship and sailed away to the French court.

And here a meeting took place between the Earl of Warwick and his old enemy, the Dowager Queen Margaret, through whom his father had had his head struck off, and to whom he had been a bitter foe. But, now, when he said that he had done with the ungrateful and perfidious Edward of York, and that henceforth he devoted himself to the restoration of the House of Lancaster, either in the person of her husband or of her little son, she embraced him as if he had ever been her dearest friend. She did more than that; she married her son to his second daughter, the Lady Anne. However agreeable this marriage was to the two new friends, it was very disagreeable to the Duke of Clarence, who perceived that his father-in-law, the King-Maker, would never make *him* King, now. So, being but a weak-minded young traitor, possessed of very little worth or sense, he readily listened to an artful court lady sent over for the purpose, and promised to turn traitor once more, and go over to his brother, King Edward, when a fitting opportunity should come.

The Earl of Warwick, knowing nothing of this, soon redeemed his promise to the Dowager Queen Margaret, by invading England and landing at Plymouth, where he instantly proclaimed King Henry, and summoned all Englishmen between the ages of sixteen and sixty, to join his banner.

Then, with his army increasing as he marched along, he went northward, and came so near King Edward, who was in that part of the country, that Edward had to ride hard for it to the coast of Norfolk, and thence to get away in such ships as he could find, to Holland. Thereupon, the triumphant King-Maker and his false son-in-law, the Duke of Clarence, went to London, took the old King out of the Tower, and walked him in a great procession to St. Paul's cathedral with the crown upon his head. This did not improve the temper of the Duke of Clarence, who saw himself further off from being King than ever; but he kept his secret, and said nothing. The Nevil family were restored to all their honours and glories, and the Woodvilles and the rest were disgraced. The King-Maker, less sanguinary than the King, shed no blood except that of the Earl of Worcester, who had been so cruel to the people as to have gained the title of the Butcher. Him they caught hidden in a tree, and him they tried and executed. No other death stained the King-Maker's triumph.

To dispute this triumph, back came King Edward again, next year, landing at Ravenspur, coming on to York, causing all his men to cry "Long live King Henry!" and swearing on the altar, without a blush, that he came to lay no claim to the crown. Now was the time for the Duke of Clarence, who ordered his men to assume the White Rose, and de-

clare for his brother. The Marquis of Montague, though the Earl of Warwick's brother, also declining to fight against King Edward, he went on successfully to London, where the Archbishop of York let him into the City, and where the people made great demonstrations in his favour. For this they had four reasons. Firstly, there were great numbers of the King's adherents hiding in the City and ready to break out; secondly, the King owed them a great deal of money, which they could never hope to get if he were unsuccessful; thirdly, there was a young prince to inherit the crown; and fourthly, the King was gay and handsome, and more popular than a better man might have been with the City ladies. After a stay of only two days with these worthy supporters, the King marched out to Barnet Common, to give the Earl of Warwick battle. And now it was to be seen, for the last time, whether the King or the King-Maker was to carry the day.

While the battle was yet pending, the faint-hearted Duke of Clarence began to repent, and sent over secret messages to his father-in-law, offering his services in mediation with the King. But, the Earl of Warwick disdainfully rejected them, and replied that Clarence was false and perjured, and that he would settle the quarrel by the sword. The battle began at four o'clock in the morning and lasted until ten, and during the greater part of the time it was fought in a thick mist —

absurdly supposed to be raised by a magician. The loss of life was very great, for the hatred was strong on both sides. The King-Maker was defeated, and the King triumphed. Both the Earl of Warwick and his brother were slain, and their bodies lay in St. Paul's, for some days, as a spectacle to the people.

Margaret's spirit was not broken even by this great blow. Within five days she was in arms again, and raised her standard in Bath, whence she set off with her army, to try and join Lord Pembroke, who had a force in Wales. But, the King, coming up with her outside the town of Tewkesbury, and ordering his brother, the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, who was a brave soldier, to attack her men, she sustained an entire defeat, and was taken prisoner, together with her son now only eighteen years of age. The conduct of the King to this poor youth was worthy of his cruel character. He ordered him to be led into his tent. "And what," said he, "brought *you* to England?" "I came to England," replied the prisoner, with a spirit which a man of spirit might have admired in a captive, "to recover my father's kingdom, which descended to him as his right, and from him descends to me, as mine." The King, drawing off his iron gauntlet, struck him with it in the face; and the Duke of Clarence and some other lords, who were there, drew their noble swords, and killed him.

His mother survived him, a prisoner, for five years; after her ransom by the King of France, she survived for six years more. Within three weeks of this murder, Henry died one of those convenient sudden deaths which were so common in the Tower; in plainer words, he was murdered by the King's order.

Having no particular excitement on his hands after this great defeat of the Lancaster party, and being perhaps desirous to get rid of some of his fat (for he was now getting too corpulent to be handsome), the King thought of making war on France. As he wanted more money for this purpose than the Parliament could give him, though they were usually ready enough for war, he invented a new way of raising it, by sending for the principal citizens of London, and telling them, with a grave face, that he was very much in want of cash, and would take it very kind in them if they would lend him some. It being impossible for them safely to refuse, they complied, and the monies thus forced from them were called — no doubt to the great amusement of the King and the Court — as if they were free gifts, "Benevolences." What with grants from Parliament, and what with Benevolences, the King raised an army and passed over to Calais. As nobody wanted war, however, the French King made proposals of peace, which were accepted, and a truce was concluded for seven long years. The proceed-

ings between the Kings of France and England on this occasion, were very friendly, very splendid, and very distrustful. They finished with a meeting between the two Kings, on a temporary bridge over the river Somme, where they embraced through two holes in a strong wooden grating like a lion's cage, and made several bows and fine speeches to one another.

It was time, now, that the Duke of Clarence should be punished for his treacheries; and Fate had his punishment in store. He was, probably, not trusted by the King — for who could trust him who knew him! — and he had certainly a powerful opponent in his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who, being avaricious and ambitious, wanted to marry that widowed daughter of the Earl of Warwick's who had been espoused to the deceased young Prince, at Calais. Clarence, who wanted all the family wealth for himself, secreted this lady, whom Richard found disguised as a servant in the City of London, and whom he married; arbitrators appointed by the King, then divided the property between the brothers. This led to ill-will and mistrust between them. Clarence's wife dying, and he wishing to make another marriage which was obnoxious to the King, his ruin was hurried by that means, too. At first, the Court struck at his retainers and dependents, and accused some of them of magic and witchcraft, and similar nonsense. Successful against this small game, it

then mounted to the Duke himself, who was impeached by his brother the King, in person, on a variety of such charges. He was found guilty, and sentenced to be publicly executed. He never was publicly executed, but he met his death somehow, in the Tower, and, no doubt, through some agency of the King or his brother Gloucester, or both. It was supposed at the time that he was told to choose the manner of his death, and that he chose to be drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. I hope the story may be true, for it would have been a becoming death for such a miserable creature.

The King survived him some five years. He died in the forty-second year of his life, and the twenty-third of his reign. He had a very good capacity and some good points, but he was selfish, careless, sensual, and cruel. He was a favourite with the people for his showy manners; and the people were a good example to him in the constancy of their attachment. He was penitent on his death-bed for his "benevolence," and other extortions, and ordered restitution to be made to the people who had suffered from them. He also called about his bed the enriched members of the Woodville family, and the proud lords whose honours were of older date, and endeavoured to reconcile them, for the sake of the peaceful succession of his son and the tranquillity of England.

PENNY WISDOM.

THERE is a huge heap of chemical refuse now near the banks of the Tyne at Gateshead, which is not only a commercial nothing, but the manufacturer who unwillingly calls it his property, would most kindly greet any one who would take it off his hands; for he has to lease sundry acres of land for no other purpose than to deposit this refuse thereon. It is of such nothings as these that we would speak; and of the ingenuity which, from time to time, draws something therefrom. And we would also direct attention to a few miscellaneous examples of the useful application of materials long valued — the causing “a little to go a great way.”

Schoolboys display great skill in breaking their slates. Shall they be allowed to continue the exercise of this interesting practice; or shall we invite them to use the new Wurtemberg sheet-iron slates? A manufacturer in that country has invented a mode of applying a surface-coating to sheet-iron, which enables it to take freely the mark of a slate pencil; it is said to be much lighter, and much less liable to injury, than a common slate. If we have sheet-iron slates, why not sheet-iron paper? Baron von Kleist, the proprietor of some ironworks at Neudeck in Bohemia, has lately produced paper of this kind, from which great things seem to be ex-

pected. It is remarkable for its extreme thinness, flexibility, and strength, and is entirely without flaws. It is used in making buttons, and various other articles shaped by stamping; and it is capable of receiving a very high polish. Whether the world is ever to see the Times printed on a sheet of iron, we must leave to some clairvoyante to determine; but, no sooner did our manufacturers become acquainted with this Bohemian product at the Great Exhibition, than they instantly set their wits to work to produce better and thinner sheet-iron than had before been made in England. In the Birmingham department, before the Exhibition closed, there made its appearance a book about five inches by three, consisting of forty-four leaves of sheet-iron, the whole weighing about two ounces and a half. We are thus getting on: the age of iron literature may yet arrive.

Our learned chemists have lately discovered that, in making or smelting iron, not less than seven-eighths of all the heat goes off in waste; only one-eighth being really made available for the extrication of the metal from its stony matrix. What a sad waste of good fuel is here: what a provoking mode of driving money out of one's pocket! So thought Mr. Budd, of the Ystalyfera ironworks in Wales. He found that the heat which escapes from an iron furnace is really as high as that of melting brass; and he pondered how he might compel this heat to

render some of its useful services. He put a gentle check upon it just as it was about to escape at the top of the furnace; he gently enticed it to pass through a channel or pipe which bent downwards; and gently brought it under the boiler of the steam-engine which worked the blowing-machine for the furnace. A clever device this: for this economised caloric heated the boiler without any other fuel whatever, and there was a saving of three hundred and fifty pounds in 'one year in the fuel for one boiler alone. Mr. Budd told all about this to the British Association, at Swansea, in 1848; and at Edinburgh, in 1850, he was able to tell them much more. He stated that he had applied the method to all the nine smelting-furnaces at the Ystalyfera Works; and that it had also been applied at the Dundyvan Works in Scotland. The coal used in the Scotch works is of such a kind, that the wasted heat from one furnace is believed to be enough to heat the air for the hot-blast, and to work the blast engines for three furnaces. Mr. Budd states that his plan enabled the Dundyvan proprietors to smelt ore with a ton and a quarter less coal to a ton of iron than by the old method; and he shows how this might rise to a saving of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year for the whole of Scotland. A pretty penny-saving this — a veritable creation of something out of a commercial nothing.

Horse-shoe nails, kicked about

the world by horses innumerable, are not the useless fragments we might naturally deem them. Military men may discuss the relative merits of Minié rifles, and needle-guns, and regulation-muskets; but all will agree that the material of which the barrels are made should be sound and tough, and gun-makers tell us that no iron is so well fitted for this purpose as that which is derived from horse-shoe nails, and similarly worn fragments. The nails are in the first instance made of good sound iron, and the violent concussions which they receive, when a horse is working over a stony road, give a peculiar annealing and toughening to the metal, highly beneficial to its subsequent use for gun-barrels.

An advertisement in the Times notifies, that "The Committee for managing the affairs of the Bristol Gas Light Company are ready to enter into a contract for a term, from twenty-first December next (1852), for the sale of from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand gallons of ammoniacal liquor, produced per month at the works of the Company." What is this ammoniacal liquor? It is a most unloveable compound, which the gas-makers must get rid of, whether it has commercial value or not. After coal has been converted into coke in the retorts of a gas-house, the vapours which escape are extraordinarily complex in their character; they comprise, not only the gas which is intended for illumination, but acids,

and alkalies, and gases of many other kinds — all of which must be removed before the street-gas arrives at its proper degree of purity. By washing in clean water, and washing in lime water, and other processes, this purification is gradually brought about. But then the water, which has become impregnated with ammonia, and the lime, which has become impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen and other gases, are dolefully foetid and repulsive; and in the early history of gas-lighting these refuse products embarrassed the gas-makers exceedingly. But now the chemists make all sorts of good things from them. The lady's smelling-bottle contains volatile salts made from this refuse ammonia, and sulphate of ammonia is another product from the same source; the tar, which is another of the ungracious consequences of gas-making, is now made to yield benzole — a remarkable volatile liquid — which manufacturers employ in making varnish, and perfumers employ in making that which is honoured by the name of oil of bitter almonds, and housewives employ in removing grease spots, and economical ladies employ in cleaning white kid gloves; the naphthaline, which annoys the gas-maker by choking up his pipes, is made to render an account of itself in the form of a beautiful red colouring matter, useful in dyeing — in short, our gas works are a sort of magical Savings' Bank, in which commercial nothings are put in,

and valuable somethings taken out.*

Mr. Brockeden has taught us how to make pencils out of dust. Our black lead pencils, as is pretty generally known, are made chiefly from Borrowdale plumbago, brought from a mine in Cumberland. This mine is becoming exhausted; and a question has arisen how the supply shall be kept up. Various compounds have been suggested in different quarters, but Mr. Brockeden has happily hit upon an expedient which promises wonders. Although pieces of plumbago are scarce, plumbago dust is tolerably plentiful, and Mr. Brockeden operates upon this dust. He presses a mass of the powder together, then draws out the air from beneath the particles by means of an air pump, and then presses again with such enormous force as to convert the mass into a solid block, which can be cut into the oblong prisms suitable for pencils.

If a ton of lead contains three ounces of silver — one ounce in twelve thousand ounces — will it pay to dig out this silver, mechanically or chemically? Will it save a penny? Mr. Pattinson, a manufacturing chemist at Newcastle, says, and shows that it will; although before his improvements were introduced, the attempt was a losing one, unless the lead contained at least twenty ounces of

* See also an article headed Gas Perfumery, in Volume VIII. page 237 of this Miscellany.

silver to the ton. Nearly all lead ore contains a trace of silver, which becomes melted and combined in the ingot or pig of lead. Vast are the arrangements which the manufacturers are willing to make to extricate this morsel of silver from the mass in which it is buried; huge furnaces, and melting-vessels, and crystallising vessels are provided, and elaborate processes are carefully conducted. The lead, itself, is all the better for losing its silvery companion; while the silver makes its appearance afterwards in the form of dazzling tea-services, and such like.

The mention of Newcastle calls to mind our opening paragraph, relating to a certain table-land of refuse. The history of this useless product carries with it the history of many other remarkable products — once useless, but now of great value. Thus it is. Sulphur is thrown into a "burning fiery furnace;" it burns away, and is converted into a gas called sulphurous acid; this, being combined with steam and water, becomes liquid sulphuric acid. So far good: there is no refuse. But let us go on. Common salt, or rather rock salt from Cheshire, is heated with this sulphuric acid in a furnace. A peculiar penetrating gas rises, which is muriatic acid; the soda-makers (of whom more presently) did not want this troublesome gas, and they therefore sent it up aloft through the chimneys. But the gardeners and farmers all around complained that the muriatic acid vapours poisoned their trees and plants, and then the manufacturers were driven to construct chimneys so lofty as to overtop our loftiest steeples, in order to carry away the enemy as far above the region of vegetation as possible. But good luck or good sense came to their aid; they devised a mode of combining the gas with water, and thus was produced muriatic acid or spirits of salt: and then this muriatic acid was made to yield chlorine, and the chlorine was made to form an ingredient in bleaching powder; so that, by little and little, the once dreaded muriatic acid gas has become a most respectable and respected friend to the manufacturer. Meanwhile the salt and the sulphuric acid are undergoing such changes, by heatings and mixings of different kinds, that they both disappear from the scene; the useful product left behind is soda, so valuable in glass-making, and soap-making, and other processes: the useless product is an earthy substance, consisting of calcium and sulphur, which nobody can apply to any profitable purpose, nobody will buy, and nobody even accept as a gift. At a large chemical work near Newcastle, this product has been increasing at such a rapid rate that it now forms a mass six or eight acres in extent, and thirty or forty feet high: it is a mountain or rather a table-land of difficulties. Here, then, we see how chemical manufacturers are saving a penny out of some of their re-

fuse, and looking wistfully towards the day when they may perchance save a penny out of this monstrous commercial nothing.

Coal proprietors are, perhaps necessarily, very wasteful people. They accumulate around the mouths of their pits large heaps of small coal, which, formerly, rendered service to no one; and in some parts of the country they burn this coal simply to get rid of it. But, thanks to the Legislature, it sometimes does good by interfering in manufacturing affairs. It ordained that locomotives should not send forth streams of smoke into the air, and we are thus freed from a nuisance which sadly affects our river-steamers and steamer-rivers; while, at the same time, coke being used as a non-smokable fuel, and the supply from the gas-works being too small, coke-makers have looked to the heaps of small coal at the pit's mouth; and the result is, that thousands of locomotives are now fed with coke made from the small waste coal at the collieries. The railway companies get their coke cheaper than formerly; the coal owner makes something out of a (commercial) nothing; and the ground around the coal-pits is becoming freed from an incumbrance. And what the coke-makers would leave, if they leave anything, the artificial fuel makers will buy; for in most of the patent fuels now brought under public notice, coal-dust is one of the ingredients.

How to get a pennyworth of

beauty out of old bones and bits of skin, is a problem which the French gelatine-makers have solved very prettily. Does the reader remember some gorgeous sheets of coloured gelatine in the French department of the Great Exhibition? We owed them to the slaughter-houses of Paris. Those establishments are so well organised and conducted, that all the refuse is carefully preserved, to be applied to any purposes for which it may be deemed fitting. Very pure gelatine is made from the waste fragments of skin, bone, tendon, ligature, and gelatinous tissue of the animals slaughtered in the Parisian abattoirs; and thin sheets of this gelatine are made to receive very rich and beautiful colours. As a gelatinous liquid, when melted, it is used in the dressing of woven stuffs, and in the clarification of wine; and, as a solid, it is cut into threads for the ornamental uses of the confectioner, or made into very thin white and transparent sheets of *papier glacé* for copying drawings, or applied in the making of artificial flowers, or used as a substitute for paper on which gold printing may be executed. In good sooth: when an ox has given us our beef, and our leather, and our tallow, his career of usefulness is by no means ended; we can get a penny out of him as long as there is a scrap of his substance above ground.

Dyers and calico-printers, like manufacturing chemists, have frequently accumulations of rub-

bish about their premises, which they heartily wish to get rid of at any or no price; and at intervals, by a new item added to the general stock of available knowledge, one of these accumulations becomes suddenly a commercial something. The dye material called madder will serve to illustrate this as well as anything else. Madder is the root of a plant which yields much colouring matter by steeping in water; and after being so treated, the spent madder is thrown aside as a useless refuse. The refuse is not rich enough for manure; no river conservators will allow it to be thrown into a running stream; and the dyer is thus perforce compelled to give it a homestead somewhere or other. But, some clear-headed experimenter has just found out that, actually, one-third of the colouring matter is left unused in the so-called spent madder; and he has shown how to make a pretty penny and an honest penny out of it, by the aid of certain hot acids.

Whether any perfumed lady would be disconcerted at learning the sources of her perfumes, each lady must decide for herself; but it seems that Mr. De la Rue and Doctor Hoffman, in their capacities as jurors of the Great Exhibition, have made terrible havoc among the perfumery. They have found that many of the scents said to be procured from flowers and fruits, are really produced from anything but flowery sources; the perfumers are chemists enough to know that similar odours may be often produced from dissimilar substances, and if the half-crown bottle of perfume really has the required odour, the perfumer does not expect to be asked what kind of odour was emitted by the substance whence the perfume was obtained. Now, Doctor Lyon Playfair, in his summary of the jury investigation above alluded to, broadly tells us that these primary odours are often most unbearable. "A peculiarly fœtid oil, termed fusel oil, is formed in making brandy and whiskey; this fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid and acetate of potash, gives the oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusel oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. The oil of pine-apples is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and is now largely employed in England in making pine-apple ale. Oil of grapes and oil of cognac, used to impart the flavour of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than fusel oil. The artificial oil of bitter almonds, now so largely employed in perfuming soap and for flavouring confectionary, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fœtid oils of gas-tar. Many a fair forehead is damped with *eau de millefleurs*, without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cowhouses." In all such cases as these, the chemical science

involved is, really, of a high order, and the perfume produced is a bona-fide perfume, not one whit less sterling than if produced from fruits and flowers. The only question is one of commercial honesty, in giving a name no longer applicable, and charging too highly for a cheaply produced scent. This mode of saving a penny is chemically right, but commercially wrong.

The French make a large quantity of sugar from beet-root; and in the processes of manufacture there remains behind a thick, black, unctuous molasses, containing much sugar, but from other causes impregnated with a nauseous taste and a most disagreeable smell. Men will not eat it, but pigs will; and so to the pigs it has gone, until M. Dubranfaut showed (as he has lately done), that this molasses is something better than pig's meat. He dissolves, and decomposes, and washes, and clarifies, until he ends by producing a kind of *eau sucré*, a beautifully clear and colourless syrup or sugar-liquid, containing nearly the whole of the saccharine principle from the offensive and almost valueless molasses.

How can we make one kind of paint or liquid produce many different colours, and this with an amount of material almost beneath the power of man to weigh or measure? Mr. De la Rue has solved this question by the production of his beautiful iridescent and opalescent paper.

Both mechanically and optically, the production of these papers is strikingly interesting. Water is poured into a flat vessel; and, when quite tranquil, a very minute quantity of spirit varnish is sprinkled upon the surface: this, by a species of attraction between the two liquids, spreads out on all sides, and covers the whole surface in a film of exquisite thinness. A sheet of paper, or a card-board, or any other article, is then dipped fairly into the water, and raised gently with that surface uppermost which is to receive the coloured adornment; it lifts up the film of varnish from off the surface of the water, and this film becomes deposited on the paper itself. The paper is held in an inclined position, to allow the water to drain off from beneath the film; and the varnish then remains permanent on the surface of the paper. Now, the paper thus coated with colourless varnish exhibits the prismatic tints with exquisite clearness; the film of varnish is so extremely thin — so far beneath anything that could be laid on with a brush or pencil — that it reflects light on the same principle as the soap-bubble, exhibiting differences of colour on account of minute differences in the thickness of the film at different parts; and not only so, but the self-same spot exhibits different tints according to the angle at which we view it. It is a lovely material, and lovely things may be produced from it. We cannot speak of it as producing something out of nothing;

but it is a means of producing a beautiful result with a marvellously small expenditure of materials.

The clinkers, ashes, or cinders, which remain in furnaces after metallurgic operations have been completed, may appear to be among the most useless of all useless things. Not so, however. If they contain any metal, there are men who will ferret it out by some means or other. Not many years since, the ashes of the coke used in brass-furnaces were carted away as rubbish; but shrewd people have detected a good deal of volatilised copper mixed up therewith; and the brass-makers can now find a market for their ashes as an inferior kind of copper ore. It needs hardly to be stated that all sorts of filings and raspings, cuttings and clippings, borings and turnings, and odds and ends in the real metallic form, are all available for re-melting, whatever the metal may be — all is grist that comes to this mill. If the metal be a cheap one, it will not pay to extricate a stray percentage from ashes and clinkers; but, if it be one of the more costly metals, not only are all scraps and ashes and skimmings preserved, but particles are sought for in a way that may well astonish those to whom the subject is new. Take gold as an example. There are Jew dealers and Christian dealers also, who sedulously wait upon gilders and jewellers at intervals, to buy up everything (be it what it may) which has gold in or upon

it. Old and useless gilt frames are bought; they are burnt, and the ashes so treated as to yield up all their gold. The fragments, and dust of gold, which arise during gilding, are bought and refined. The leather cushion which the gilder uses is bought when too old for use, for the sake of the gold particles which insinuate themselves into odd nooks and corners. The old leather apron of a jeweller is bought; it is a rich prize, for in spite of its dirty look, it possesses very auriferous attractions. The sweepings of the floor of a jeweller's workshop are bought; and there is probably no broom, the use of which is stipulated for with more strictness than that with which such a floor is swept. In short, there are in this world (and at no time so much as the present) a set of very useful people, who may be designated manufacturing scavengers: they clear away refuse which would else encumber the ground, and they put money into the pockets both of buyers and sellers; they do effectually create something out of a commercial nothing.

How to save a penny by using dairy drainage, and slaughter-house drainage, and stable drainage, and street drainage, and house drainage, and old bones, and old rags, and spent tan, and flax steep-water — how to create value by using such refuse as manure for fields and gardens — is one of the great questions of the day, which no

one who takes up a newspaper can fail to find elucidated in some form or other. Chemistry is here the grand economiser. Chemistry is indeed Nature's housewife, making the best of everything. "The clippings of the travelling tinker," as Dr. Playfair well says in one of his lectures, "are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was possibly once part of the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer matches. The dregs of port wine — carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favourite beverage — are taken by him in the morning, in the form of Seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washings of coal-gas re-appear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or are used by her to flavour *blanc mange* for her friends."

GRAVES AND EPITAPHS.

It has happened to be my fortune to live during these summer months in the near neighbourhood of one of our London Cemeteries, within range of the odours of the

roses, the mignonette, and other flowers that sustain by their presence there, thoughts of beauty and hope in the minds of those who choose to wander among the gravestones. Close to London it is pleasant and soothing to compare this tranquil, ornate ground with those wretched PLACES OF SKULLS which disfigure and disgrace the great town. Death seems quite a different thing, in comparison; indeed, only in such really becoming places is the sacredness of death and burial at all recognised. The unhappy burial-places in the city destroy and disgrace their own object. The original object of all interment under the walls of churches was of course natural enough; for it added sacredness to the grave. In that churchyard of St. Clement Danes, for example, how stood such considerations of old? To-day, the flat-beaten stones are lifted up now and then, disclosing a whity earth which tells far too clear a story, and a body is thrust in. But, once on a time — when Danes and all manner of sailors and foreign settlers were laid here under the protection of St. Clement — the space about was clear, and no thick rows of houses intercepted the sight of the flow of the river along its damp and pebbly Strand, as the funeral party grouped together near the church, and Father Anselm or Father Hugo spoke the Latin prayers. Now, the effect of the ceremony is precisely reversed: the church does not sanctify

the burial, and the burial disgraces the church.

Cemeteries express the feelings, and meet the wants of an altered time. God's acre (to use the old German name) must not be a miserable tenth of an acre, where you sow death, and reap pestilence and fees. Burial must be made beautiful and sacred again. In various directions round London, as estates change hands and conveniences occur, pieces of spacious ground fall into the possession of societies. Yew trees, willow trees speckle them, walls encircle them. Temples are erected, and due consecration performed, that those whose creeds are different may each have for his remains the form of rite which his fathers professed. Groups of children, knots of decorous wanderers may be seen strolling in the sunshine among grass, and trees, and flowers. To such a place the new summer brings its fresh revival of beauty, as it does to the garden or the forest.

In strolling through a country churchyard, who does not stop to read the records? — and how profoundly natural it is! Every man has one chance of being "read;" he may hope to have a reader for his gravestone. The instinct of humanity draws you to his grave's foot: the thought stirring in you, what experience he has had different from yours, how long he lived, even. A trivial little fact about him will set you musing; a reflection, there, that seems generally to embody his sentiments or ex-

perience, will linger in your memory like music. How far are epitaphs liable to what we call criticism? How far can the law be laid down regarding writings of such a peculiar and exceptional character? An epitaph is strictly a publication. This, which seems so obvious, is really the most neglected consideration possible. An epitaph publishes itself in open sunshine to all the world; and, indeed, has a far better chance of being read, than one book out of every five hundred. It professes always to inform, to instruct, to warn, to describe. It is one of those things which everybody thinks himself competent to compose; yet a good epitaph is one of the rarest things in literature. Hence it is that the epitaph in the abstract passes proverbially for something even mendacious:

"Believe a woman or an epitaph,"

says Byron. I hesitate not to profess my sincere willingness to believe both!

But, I expect in exchange for this courtesy, that the reader will join with me in a somewhat strict scrutiny of our modern epitaphs.

To begin with: what should be our ideal of an epitaph? The name implies, in its simplicity, an inscription on a tomb. That idea implies the preservation of the memory of the dead. From the builder of a funeral pyramid to the erector of a wooden plank supported by two posts in a country churchyard, all such architects have the memory of the dead per-

son in view. But there are infinite varieties of worth, and character, and adventure, and importance, to be recorded; and the epitaph soon becomes a portion of literature. The Scandinavian chief in one age has his place of rest indicated by a huge mound; a thousand years later, a similar hero of the same race is laid in a cathedral, and his memory is preserved in writing. Intellectual culture has become the supreme honour since his day; so, his memory owes its celebrity to the literary record of it. Hence, the epitaph of the great man will be no common composition. Hence, it has been felt that pre-eminent worth should be recorded in language of dignity and excellence, to express the harmony between the eminence achieved, and the culture of the age which records its admiration of it.

It is, therefore, natural that the epitaph should become, in time, somewhat elaborated. A simple, rude people see in the mound of this great man a symbol of his greatness that strikes at once on the imagination. The wanderer from a distant part of the province sees it, and feels the same. There is little communication between distant people in these ages. In a cultivated age, what is written of the great man serves the mound's purpose. It is present to the popular imagination everywhere. Thus, a good modern epitaph on a great man ought to be the very essence of all that the literature of his time will say about

him; something to circulate in a compact form, like his likeness on a medal. Let me give examples of what I mean. Does not Dr. Johnson beautifully hit off Goldsmith's felicity of natural genius, when he says, that he "touched nothing which he did not adorn?" Or, look at the line on Franklin, "He snatched the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from kings." This is the poetry of his life's action in a line. If posterity, again, knew nothing of Ben Jonson but that somebody expressed the general feeling about him, by "O rare Ben Jonson," they would carry away a capital idea of him. These are strict epitaphs. You cannot write a detailed narrative of a man's exploits and character on his tombstone. Neither, in the case of a notable man, is it needful. But it is right and natural that the place where his bones lie should have an appropriate inscription. The epitaph gathers, as it were, the very honey out of the flowers that compose his crown, and gives it to the world. So, to my mind, the writer of a fine epitaph not only does a graceful literary performance, but does a service of importance to the world. It is impossible to calculate the good done to a society at large, by the circulation of brief, terse sayings, carrying wisdom in them. And if wisdom is in its place anywhere, surely it is on a monument. An epitaph which preserves a man's memory embalmed in its beauty, should be written with the care and the reve-

rence becoming the spot and the object for which it is intended. Dr. Johnson very naturally objects to "fiction" there; meaning, in this case, fantastic inventions, even merely literary. "Let us," says he, "be serious over the grave."

This remark awakens the question, how far literary ornament is becoming in this species of composition? Who can doubt that the most open sincerity and nature are the first requisites? All mere ingenuity and fantasy I take to be offensive. You would not think of going to a funeral with a flower in your button-hole? All torturing of literary ingenuity to produce anything in the way of sentiment that looks "smart" is to be avoided. But let us make due distinctions. There is a natural and an unnatural style of ornament; the essential distinction lying in the sincerity or the want of sincerity visible. A certain splendour is proper here, as elsewhere. A man is not supposed to have lost his faculties because he has lost his friend; and he may express his admiration and regret with such force or beauty as nature has endowed him with. Jeremy Taylor is no whit less pious or touching, because he preaches with the charm of the loves, the graces, and the muses. Take, for instance, two famous epitaphs of old Ben Jonson's: — the one, on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother."

of whom he says: —

"Death, 'ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and good, and learned as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

The other, the well known

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live."

It would be harsh to object to these an ingenuity well deserved, suited to the age of their production, and quite compatible with loyal affection and admiration. At the same time, I don't blame Cowley for saying of Sir Henry Wotton: —

"Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in
more."

It was natural in Cowley to say this, and Wotton's memory deserved wit, and wit was not out of place in an epitaph on Wotton. But I should look with much contempt on anything that looked like imitation of these, in an epitaph by one ordinary person upon another.

It is quite true, however, that Point has too much reigned in the composition of the epitaph. This has been probably caused, in part, by the use of the Latin language, which is extremely well suited to pointed expression. Many of the best modern epitaphs have been written in Latin; for the practice began when it was the common language of the *literati* of Europe, and was continued by the influence of tradition, and the prejudices of scholars. Pope's

epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton is partly in Latin; and the English portion: —

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in
night,
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all
was light,"

is as bad as any very clever thing can be. Surely, the becoming is the first consideration in every composition; and what can be more out of place in an epitaph, than a reminder that the author of it was a very clever fellow? This is the painful effect of such epitaphs as the above; in which you see a wit's face looking out from the tombstone.

In truth, this kind of objection can be made with justice to Pope's epitaphs generally, where the aim is to surprise. The epitaph should not surprise, and set you tingling, like an epigram. Who wants to be reminded of Martial in a parish church? This reflection spoils one's pleasure in even such an excellent composition as Pope's epitaph on Harcourt, the son of the Lord Chancellor. It begins with a simple statement of the death of a certain youth, —

"Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship
might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he
died."

This last hacknied line owes its origin to a Roman epitaph in Gratian's *Inscriptiones*, where the thought is to be found. But note how strategically the next effect is produced: —

"How vain is reason, eloquence how
weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot
speak."

One result of a "hit" like this is, that the person to be commemorated is completely sunk into the position of an object of the writer's ingenuity. You lose sight of him altogether, in the blaze of the writer's wit. In looking at his monument, you think only of the statuary. Apropos of this class of ingenious epitaphs, I must quote the perfect one of Doctor Johnson, on Philipps, the musician. It was actually an impromptu, composed by the great old Doctor when at tea in company with Garrick. Garrick speaks of the musician, and of some common-place lines that have been written on him. The Doctor relapses into a few minutes silence, playing absently with his spoon, and then looks up, the light of intellect shining on that rough, seamed face, and repeats: —

"Philipps, whose touch harmonious could
remove
The pangs of guilty power or hapless
love,
Rest here, disturbed by poverty no
more,
Here find the calm thou gav'st so oft
before.
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful
shrine,
Till angels wake thee, with a note like
thine!"

Few men have left such graceful compliments on record as the noble old writer, whom ignorance loves to call "a bear!"

Undoubtedly, however, the simple epitaph (but with no affec-

tation in the simplicity) is the most perfect. An epitaph should be touching, before anything, as in the following: —

MARTINO LUIGI
IMPLORA PACE: —

which falls on one as with the coldness of death, and startles the humanity in you, in your very heart's core. And, again, in the Latin epitaph which Swift wrote for himself, in which he represents himself as lying "where bitter indignation can no longer lacerate his heart," we feel all the painfulness of Swift's life gathered into bitter brevity. We learn from such as these, that the one thing to be avoided is conventionalism and the mere mimicry of literary epitaphs. Of the mechanical part of sorrow, there is too much as it is in the arrangements of our funerals. Why perpetuate it on our tombs?

But, let us now turn into the walks of the cemetery, and apply our reflections to the monuments we see there. Large and spacious grounds have an advantage as burial-places, beautifully touched by Wordsworth, where he tells us that "nothing can compensate for the want of the soothing influences of Nature, and for the absence of types of renovation and decay." There is a harmony there to be felt, between the sentiment that death inspires, and the hope which Nature does; and every season brings its due and special consolation. Our attention, therefore, is due in such a place, that what we do for the

service of the departed there be as beautiful and becoming as that which Nature does. Yet I fear we shall not find it so. Evidence enough we shall find of care shown, expense lavished, to pay offerings to the dead; but we shall find many instances of bad taste, affectation, and even vulgarity. One distinct and ridiculous phenomenon in all London cemeteries is what I must call "heathenism."

Why, surely, this is above everything a Christian churchyard? Well, note that little naked figure with the inverted torch; — what does he here? He is the "Genius" of the Pagan religion — a certain demon supposed to belong peculiarly to you from birth — whom you, as an ancient worshipper, made proper sacrifice to, especially on your birthday. The torch is the symbol of your life, and a natural and beautiful symbol of its cessation is the lowering of it in the hand of the Genius. But what has all this to do with us, on our monuments; where the many cannot understand it? It impresses no awe, it is meaningless, except to a few, and, truly, is only a Cockney parody on the ancient mythology, and as much out of its place as a page of Tibullus would be in a hymn-book.

Again, inside that stone canopy supported by the pillars is a little "urn" — a sham urn, I am sorry to say; and on it is put a girl's name. I would not let the name I loved stay in that false and af-

fectured position. The old urns, of which it is an imitation, did contain the sacred ashes: but poor little Annabel is lying a dozen feet below, wrapped in her Christian shroud. Why should I, as it were, localise her image by putting the cherished name on that chimney ornament? Here is a radical error in taste, for see what you do by it: you attract passers-by, not to pause reverently and merely to look, but to stare in a *dilettante* fashion, as if they were in a wax show. This "classicality" is transmitted, I suppose, from generation to generation of the "statuaries" who manufacture these things; but of course they are not prepared — or concocted, rather — without the persons who are most interested in the matter having an opportunity of supervising them.

Another affectation is, that of such monuments as elaborate broken columns, with the artfully shattered fragments affectedly scattered about in a labouriously desolate way! There is something sadder than the grave, almost, in all this. Sorrow or solemnity, surely, are not suggested by such trickery in stone. People should consider that a grave-yard has its laws of propriety as well as any other public place, and where can anything unnatural and untrue be more repelling and painful?

Trees and flowers are always proper, and may be relied on for their gracefulness. Nor do I know

any more becoming way of arranging a grave than that simple one of a plain white stone, an inclosed railing, and a flower-bed. An image as old as the world, and which never can go out of fashion, speaks of the grave as a "resting-place;" and in this way the isolation, the tranquillity, the helplessness are expressed in the arrangement. Above all, suitability should be considered. Let there be something modest and graceful in the disposition of a maiden; let the monument harmonise with the name on it. It may be right to give to the tomb of an artist some appropriate symbolism; to the tomb of a scholar an inscription in latinity; to a great noble, something becoming his means and rank: — but how absurd is a monument that symbolises nothing but the statuary's bill.

The influence of France is occasionally visible in our cemeteries. The French are remarkable for the ingenuity they display in these matters; often their epitaphs are so ingeniously sorrowful, that they drive away sorrow altogether. There is a most notable specimen in *Père la Chaise*. Two tombstones, standing together, emit two hands, which join affectionately: one tombstone records the husband's death, the other the names of the surviving wife. And what think you is written on the husband's tombstone? "*J'attends ma femme!* I await my wife." There is a graceful French epitaph which one may

render thus: — (it is written by a surviving lover) —

“HAST THOU FOUND THE HEAVEN
THAT I HAVE LOST?”

And to them I believe we owe, whatever may be the obligation, such epitaphs — now becoming very common — as, MY MOTHER! and solitary utterances of names, as, ADELINE — JENNY. Far be it from me to suspect any man's sincerity; but I confess I love not this mode of epitaphial record. Once or twice you might take it to be what it pretends; — the outburst of a sorrow which feels that it has uttered all in uttering the name of the lost person: but how can you believe this when you see that in most instances it must be merely an act of imitation?

The heathenism of the monuments has its parallel too often in that of the inscriptions. I must take leave to enter a modest objection to all such phrases as *Requiescat*, or prayers that the earth may lie light, or even prayers for peace to the ashes. We do not believe, in this century, in the possibility of the Manes of a friend being disturbed or restless. We believe that the body has returned to the earth of which it is made, and the spirit returned to God who gave it. This is the basis of our convictions regarding the state of the dead; and all use of hacknied phrases which imply, when examined, quite different views to those of our national religion are out of place, not to say impious and nonsensical.

Household Words. XVI.

Wordsworth is of opinion that a “distinct conception should be given of the individuallamented.” This remark touches the very heart of the question. One must have constantly observed in our cemeteries a use of certain conventional epitaphial phrases applicable to one person as much as to another; or rather, perhaps, transferred from some notable epitaph to a dozen ordinary tombs. This is our most prevailing fault. It makes a burialground precisely what it should never be, commonplace. The simplest, rudest phrase that seems to come from the heart affects you more than the most ingenious lines applied indiscriminately; which, indeed, read like an irrelevant quotation. Dr. Johnson makes an objection, which also I ought to preserve here. He says “that it is improper to address the epitaph to the passenger.” This is very just. The Romans addressed a “*Siste, viator!* Stop, traveller,” to a traveller; for they had their monuments along the Great Appian and Flaminian ways — their public roads. The effect was moral, and in the highest degree beautiful and natural. But we depart from Nature when we imitate the Romans, and so miss all due effect altogether.

It is, perhaps, a minor question whether the inscription ought to read as addressed to you by the dead, or by the survivor. The use of the first of these, is, indeed, as Wordsworth observes, a “tender fiction.” It grew up naturally

enough. But I may note that this particular form is abused too frequently, in a peculiar way. It is made the vehicle of the most extraordinary presumption too often. What think you, reader, of a "GONE HOME!" stuck briefly under a name, like the "return directly" on a lawyer's door? Or, what say you to warning those who read, to imitate the deceased person, in a stern dictatorial way, when nothing has been said of the deceased but a lump of common-place laudation? These are not the offences of ignorance, but of something worse. Correlative to these is the fault of impertinence, to speak strictly: the statement of matters unsuited to the occasion. For example, I once saw a monument of handsome and costly exterior, where you were informed that the young lady buried there had died from a cold brought on "by the misconduct of the people where she was at school." A gravestone is no place for anger, or for taking your revenge for misconduct. The epitaph, properly considered, has not to deal with the accidental side of the death, as caused by this or the other mishap. It deals properly with death under its religious aspect, on the side of it as a mystical and transcendental fact, over which we can only wonder, and weep, and hope. The composition should be elevated above all vulgarity.

I object to a statement of common-place matter, such as the survivor's address, profession, or

trade. The mention that the deceased was the son, or wife, &c. of John So-and-so, "Pork Butcher in Smith Street," is intolerable. What business has an advertisement in such a place? In the same way too great length in the detail of ordinary matters is absurd: as, that the defunct was Chairman of the Pigwiggin Committee; many years Secretary to the Turnip Society; a Member of the Early Rising Club; and so on. This provokes laughter. If we are to have laughter, we might at once be professedly comic, like the French husband, with his

Here lies my wife,
A fact that must tell
For her repose —
And for mine as well?"

Comic and satirical epitaphs do not belong to my present subject. But, when we consider how much our national taste is impeached in so many matters, and that one cannot stroll along in our beautiful suburban cemeteries without seeing too great reason for it, I hope that my remarks may help to pave the way to something of a reform in a very interesting and important matter.

HOPS.

LOITERING upon the old stone bridge over the Medway, in the town of Maidstone, early in a misty autumn morning, I miss the ancient church and row of poplars, which I know should be somewhere near upon the left. It is of

no use looking. They will not come out of their white shroud until noon; and if then, perhaps, only to enfold themselves in it again an hour or two after. The water flows on, smooth and noiseless, till it splits upon the sharp wedges of the piers, and runs away whispering under the arches; but beyond this, not a ghost of a noise is abroad. All Maidstone is asleep, except a railway porter, a man driving a cow who went over the bridge a minute or two ago, and myself. There may be somebody up at the baths behind me: I cannot see. But the old, bruised, and battered coal-barge, moored alongside the wharf, in which I believe live a man and his wife, seems to have nobody aboard — for no smoke ascends from the stove-pipe at the helm. Slowly creeping down this way — a thin ghost at first, then a dusky spectre, then a green and yellow barge — comes the Sarah Ann, of Aylesford. Down drops the huge tawny mainsail as she steers for the middle arch, just above which I am standing, leaning cross-armed upon the parapet: and now, with all her wings close folded, she shaves to a nicety the sides of the arch. She is gone: but what is this rich odour she has left behind? Not spikenard nor olibanum could be more grateful to my nostrils, than that rich, balmy, healthful, bitter smell that floats about me now, and makes this place no common bridge of stone. The Sarah Ann is freighted with Kentish hops: many a precious

pocket of that noble plant lies down in the dark, beneath a yellow tarpauling spread over her hatchway. But, like the thoughts of a good man, who suffers imprisonment for the whole world's sake, its subtle essence steals abroad, and lives in the free air.

Hops coming into my head in this manner, remind me of the business of to-day: for though I have the air of a veritable loungeur, and though the overtaken railway porter, going to his work at this early hour, looked at me enviously and thought I lead a nice lazy life of it, I, too, have a task to accomplish. The railway porter, if he knew anything of signals off the line, might have known that to be astir thus early does not mean idling. I have a letter in my pocket for Mr. Day, the hop-grower of East Farleigh, charging him, in the sacred name of friendship, to show and make clear to me everything connected with the cultivation and preparation of hops. So, after more loitering on the bridge, and more sauntering in the town (for I deem it well to let my mind lie fallow a few hours, before receiving that broadcast of facts with which it is to be sown), I come to the bridge again, and cross the river winding through the brown and yellow woods up to East Farleigh.

There are in all England some fifty or sixty thousand acres of hop plantations; and of those one-half at least are in this county alone. In the oldest book I know about hops (Reynolde Scot's

“Perfite Platforme of a Hoppe Garden”), dated 1574, and printed in black letter, with many prefaces terminating in inverted pyramids of type, Kent is spoken of as *the* county of hops. The system of cultivation appears to have little changed since then; and the book, if it were not written in the style of an Act of Parliament, and interlarded with moral reflections and allusions to every poet and orator of ancient times, might have been written in the present day. Yet hops, at that date, were but of recent cultivation. For ages, while our ancestors were wont to flavour their ale with groundivy, and honey, and various bitters, a weed called “hop” had been known about the hedges of England; but no one thought to cultivate it for brewing until the beginning of the sixteenth century. Some say the cultivated plant came first from Flanders, where it was certainly used before our brewers knew its virtues. The Chinese, of course, are supposed to have known all about it ages before that. In France, hop gardens are very ancient. Mention is made of them in some of the oldest records, though what their hops were used for does not appear. In England it had many enemies to contend with at first. Slanderers said it dried up the body and increased melancholy; and though the very reverse is the fact, this belief so far prevailed, that we find in the household regulations of Henry the Eighth an order to the brewer not to put any

more hops in the beer: and at a much later period, the Common Council of the City of London petitioned Parliament against the use of hops, “in regard that they would spoil the taste of the drink, and endanger the people.”

There are not five parishes in Kent — large or small — that have so many acres of hops as this little parish of East Farleigh, where I am going. There is no place in all England whose hops will fetch a better price — not excepting Farnham, in Hampshire, whose patch of hop plantation, standing almost alone in the county, has slightly lost its reputation as the queen of hop-gardens, since its limits have been extended into a less favourable soil. At East Farleigh dwelt the Rothschild of hop-growers, whose hop-poles alone were said to be worth seventy thousand pounds; and there dwell his descendants still, though their grounds are little more than a tithe of his. The luxuriance of hops about here is a puzzle to theoretical agriculturists. “Though rich mould,” says Bannister, “generally produces a larger growth of hops than other soils, there is *one* exception to this rule, where the growth is frequently eighteen or twenty hundred per acre. This is the neighbourhood of Maidstone, a kind of slaty ground with an understratum of stone. There the vines run up to the top of the longest poles, and the increase is equal to the most fertile soil of any kind.”

Hops, in England, invariably

grow up poles. In the north of France they are sometimes made to creep upon copper wires, ranged horizontally, like the lines of the electric telegraph; but Kentish farmers, when they hear of it, shake their heads. These poles stand in groups of three or four, at a distance of about six or seven feet apart; and nearly three thousand (worth about seventy-five pounds) are required for an acre of ground. In some counties, hops are set between fruit-trees in orchards; and penny wise and pound foolish growers will plant vegetables between the poles; but Kentish growers know that the hop requires all the strength of the soil, and rigidly exclude everything that could impoverish it, except in the first two years after planting, when the vines never produce any flowers worth picking. The only plant cultivated is the female hop; the male species, sometimes called "blind hop" being of no value: though it is said that if the male hop were excluded from the garden, the flowers throughout the ground would be wanting in that yellow powder called the "farina," or "condition," which is their chief virtue. For this reason, one male hop plant in every hundred groups is generally planted. Of the hop cultivated there are eight or ten varieties, of which that called "Goldings" is the best; but this, from its very luxuriance, is subject to diseases which poorer but more hardy kinds will escape. Some of each sort are, therefore,

generally planted; though the spirit of gambling which pervades this branch of farming will induce others to run the risk of growing only the better kind. After that most succinct of Natural Histories, in which Mr. Mavor shows how the horse, from his mane to his hoofs, is "very useful to man," I may here mention that the young shoots of the hop-plant are eaten as a substitute for asparagus; that an infusion of its flowers will dye wool yellow; and that from the stalks, dressed in the manner of flax, a strong cloth is made in Sweden: so that some Mechi among hop-growers may one day turn the vines which are now wasted into hop-pockets; and may make the stalks carry the flowers to market. An enthusiastic writer, who calls it "a very elegant balsamic bitter," declares that it may be employed medicinally in the shape of powders, tinctures, extracts, infusions, decoctions, conserves, plain and compound pills, juleps, and apozems; and that under one or other of those forms, it will infallibly cure hypochondria, cleanse kidneys, restore livers, purify blood, remove spleen, stop colic, kill worms, dispel jaundice, eradicate scurvy, and destroy gout, regular or atonic. If only half of this is true, no one can deny that the hop plant is "very useful to man." Its flowers, however, are known to be a powerful soporific. A pillow of hops recommended for the late King George the Third, in his illness of 1787, was found to produce

sleep when all other means had failed: a secret which was not known to his ancestor King Henry the Fourth, when he uttered that beautiful soliloquy upon sleep which was heard by some good spirit in the lonely sick chamber, who afterwards whispered it to the poet that it might not be lost.

Emerging from the woods, just as the mists are creeping away, and the sun is turning from a dull red ball of fire to something like itself again, I see nothing but hops on each side of the river. All up the sides of the valley, their heavy clusters, topping the high poles, peep one over the other, like spectators' heads in the pit of a theatre. And now I spy the stone bridge with its four pointed arches, where water, running down the wooden flooring of an inclined plane, foams and roars all day and all night; though a little girl at a cottage tells me she cannot hear it at times — losing it by long habit, as you lose the ticking of a clock in a room, by listening to it. And there, a few yards above the bridge, struggling for a place among the hop grounds, stands the old church of East Farleigh, like three barns with a pointed spire. And here I stop, and leave the river to wind away and hide itself in a perfect forest of hop plantations.

While my host runs his eye along the lines of my letter, I read in his face that the sacred name of friendship will not have been invoked in vain. He does not think

of hinting that Saturday is a busy day; but, on the contrary, congratulates me upon having chosen that day, as presenting some features in hop-picking not to be seen on any other. So we walk together through the hop-garden, where the strong bitter odour and the bright yellow of the clusters, tell that they are ripe, till we come to a stubble field, and find the pickers at work upon the borders of the plantation. Men, women, and children all pick hops. This is why this employment is preferred by those wandering bands who cut hay in the spring and corn in the summer, and in the winter live, or die, no one knows where. But these are by no means the only class that come hopping. Labourers, costermongers, factory girls, shirt-makers, fishermen's boys, jolly young watermen, and, they tell me, even clerks out of employment, all throng the Kentish highways at this time, attracted by the opportunity of earning a couple of shillings per day; and still the cry is more, and the farmer, in plentiful seasons, is frequently embarrassed for want of hands.

Pickers of hops escape their soporific influence. There is no going to sleep with them; though they handle hops, and smell hops, and breathe hops, from dawn till sunset. The man who, with his instrument — which he calls a hop-dog, because it is a hook on one side and a knife on the other (I don't know any better reason) — cuts the bine about the roots,

and then hooks up pole, bine, and all, and lays it across the pickers' bins, has enough to do to keep ten pickers supplied. A sullen-looking girl — her hair growing low down her forehead — grumbles at being kept waiting a moment. So does another young woman, who has brought her infant family with her in a covered child's wagon — egged on by a surly murmur from a wild young man, with white hair and eyebrows, who speaks a brogue which is neither Irish, Scotch, Yorkshire, nor West country, and who, being asked, "What countryman are you?" replies with a noise in his throat sounding like "Gurz'n," and then grins; and being asked again, "Where that is?" answers, "Gurz'n," and grins again: after which the questioner gives up all hope of discovering what countryman he is. But a merry old woman, with a red face, says something which I did not catch, and everybody laughs, and good-humour is restored. Meanwhile the cutter makes a desperate attack upon the poles; felling them so fast that he has time to pull out a handkerchief and rub the perspiration from his forehead; and the surly young woman admits that "he is keepin' the pot a-bilin:" and now everybody is busy. Down comes a hop-pole, and away goes a swift hand up it, plucking the flowers into a canvas bin upon a wooden frame, carefully avoiding the leaves till it gets near the top of the pole, when with one stroke it rubs off all that remain,

the few little green leaves at top doing no harm. The pole, with the bine stripped of its flowers, is then thrown aside, just as the cutter, who has served eight or nine in the interval, drops another pole across the bin. Each of these bins, I am told, holds fifteen or twenty bushels, which is as much as the fastest hand can pick in a day. The lower parts of the poles — which are rotted by being in the earth — are then cut away, and the poles will be carefully stacked to serve for shorter plants next year.

Here are the oast-houses — most of them brick-built and perfectly circular up to a height of fourteen or fifteen feet, whence they terminate in a cone, surmounted by a cowled chimney, peculiarly shaped, to allow the vapour from the hops to escape. To what shall I compare them (for form, though not for size) if not to those curiously clipped holly-trees in the front garden of my friend Lilypaynter at Twickenham, which, he says (being a little eccentric), were meant to represent peacocks. If they had been peacocks, who shall say how he would have clipped their plumage to represent holly-trees? But that has nothing to do with hops. Some of the oast-houses are square — but that shape is old-fashioned — and some are long: for no two farmers agree in any one particular as to the treatment of hops. Even as to furnaces opinions are so diverse, and are supported by such well-balanced testimony,

that I find all kinds of stoves here. Entering at a narrow aperture, and darting past the fire, through a heat that would roast me if I stood still in it, I find myself in a circular chamber about eighteen feet in diameter. In the midst, or rather, nearer to the aperture, a clear fire of coke and charcoal burns with thin hovering flames, melting into air. Dipping his hand into a barrel, my conductor brings up some rolls of brimstone; and, casting them on the fire, a bright blue glare lights up the chamber and the faces of all present. This is found to give a livelier colour to the hops, and is everywhere, except at Farnham, adopted: colour — although it is said to be not really a sign of strength — being arbitrarily insisted on by the purchaser. He knows you do it with brimstone, but he does not care how you do it, so that the hops look bright. With a slightly disagreeable taste in the throat, I escape into the next oast-house. Here the fire is enclosed in a sort of oven, quite hidden from sight. In another, I find it in a brick stove with apertures for the escape of heat, contrived by omitting a brick here and there. These apertures are called “horses;” but, like the bine-cutter’s “hop-dog,” the origin of the name is involved in obscurity. Here is a different kind of stove, in which the fire is closely shut up, and the heated air is confined and carried up to the drying-floor by an inverted hollow cone, formed of laths and clay, and lined inside with smooth tiles.

Walking out into the open air again, we mount a ladder to the cooling-room attached to the oast-house. On a circular floor, about fifty-six feet in circumference, formed of strong wire netting and covered with coarse hair cloth, through which the warm air ascends, the hop-flowers lie to a depth of two or three feet. One thousand and fifty pounds’ weight of green hops are here drying at once; but through the little aperture at the top of this sugar-loaf chamber, some eight hundred and fifty pounds of this weight will evaporate into air, so that a day’s work of the fastest picker, weighing a hundred pounds when green, will scarcely weigh twenty when dry. The air is only moderately warm; but the grower, by long experience (for nothing else will make a hop-drier), knows without any thermometer that it is exactly the proper heat — considering the weather, the state of the hops, and a dozen other things. The drying never ceases during the time of picking, and is one of the most difficult branches of the preparation. A man must watch them day and night, turning them frequently, until the stalks look shrivelled, and burying his arms deep in the hops, he feels them to be dry. This is generally after eight or twelve hours’ drying, after which they are shovelled through the little door on to the adjoining cooling-floor to make room for more.

On the cooling-floor, I find a man stitching hop-pockets, whom the method of my narration compelled me to overlook when I passed him just now. He is working on canvas hung over a line, with needles that would not go through any button-hole in the world. These hop-pockets are not so coarse as an unjust proverb would have them. Into these pockets the hops are tightly wedged; and—dusted from head to foot with the yellow powder of the hops—a man in a blouse (which used to be blue before hopping began,) is continually passing to and fro, wheeling a single pocket at a time upon a long truck, from the steps of the cooling loft to a pair of great scales in an open shed. Here stands the supervisor, the representative of Her Majesty's Board of Inland Revenue. He is a very stout, red-faced man, with a white hat, and a brown velvet shooting-jacket, and carries a small bunch of hops in his mouth. He holds a book in his hand full of lines and figures, red and black, and looks very cross; as one who, by the stern expression of his features, would warn off all attempts at bribery of any kind. Not so his lean, but equally red-faced assistant. Though, perhaps, not less incorruptible because he twits the farmer with making his fortune out of hops, and calls himself a poor devil, laughing very heartily, as if he liked being a poor devil, and only pretended to envy the money-making hop-grower. He generally comes alone, but now and then, as a check upon him, the stout superior drops in, unexpectedly, and re-weighs what he has booked. One by one, the great pockets are rolled into the scale and rolled out again, and laid all in a row like bloated porpoises—the handles at the corners being the two short sprawling fins. Then my conductor, to expedite matters (though this is the exciseman's business), bestrides one of the porpoises, like a merry merman under the sea, and with a basin of ink in one hand, and a small painting brush in the other, cries out, "Number?" The supervisor refers to his book, and answers, "One hundred and fifty;" and those three figures are drawn upon the animal's back, a little above the snout. "Weight?" "One, two, twelve." Down goes one hundredweight, two quarters, twelve pounds. Next, in letters four inches long (according to the statute), he adds his own name and parish, and the date, with an indignant allusion to an act intended to be passed last session; which, abolishing this part of the ceremony, would have robbed Farleigh hops of their glory in the market. Next comes one hundred and fifty-one:—weight, one, two, ten. One hundred and fifty-two:—weight, one, two, eleven. Finally, the supervisor (checking the figures) takes the brush, and marks a cross upon the seam of the mouth of the sack, to prevent frauds on the Government by afterwards squeezing in more

hops. This is called "sealing," which being done, he closes his book with the intention of calling in six months' time for a duty of one penny and twelve twentieths of a farthing per pound weight. This is called the old duty. The new duty of three farthings and eight twentieths of a farthing (making up twopence), and the additional duty of five per cent., will not be applied for till long after next year's hops are picked.

Not yet, however, is the grower sure of his profit. The hops may remain on his hands for a twelve-month, when they will be considered as "old hops," and lose much in value. Nor can the abundance of one season find a balance in the deficiency of others. In a year or two, if kept, they will be worthless — as odourless and flavourless as mere chaff. Thus the steadiest of hop-growers — although he may never buy standing crops, selling them and buying them again (like court cards in the game of speculation), on the perilous chance of their improving or deteriorating; although he may grow hardy and luxuriant kinds; and although he may determine never to bet a sixpence on the probable amount of the duty — must look upon his business as a species of gambling, rather than as a legitimate branch of husbandry. Woe betide the man who, with too small a capital to carry him over reverses, sets up as a hop-planter! Not hooping-cough, nor measles, nor all the several ills that infant flesh is

heir to, can be compared with the dangers that have threatened this crop from the time when first its tender shoots were guided to the hop-pole, till now, comparatively safe, the flowers are picked, and dried, and weighed. In the warm nights of early summer, when the bine will grow an inch within an hour, fleas and fireblasts threatened it. When the clusters hung so large and full, that everybody (but the wary) prophesied the duty will reach an enormous figure, Egyptian plagues of green or long-winged flies, coming from no one knows where, might settle on it, and, in a single night, turn flower and leaf as black as if they had been half consumed by fire. "Honey-dew," that frothy kind of saliva which a little insect gathers round itself, might fall upon it, and prove no less destructive. Red spiders, otter moths, and the "vermin" which spring from their eggs, might any day sit down, uninvited, to a banquet costing a couple of millions sterling to the Kentish growers alone. Any cold autumn night, "when the breath of winter comes from far away," might blight them; and, finally, mould might suddenly eat up every vestige of flower while the hops were waiting for the picker. Ah! if a tithe of the care and culture that are bestowed upon this tender plant could be devoted to some of those boys, whose sad want of mending has been recently pointed out in these pages; if you would take a single boy, as Sterne took his single

captive; as tenderly provide him with a healthy spot; as carefully train his young ideas as the sprouts and tendrils of this plant are trained; as watchfully strive to keep him from all blights and harms — might you not here expect a crop more sure, and not less golden?

Throughout the year wagers are extensively laid in the counties of Kent and Sussex (but particularly in the former), upon the amount of duty annually declared by the Excise, in respect of all the hops gathered throughout the country. Long before anything like data whereon to found a calculation can be obtained, large sums are staked upon the result of the crop. In Canterbury, Rochester, and Maidstone are the Kentish "Tattersall's," which, together with a few of the ancient inns in Southwark (where the hop factors live, and hold their principal market), comprise the head-quarters for hop betting: although this gambling is not confined to the trade, but extends to all classes in the hop districts. Almost every tradesman and boy has his "book," or his chance in some "hop club." On the publication of the duty, many thousands of pounds change hands, and every possible scheme is resorted to throughout the summer to procure the latest intelligence of the condition of the plant in the chief districts, so as to enable the more wary to increase their stakes or "hedge," as the case may be. The system is to give what is

called a "scope," the extent of which depends upon the time of year. In the winter quarter, the betting man will perhaps give a "scope" of twenty thousand pounds; that is to say, will bet that his adversary will not guess the amount of duty to be declared on the next year's crop within that amount. But as the year advances, and the hop has escaped the dangers that beset its progress, the scope is reduced. Clerks in the accountant's department of Inland Revenue are much sought after, and the slightest hint greedily devoured as to the gross quantity of hops weighed; which certain men pretend to know, in much the same way as sporting prophets boast of their "office" or "tip" for the Derby. The period between the picking and the declaration of duty is usually a full month of excitement to the parties wagering; the duty is known about the end of October. Last year (1851) it was issued on the third of November. The present is considered a tolerably fair season, and the amount of the duty is anxiously looked for.

We have something else to see. The pickers are waiting to be paid in the hop garden; for it is Saturday night. Our shadows are strangely angular and gawky as we walk along the stubble field again; the pickers leave off before sunset, to allow time for carrying away the hops by daylight. Their work has to be measured first. The cutter leaves off battling with the rows of poles, and comes to

measure with a wicker bushel having a black line round it, outside, about half way up. For any one of these bushels, filled as lightly as possible — never quite up to the top — the picker receives twopence. When only a few hops remain at the bottom of the bin, he watches most anxiously; for if the remainder reaches beyond the black line it counts a bushel: while if it falls short, it counts as nothing. There is a delay at the sullen-looking girl's bin, for she has dropped in too many leaves, and must pick them out, one by one. Cutter "wonders she didn't put in bines, poles and all;" and bids her "look alive." When everything is done, the farmer brings his money bag, attended by a boy, who reads the amounts to be paid from a book. Most of the hands have been drawing money in the week — they don't know how much exactly, nor when; but the book assists their memories. Nobody can recollect, either, how much he has earned, but contents himself when he is informed by saying, he "thought it was ever so much more," by way of showing that he is on the alert, and not to be cheated easily. The merry old woman takes her money, gaily. Sullen girl grumbles. Eager faces are crowded around the payer. There is a man with a very savage, heavy look, which has been all along fixed intently upon the money bag. "How much you?"

"Oh! you know." Book is referred to, and the savage man

pounces upon fifteen shillings. "Now, then; is everybody paid?" There is a tidy, quiet, freckled-faced girl standing a little way off, whom the merry old woman spies, and says to her, "What! ain't you got no money? Why didn't you go up?" The girl says, "I didn't like to ask for it." On this the merry old woman drags her up to the farmer, and she, too, is paid. The pokes are wheeled off; and the cutter drains the great stone beer bottle; and the merry old woman encumbers herself with many bundles and two umbrellas; and all go talking and laughing across the field, followed by the woman drawing her infant family in the covered child's waggon.

There is a great stir and a strange noise of voices over East Farleigh to-night. In this little out-of-the-way village of some twenty houses scattered about, and with only one beer-shop, three thousand hop-pickers (chiefly Irish) are assembled. Hundreds of fires in the open air look from a distance like the encampment of an army. In huts and stables and out-houses; in abandoned mills; in crumbling barns and dilapidated oast-houses whose cracks are ineffectually stuffed with straw and clay; under pents; against walls; in tents and under canvas awnings, this multitude cook, eat, drink, smoke and sleep. No wonder that in the ground of the old church, I find a row of grass-grown mounds, with an inscription on wood, "In

memory of forty-three strangers, who died September, 1849. R. I. P. (*Requiescant in pace*)."

A parishioner tells me they were all Irish hoppers; and only a portion of those who died of the cholera here in the season of that year. No inhabitant of the parish was attacked; and to the credit of the clergyman it is said, that he turned his house into a temporary hospital, and with his wife attended them night and day.

At the bridge, some are washing clothes: women and girls and boys, wild, ragged, uncouth wretches, most of them standing bare-legged in the water rinsing shirts in sauce-pans, and dabbing them against the smutty edges as fast as they are cleaned; boiling other clothes in cauldrons; and hanging garments that have more superficies of hole than cotton, upon the hedges. There, too, are hideous old Sycoraxes smoking and crouching over fires this warm day, and shouting unintelligible sounds to fat children, sprawling in the mud upon the shelving bank of the river. Everybody has been paid to-night, and most are off to buy provisions for the week. There is a solitary butcher's shop up the lane, with trees in front, which is besieged. All round it — for it is open on three sides — a hungry mob hustle and push and clamour to be served; and the butcher, who all the year round has not a whole sheep in his shop, now chops his way out of heaps of meat.

Then there is a lonely grocer's — lonely no more — where as great a crowd clamours for bacon, and bread, and beer, and tea, and sugar, in a great gloomy shop lit by two wretched candles. The only beer-shop overflows with disappointed customers, and the wild howl of Irish singers. Hundreds are encamped at the cross-road. Here is a double row of huts, built expressly for the hoppers, each about ten feet square, with a shelving roof, where half-a-dozen men, women, and girls sleep together upon straw, and have a fire. There are bread stalls, and stalls of herrings in brine, and stalls of such pastry as I never beheld before. One of the huts is open on one side, and converted into a shop or stall, where you may buy bread, and candles, and such small quantities of tea and sugar, all ready done up in paper, as never were sold at any other time or place. This is the private speculation of Mr. Bleary, who is encouraged by the great hop-growers to sell provisions here at this time; they having a good opinion of his mode of doing business.

Mr. Bleary is said to be a man of property, and I am introduced to him. He is a very stout Irishman, with a moist eye, and a treble chin lapping over a white cravat, and has a chronic cold in the head: calls himself "Purveyer in gin'ral to the strangers in Farrerleigh;" and is neither drunk, nor the worse for liquor, but what Frenchmen in common

parlance call "*ému*." He is very glad to see me, and "how are you?" — bids me follow him into his hut, or shop; and describes an arbitrary division of its only room into kitchen, parlour, and bed-room. "The furrerniture isn't all come down yet; but no matter." Mr. Bleary is full of anecdotes, with wrathful parentheses of "disorderly doins, and shemful robbin' of poor creeturs" by his predecessors in the "purveyher ship." But, coming forth and seeing his lines of customers, all sitting at long tables, drinking soup in the light of the moon, the poetry of his whole being overflows:

"Look at me happy children! All livin' in harrermony one with another: all drinkin' soup and bread, discoorsin' together, like ladies and gentlemen, about politics and the late Juke o' Willinton. Look at me happy children! You remimber how it used to be, Mистер Day? How they used to fight like so many wolves, and lie about the ground like a flock o' pigs. Therer's soup for a half-penny a basin! Taste it. Here I stand in defiance of all docthors. Let 'em all come down to East Farrerleigh and examine it. Oh, the days before I came down here! I remimber 'em well. What shindies! There usen't to be never a sound head, nor a sound winder in all East Farrerleigh parish. And only look at 'em now. Ask 'em themselves if they don't feel morer like Christians, and a little morer happy-minded."

And thus Mr. Bleary continues till he bids me good night; and then calls me back again, and puzzles me by asking. "What I might guess, now, to be the greatist number o' sack o' potair-toes he ever sold in one night?" but immediately removes my difficulty by mentioning that twenty-six was the number.

Good night, Mr. Bleary! My road lies Maidstone way, beside the river shining in the full moon: and I would, for your sake, I had started an hour earlier. Then should I not have been compelled to tell how wild disorder broke out in that happy family, that night; how sticks and stockings loaded with Mr. Bleary's stones were flourished, and heads and windows broken, just as in the days of old. How drunken hoppers sprawled about as if you had never come to East Farleigh, and had never sold sugar there, nor soup; and how your mild paternal admonitions were laughed to scorn.

A GUN AMONG THE GROUSE.

TOWARDS the end of this last August (1852), when London had been already cupped of a large portion of its blood, I myself, a globule of the blood of London, felt myself under the influence of the great sucking power, and was drawn out to fill up a vacuum among the moors; — not the Moors where Othello was, but the

moors where Glenfern is, and whence John Earl of Groats had sent word to me, in London, that there was a vacancy for one more sportsman at Glenfern, and that the grouse were looking out for me.

I packed up my guns, therefore, and made a parcel of alpaca coats and hob-nailed boots, with a few other etceteras; and, as I like to travel cheaply, went down to St. Katharine's Wharf, to start by a Scotch steamer northward. My man Friday objected to my plan; I know he despised it, as being economical; all servants despise economy. I had suspicion, also, as he was a German, that he could not stomach a tumble on the waves. I consoled him, therefore, by giving him to understand that we were warranted to go to Edinburgh in forty-two hours; and we went down to St. Katharine's Dock, from which the boat was advertised to start at seven P. M. precisely. It was five then, and I had not dined; but that was of no importance, since of course it would be possible to dine on board. After boarding the steamer, my first care was to go down and reconnoitre the pantry: there I saw a round of beef, a ham with the prettiest pink blush, and scores of bottles of XX. I felt that all was safe, and went on deck again to enjoy the bustle for a bit, and eat my dinner for a little while in expectation. When you are hungry, it is a luxury to feel that you can have a slice of good beef laid be-

fore you at a moment's notice — you have only to speak. In such a case, you delay speaking, as you delay breaking the seal of a letter that contains delightful matter. Presently there comes, however, a time when you say, "Now I must go into it!" My hunger having reached that point, I made a hasty descent into the pantry, and addressing the steward with as little show of eagerness as possible, I begged the pleasure of an introduction to his beef and ham.

"It is just a little too soon," said the steward, a very dry rusk of a Scotchman; "ye canna have it till supper."

My hunger broke out instantly. "Nonsense," I said, "I have not dined: I must have something to eat."

"I am vary sor-r-y," said the steward, with a composed look; "but I canna gie ye to eat till the ship starts."

"When will it start? It is now nearly seven. It was advertised to start at seven."

"Ye'll wait only just a little," said my friend.

The ship had not started at half-past seven; and at eight o'clock she was only blowing a cloud in a composed way: at half-past eight, however, we got out into the river.

Forty-two hours' passage, said the advertisement. We were forty-eight hours, however, before we touched at the dry land of Aberdeen. By the delay of the packet we had missed the stage-coach,

which only leaves three times a week, and so I spent a little more than I had saved upon the old-fashioned locomotive, a yellow chariot with its four-posters before it; and so at eight o'clock that evening we arrived safely at Glenfern, the shooting lodge of the Earl of Groats, which is situated thirty miles north of the Dee, and surrounded by an immense tract of moorland.

The lodge stands in a picturesque valley; purple hills rise on every side, peeping over the heads of one another, and sweeping out some miles away into the dimensions of majestic mountains. Before the lodge itself there flows a pretty little trout stream, over which a bridge is thrown for the accommodation of all persons who are too squeamish to walk like proper Scotchmen through the water. Over a fordable stream the Highlanders consider bridges to be just contemptible. The late heavy rains had swelled this trout stream into a foaming river, and very pleasantly it rushed through the valley and among the rising dew. The sunset-rays fell upon the distant hill-tops, and the fresh, damp evening air was full of the scent of bell heather. I was glad to feel, among such hills as these, that I had left the Hills of Holborn and of Ludgate far behind.

The Earl of Groats belongs to a genus of Tories which is fast following the Dodo. He has maintained the opinions that his father had before him, at the cost of

place, power, and fortune. He has stood up for consistency, and having never changed his own ideas, finds that the change in the relations between himself and the surrounding world has rapidly become enormous. Abhorring motion, he would root himself to land, and so the vessel of the State has sailed away out of his reach, with plenty of stout hearts on board: out of his reach and so nearly out of sight, that he has left off watching it through his great family telescope. Let the world go: here is the noble Tory in Glenfern, for whom no politician ever asks in London, very much in request upon his own domain. With all his prejudices on his head, you would not in long travel meet with a more high-souled, noble-hearted, and right honourable man. Politically he is weak; morally he is strong. He welcomed me quite tenderly as the son of an old friend and colleague. My father and he, he said, started in public life together. So he introduced me very cordially to his cousin Bookby, having before-hand given me a private introduction to his cousin's character, by telling me that I should find him a generous fellow and a most agreeable companion. Bookby was in the dining-room surrounded by the group of sport's-men then assembled at Glenfern, among whom there were one or two with whom I was already intimately acquainted.

There was good prospect of a pleasant week, putting grouse out

of the question. "Mrs. Bookby," said the earl, presenting me to an unaffected little woman, who was discussing some Scotch pebbles with a group of gentlemen, "Mrs. Bookby is kind enough to preside over my bachelor house, in order to impose upon us all good hours and social habits. She does more," he added, with a sly glance at the extremely well-dressed gentlemen, who were engaged over the pebbles with her; "she bids us mind our looking-glasses, and causes us to produce results in the way of toilet, that, I assure you, are quite new to the moors." "And I assure you, Mr. Croxpound," said the lady, speaking to me, "that it is no light thing to have made reform acceptable at Glenfern." Hereupon there ensued among the gentlemen a gay political discussion, in which Reform Bills and such absurd matters were discussed with much pleasantry, the presence of Mrs. Bookby serving evidently as a stimulus to a great tilting of wits. Men always endeavour to come out when there is a woman present; Bookby himself being excepted, however, in the present instance, for in his absent way he stared through his eye-glass fixedly at somebody, and said nothing at all.

Among the guests there was a gentleman who became prominent at dinner-time, a Monsieur Bois-le-Comte, whose presence the earl tolerated — though he hated Frenchmen — because he was the friend of his cousin Bookby.

Monsieur Bois-le-Comte being upon the moors, closely confined himself — not unwisely I thought — to a study of grouse in all varieties of cookery. Grouse in soup, however, was the dish that gave him the most unfeigned satisfaction. After the departure of Mrs. Bookby, I must also note how thoroughly I felt the meaning of the twinkle in the eye of Monsieur, when he had taken his first sip of the Glenfern whiskey toddy, made with a strong infusion of pine-apple in the place of water. Then dogs were discussed: the good points of Shako and the laziness of Shock. I and the Frenchman, equally ignorant of moorish customs, pricked up our four ears. Our hearts sunk when our host asked for the keeper's returns, and read: —

"Gordon's Lowe beat: Earl of Groats, Colonel Lansend, and Sir Robert Scilly, killed sixty-three and a half brace and two hares. Day windy and wet. Birds very wild.

"South beat of Glenboggie: Mr. Bookby, Major Woolwich, and keeper, killed seventy-two brace, one hare and a snipe. Day wet and windy. Birds wild."

Methought, what if the south beat of Glenboggie be invaded tomorrow by Mr. Croxpound, Monsieur Bois-le-Comte, and keeper; how will our doings read over the whiskey toddy?

At nine o'clock the next morning, we all met about the breakfast table. After breakfast bustle began. Valets were running about

with belts and gaiters; the earl's old steward was superintending the package of a luncheon, and giving out the wine and porter with a reverent touch upon the bottles, counting with severe accuracy the bottles of whiskey allotted for the gillies, and giving out to the keepers bags of powder and shot. He was master of the commissariat, and presided also over the ordnance department, evidently. Eight or ten ponies stood before the door, two of them having panniers upon their backs, for the conveyance of the before-mentioned stores. The gillies loitered about, waiting to be told whom they were to serve; the keepers gathered about the kennel, holding in leash the noisy and impatient dogs. Those left in the kennel piteously yelled at the prospect of being left behind.

Sportsmen enter from the lodge, dressed in brown suits that suit the colour of the boggy earth, or moss-coloured and pinkish, in accordance with a tailor's notion of the heather; they wear caps and wide-awakes to correspond. Enter from the lodge M. Bois-le-Comte in a national sporting coat and waistcoat of bright sea-green velvet, a yellow handkerchief with floating ends about his neck — which he denominates a *Belchère Anglais*, trowsers spotless as new driven snow, and patent leather boots. Enter from the lodge Mrs. Bookby, escorted by the Earl of Groats. A Highlander dressed in full costume, and wearing the Glenronald tartan, leads up a

mountain pony for her use. Mrs. Bookby mounts her pony. The keeper divides the assembled sportsmen into three parties, and appears to be explaining something to each set; he explains the beat each is to take. He disposes of the gillies among the sportsmen, by attaching to each man his Highland gillie, who will come and go at his bidding for the day. He hands the guns to the running fellows who are to load them, and carry them when gentlemen begin to be tired.

Enter from the Lodge Mr. Bookby, who is literary, and who has been writing an article up to the latest minute. His eye falls on the garment of his friend.

"Why, Bois-le-Comte, what are you thinking of? Your green and yellow dress looks like an omelette in herbs. The grouse will be laughing all over the moor, if you show yourself among them in that fashion." Monsieur was glad to be informed upon the customs of the place, and cheerfully returned into the house to clothe himself in moorish fashion from the Bookby wardrobe. The result was excellent, except that he was troubled all day with an uncertainty about his legs in consequence of the smallness of his feet, and the width and weight of the strange boots into which he was advised to put them.

The morning was lovely; and a soft breeze from the south, the keeper informed me privately, was favourable for the scent. Everybody was in high feather.

As we passed through a deep ravine, which extended for more than a mile and a half between overhanging rocks that almost closed out the sky above our heads, I felt disposed to talk to somebody upon the subject of the sublime and beautiful; but everybody else was talking about birds and dogs, and at the end of the ravine our party split into its appointed sets, each to depart to its appointed shooting-ground, "Do you go with us?" asked Mr. Bookby of his wife. "Not unless Major Woolwich be of your party. I go with Major Woolwich for the sake of his iced milk and water."

Now Major Woolwich, who was reckoned the best shot of the party, had a way of teasing his neighbours in the land of whiskey by contemptuous argumentation against ardent spirits. He found, he said, that a man could work longer and better upon iced milk and water. Being of that opinion, he was in the habit of carrying about with him a small icing machine. Such a machine he had brought out with him to-day upon the moors, and this was the machine with which he hauled the lady over to his party. Sir Robert Scilly said that he rejoiced to find himself quit of Mrs. Bookby, for yesterday, when shooting in her company, he had been so anxious to show off with his firing, that he either missed his birds or blew them up entirely. So we shot about; our sport was excellent, the dogs thoroughly under control, and every point they made was a study for a Landseer.

At two o'clock our party encamped in a little glen beside a sparkling rivulet, from which we took water to dilute our wine or whiskey, while we ate hard eggs, Symposium pies, Hambro' sausages, and things of that sort spread before us on the grassy cover. The gillies occupied this period of rest in spreading out upon the grass the spoils of the morning, in order that the plumage of the birds might be dried thoroughly before packing. A damp feather will often spoil a bird. Thirty-five brace were already shot on our beat — very few, I must own, by Mr. Croxpound, but I had the earl and Major Woolwich for companions, and they very well covered my short-coming. Mrs. Bookby left for the lodge, and a gillie was despatched to the lodge with our birds, while we resumed the sport and continued shooting until seven in the evening.

On the way home, as my gillie had abundantly had reason to perceive that I was but a Londoner on the moor, I was not sorry to find that his patronage of my ignorance took a didactic humour. He instructed me in all the mysteries of heather. The bright pink, which they call the bell heather, blooms only in July, August, and September; the white blossoms later, and the lilac — the commonest kind — is in flower all the year. These facts exhausting him upon that topic, he took up his other theme and told me about birds — about the difficulty of adapting the heathcock to a caged

life; how when caged he would refuse to feed, then pine away and die. He explained how slightly the grouse make their nests, just enough put together to possess a form and enable the hen to cover her young, but with not a stick of superfluous workmanship about it. The grouse hatch in March or April, now and then as late as May; and many of the young birds are destroyed by foxes, hawks, and other monsters of the moor.

When we got back, weary and wet-footed, to the lodge, we found a cheerful peat fire blazing in every bedroom, and a regiment of warm baths steaming out their invitations to our feet. A dash of whiskey in the water was pronounced an admirable anodyne for the sore-footed. Having washed our feet in patriarchal style, we gathered round the dinner-table. So passed one circle of four-and-twenty hours, and so passed all.

Grouse is not what it used to be — a mere amusement. Noble-men have discovered that it is as well worth while to stock the market as to overstock their friends with game; and therefore if you would be welcome on the moors, you must shoot well: you must not shatter birds and render them unsaleable. The best are packed up and sent to the London market now, as regularly as they send fowls from Dorking. Mr. Bookby was so much delighted with the admirable performances of Major Woolwich that he said, shaking him warmly by the hand, "My

dear fellow, what a splendid shot you are! By Jove, you are worth three pounds a day and your keep."

On the last day of the month the grouse ended with a clan gathering. The morning broke among clouds, and wind and rain threatened postponement of the sports. At noon, however, the mists rolled from the mountains, the sun shone down into the valley, and the picturesque little village of Glenfern was full of bustle and preparation for the arrival of the great chief. Upon an open space, opposite the principal inn, there was a kind of course marked out by ropes running from stake to stake. On each side of this course seats were erected, and carts were drawn up in readiness against the coming of their occupants. The stone bridge at the north entrance to Glenfern was covered with spectators who awaited the appearance of the clans. At a few minutes before two o'clock, a fanfaronade from the heights, performed upon loaded anvils, announced that the chief was approaching. The cavalcade consisted of about two hundred men, headed by the Glenronald, their chief — a handsome man whose locks had become white before his limbs were feeble. The men wore the Glenronald tartan, with the closely-fitting coat of cloth or velvet, and the plain Glengarry, or cloth cap, having a piece of broom or heather stuck into the side of it. The skeen-doo — (how they spelt it I don't know), the

Highlander's last resource, a short knife — stuck in the garter of each right leg. One old man among them wore the sword and the plumed Highland bonnet. The pipers played merrily, and as the clansmen came near us, they wheeled into line, and marched two and two. So, with the chief at the head, preceded by pipers three, they arrived on the course, and there forming a square, stood with their shields and their long axes ready, as if about to give battle to each other. By this time a line of carriages had formed, and the gay dresses of ladies were fluttering about them. Every seat was occupied on carriage, cart, or platform, and the sports began. The Glenronald having saluted the assembled company, the Reverend Mr. Preach, the parson of the parish and one of the stewards of the festival, came forward with a programme. The signal having been given, hurling, wrestling, single-stick, foot-racing, and all the well-known Highland games proceeded merrily. Dancing closed the entertainment, and the Highland fling and sword dance were considered to be the most triumphant successes in that way. Then the men were all passed in review, that prizes might be adjudged to those who were most perfect in their appointments. A ball and supper to the gillies closed the day, and was the last item of my experience among the Moors.

AN OPIUM FACTORY.

AT Ghazeepore, one hot and windy day, I went down to the "opium go-downs" or stores. The atmosphere of a hot and windy day at Ghazeepore, if it should ever be thought suitable for invalids or others, may be inhaled in England by any one who will stand at the open door of an oven and breathe a fog of fried sand cunningly blown therefrom. After a two miles drive through heat, and wind, and sand, and odoriferous bazar, we—I and two friends—found our way to a practicable breach or gateway in a high railing by which the store-house is surrounded. A faint scent as of decaying vegetable matter assailed our noses as we entered the court of the go-down; as for the go-down itself, it was a group of long buildings fashioned in the common Indian style, Venetian-doored, and having a great deal more door than wall. In and out and about these doors there was a movement of scantily clad coolies (porters) bearing on their heads large earthen vessels; these vessels, carefully sealed, contained opium fresh out of the poppy district. Poppy-headed—I mean red-turbaned—accountants bustled about, while Burkunday (or policemen) whose brains appeared to be as full of drowsiness as any jar in the go-down, were lazily lounging about, with their swords beside them, or else fastened in sleep beside their swords.

The doorway was shown to us through which we should get at the "Sahib," or officer on duty. Entering the doorway, we pushed through a crowd of natives into an atmosphere drugged powerfully with the scent of opium. The members of the crowd were all carrying tin vessels; each vessel was half full of opium, in the form of a black, sticky dough, and contained also a ticket showing the name of the grower, a specimen of whose opium was therein presented, with the names of the village and district in which it was grown.

The can-bearers, eager as cannibals, all crowded round a desk, at which their victim, the gentleman on duty, sat. Cans were flowing in from all sides. On the right hand of the Sahib stood a native Mephistopheles, with sleeves tucked up, who darted his hand into the middle of each can as it came near, pawed the contents with a mysterious rapidity, extracted a bit of the black dough, carried it briskly to his nose, and instantly pronounced in English a number which the Sahib, who has faith in his familiar, inscribed at once in red ink on the ticket. As I approached, Mephistopheles was good enough to hold a dainty morsel to my nose, and call upon me to express the satisfaction of a gourmand. It was a lump of the finest, I was told. So readily can this native tell by the feel of opium whether foreign substance has been added, and so readily can he distinguish by the smell

its quality, that this test by Mephistopheles is rarely found to differ much in its result from the more elaborate tests presently to be described. The European official, who was working with the thermometer at a hundred, would be unable to remain longer than four hours at his desk; at the end of that time another would come to release him, and assume his place.

Out of each can, when it was presented for the first rough test, a small portion of the dough was taken, to be carried off into another room. Into this room we were introduced, and found the thermometer working its way up from a hundred and ten degrees to a hundred and twenty. On our left, as we entered, was a table, whereat about half-a-dozen natives sat, weighing out, in measured portions of one hundred grains, the specimens that had been just sent to them out of the chamber of cans. Each portion of a hundred grains was placed, as it was weighed, upon a small plate by itself, with its own proper ticket by its side. The plates were in the next place carried to another part of the chamber, fitted up with steam-baths — not unlike tables in appearance — and about these baths or tables boys were sitting, who, with spatulas, industriously spread the opium over each plate, as though the plate were bread, and the opium upon it were a piece of butter. This being done over the steam-bath, caused the water to depart out of

the drug, and left upon the plate a dry powder, which, being weighed, and found to be about twenty-three grains lighter by the loss of moisture, is called standard opium. If the hundred grains after evaporation leave a residue of more than seventy-seven, the manufacturer is paid a higher price for his more valuable sample; if the water be found in excess, the price paid for the opium-dough is, of course, lower than the standard. I thought it a quaint sight when I watched the chattering young chemists naked to the waist, at work over their heated tables, grinding vigorously with their blunt knife-blades over what appeared to be a very dirty set of cheese-plates. But, the heat of this room was so great that we felt in our own bodies what was taking place about us, and before there had been time for the reduction of each hundred grains of our own flesh to the standard seventy-seven, we beat a retreat from the chamber of evaporations.

With the curiosity of Blue-beard's wives we proceeded to inspect the mysteries of the next chamber. It was full of vats, and in the vats was opium, and over the vats were ropes depending from the ceiling, and depending from the ropes were naked men — natives — themselves somewhat opium-coloured, kicking and stamping lustily within the vats upon the opium; each vat was in fact a mortar, and each man a living pestle, and in this

room a quantity of opium — worth more lacs of rupees than I have ever had between my fingers — was being mixed and kneaded by the legs of men, preparatory to being made up into pills. From the chamber of pestles, with curiosity unsated, we went forward to peep into the chamber of the pills.

A rush of imps, in the tight brown dresses furnished to them gratuitously by their mother Nature, each imp carrying a bolus in his hand of about the size of a forty-two pound shot, encountered us, and almost laid us prostrate as we entered. This — the fourth — chamber was a long and narrow room quite full of busy natives, every tongue industriously talking, and every finger nimble over work. Around the walls of this room there are low stools placed at even distances, and upon each stool a workman rather squats than sits, having before him a brass cup, of which the interior would fit one half of a bolus. Before each man upon a stool there stands a man without a stool, and a boy with a saucer. The man without a stool has by his side a number of dried poppy leaves, of which he takes a few, and having moistened them in a dark gummy liquid, which is simply composed of the washings of the various vessels used in the establishment, he hands the moistened poppy leaves to the man upon the stool who sits before the cup. The man upon the stool, who has been rubbing the

same liquid gum with his fingers over the inner surface of the cup — as housekeepers, I suppose, butter their jelly moulds — proceeds to fit in two or three leaves; then, with his fingers spreads over them more gum; then, adds a few leaves more, and fits them neatly with his closed hand round the bottom of the cup, until he has made a good lining to it. His companion without the stool has, in the meantime, brought to his hand a fixed quantity of opium, a mass weighing two pounds, and this the genius of the stool puts into the cup; leaves are then added on the top of it, and by a series of those dexterous and inscrutably rapid twists of the hand with which all cunning workmen are familiar, he rapidly twists out of his cup a ball of opium, within a yellowish brown coat of leaves, resembling, as I have already said, a forty-two pound shot. He shoots it suddenly into the earthen saucer held out by the boy, and instantly the boy takes to his heels and scampers off with his big pill of opium, which is to be taken into the yard and there exposed to the air until it shall have dried. These pills are called cakes, but they belong, evidently, to the class of unwholesome confectionary. A workman of average dexterity makes seventy such cakes in a day. During the manufacturing season, this factory turns out daily from six thousand five hundred to seven thousand cakes; the number of cakes made in the same factory in

one season being altogether about twenty-seven thousand. A large proportion of these cakes are made for the Chinese, but they do not at all agree with the Chinese digestion. The manufacture of the opium is not hurtful to the health of those who are engaged upon the factory.

The key of a fifth chamber being in our power, we continued steadfast in our enterprise, and boldly looked into the chemical test-room of a small laboratory, of which the genius appeared before us suddenly with a benign expression on his countenance, and offered chairs. His clothes are greatly splashed, and he is busy among opium tins, of which the contents have been pronounced suspicious by the Mephistopheles in the first chamber. From the contents of one of these cans an assistant takes a portion, and having made with it a solution in a test tube, hands it to the chemist. The chemist, from bottles in which potent and mysterious spirits are locked up, selecting one, bids it, by the mysterious name of iodine, depart into the solution and declare whether he finds starch to be there. The iodine spirit does its bidding, goes among the opium, and promptly there flashes through the glass a change of colour, the appointed signal, by which the magic spirit of the bottle telegraphs to the benign genius of the laboratory, that "The grower who sent this opium fraudulently added flour to it, in order to in-

crease its weight." The fraud having been exposed, the adulterated drug has a little red ink mark made upon its ticket. The consequence of that mark will be confiscation, and great disappointment to the dealer who attempted a dishonest increase of his gain.

We have nothing more to see, but we have something more to hear, and the very kind chemist will be our informant. There are two opium agencies, one at Patna and one at Ghazeepore. I know nothing whatever about Patna. For the Ghazeepore Agency, the opium is grown in a district lying between its head quarters, Ghazeepore, and Agra. Its cultivation gives employment to one hundred and twenty-seven thousand labourers. The final preparation of the ground takes place in the months of October and November. Under the most favourable circumstances of soil and season, twenty-four or twenty-six pounds weight of standard opium is got from one biggah of land; one biggah being a little more than three-fifths of an acre. Under unfavourable circumstances, the yield may be as little as six or eight pounds to the biggah, the average produce being from twelve pounds to sixteen.

To obtain the opium, as is well known, the capsule of the poppy is scored or cut; the scoring is effected with a peculiar tool that makes three or four (vertical and parallel) wounds at a single

stroke. This wounding of the hearts of the poppies is commonly the work of women. The wounds having been made, the quantity of juice exuding seems to depend very much upon conditions of the atmosphere. Dews increase the flow, but while they make it more abundant, they cause it also to be darker and more liquid. East winds lessen the exudation. A moderate westerly wind, with dews at night, is the condition most favourable to the opium harvest, both as regards quantity and quality of produce.

The average per centage of morphia in this opium is from one and three quarters to three and a half; of narcotine, from three quarters to three and a half. These are the valuable principles of the drug. In some opium, the percentage of morphia runs up to ten and three quarters per cent. of morphia, and six per cent. of narcotine.

The income drawn from its opium by the East India Company amounts to some two and a half crores of rupees — two and a half millions of pounds sterling.

TRIUMPHANT CARRIAGES.

AFTER much consideration, we have come to the conclusion that there is less wear of shoe-leather in Ireland than in any Christian country in the world. In Ireland, when a man ceases to go barefoot, he somehow or other rides. This is a curious and a rather serious

matter, which may be looked at in more ways than one. The deficiency of a middle class in Ireland is a solemn and mournful truth, on which it is not now our business to enlarge. We do not mean, of course, that there is no middle class; nor that it is much smaller in the half-dozen chief towns of Ireland than in considerable towns elsewhere. In fact, a town is impossible without a broad middle-class stratum on which to found its institutions. What we mean is, that over the greater part or the surface of Ireland there is spread a thin population of uncomfortable people (as we should think), with a nobleman's seat, and the mansions of a few gentry somewhere near; and very few shopkeepers, or farmers, or merchants, to transact the business of those above and below them. My lord's family and the gentry ride and drive, of course, as lords and gentry are wont to do: and the poor people walk — without shoe-leather. They are, no doubt, less uncomfortable than they look to English eyes; for in good looks, in health, strength, and merriment, they seem to beat the English and Scotch all to nothing — that is, between June and the new year, when they have their potato crops to feast on (and they do consider it feasting to eat potatoes, in comparison with all other food). How it may be with their looks and spirits during the rest of the year we cannot say from personal observation; but it is well known that they have never, under any

circumstances, any desire to be plagued by the consideration of shoe-leather. They like a cast in a vehicle very well; but they excuse themselves from wearing shoes, even when there is a handful of bank-notes in the thatch, or a handsome litter of pigs under the bed, or half-a-dozen sleek cows wading among the ragwort and thistles in the field. You may see the fishermen's wives walking barefoot on the sharp rocks and rough shingle, looking for bait, or bringing up the lobsters. You may see the peasant women, with stout red petticoats and blue cloaks, or gay yellow and red shawls, trotting and skipping barefoot over the bogs, finishing with a grand hop over the last ditch into the road, on the way to chapel, market, or fair. If the last, they are probably carrying stockings and shoes in their hands, to be put on when within sight of the spot: but the same pair may last a life-time, if worn only at such times, and in such a manner.

If you travel near a bog in autumn — and that is a thing sure to happen to the tourist in Ireland — you will occasionally see a dingy procession on the road before you, which looks, from a distance, like a small brown funeral. When you come nearer, you see a dozen or so of large hampers, without lids, filled and piled up with dried peat, in the shape of bricks; each hamper being mounted on a rude sort of truck, and each truck being drawn by a small donkey. On the truck is some-

where perched a boy, man, or woman. Time seems to be of small value; for these cars are proceeding as slowly as possible, exactly in the middle of the road, till your driver calls out that if the people do not clear the way, he will bring the Police upon them. Then heads pop up from behind the hampers, and voices shout and scream, and donkeys scramble, and the way is cleared, and half-a-dozen children catch hold of your carriage, and run for half-a-dozen miles, begging for a halfpenny. This is, we believe, the lowest order of Irish carriage. Then comes the superior sort of turf-car, made of upright slips of wood, sloping outwards, so as to look like a square basket of rails upon wheels. This is light and pretty, and serves well for carrying peat, hay, animals, and whatever the farmer has to convey that is solid. Our substantial country carts and waggons are rarely seen — and still more rarely the farmers' gigs which abound on English roads. Besides that, there are few men in Ireland answering to our farmers; they prefer their "outside car" to our gig — and very reasonably. That "outside car" is the most delightful vehicle we know of — so light and well-balanced, that a horse can draw a greater load for a longer distance than an Englishman can believe, until he sees it: so safe, that it is scarcely possible to apprehend an accident: so convenient, that it has been praised till people are tired of hearing of it; wherefore we will say no more

about it. After this come the handsome carriages, made in Dublin, which are much like the handsome carriages seen in London and Paris, and New York, and other places where an aristocracy has to please itself about its means of conveyance.

Made in Dublin, we say. Thereby hangs a tale, which has, for years, interested us, whenever we have thought of Dublin and the Irish, and which may, therefore, interest others. So we will briefly tell it.

In the last century, we must remember, Ireland did not belong to England as she does now. She was yoked to England, but not incorporated with her. There was then no United Kingdom, such as we speak of now. Ireland was subject to our monarchs, and had a Viceroy living in Dublin, as representative of the Sovereign; but she had her own Parliament, managed her own affairs, and had much less claim on the aid, fellow-feeling, and co-operation of England than now, when the representatives of the whole people of our islands sit in the same legislature, and become more united in their real interests, year by year. In those days it was all-important to Ireland to have flourishing branches of industry of her own. One of the best illustrations of the wisdom and folly of that day is the coach-making business, for which the Messrs. Hutton have made Dublin famous.

In 1779, Mr. John Hutton, a worthy citizen of Dublin, set up a

coach-manufactory in Great Britain Street. All that we know of his business during the first ten years is that it was successful. There was no doubt about that: but his friends believed his success to be owing in part to the central situation of his factory, while he knew it to be owing to the goodness of the work done there. When, in 1789, he removed to Summerhill, where the factory now is, he was told that he was going out of the way of the great thoroughfares, and that the citizens would desert him. His reply was, that if his carriages were good, people would come to Summerhill for them; and so they did, for the business became a very fine one, employing a large number of men. It was easier to make carriages then than now. That is, there was less variety: less science was put into the business: people did not think so much of securing lightness, of consulting speed, of economising room, and so on. We can judge of the carriages of those days by the pictures of them. We remember the heavy coaches that George the Third and his family used to ride about in; and it strikes us with a kind of grief, even at this day, to remember how different might have been the issue of events if, at the time of Mr. John Hutton's removal to Summerhill, one of the carriages that may be seen there now, had been in waiting, with the same Count Fersen to drive it, for Louis the Sixteenth and his family, on the occasion of their attempt to

escape to the frontier. When they left their own carriage, at a little distance from Paris, it was to enter a berline, which was so heavy, and went so slowly, that they were not out of sight of people who knew them when daylight came. To be sure, they blundered so dreadfully that they had but a poor chance any way: but a lighter carriage would have incalculably improved their case; and then, if they had got away, how different would have been the fate of Europe, ever since, and at this day! The gallant Count Fersen drove well and did his utmost; but what could be the speed of a coach half as big as a drawing-room, filled with a stout gentleman and ladies in hoops, and drawn by horses jog-trotting like those which, in our day, convey our old-fashioned squires to church, in all the leisure of Sunday morning? So the unhappy family were caught; and all but one lost their lives in consequence. The surrounding nations made war, and the fate of Europe and the world was changed for evermore.

Meantime, Mr. Hutton's workmen went on making carriages, without thinking much of changes, or dreaming that they should have to learn anything new; although the whole world was changing, and finding itself obliged to learn. The Irish rebellion — one of the most mournful events in history — took place; and then the flag with the united arms of Great Britain and Ireland, floated from the

Tower of London and the Castle at Dublin, on the first day of the century; and Mr. John Hutton went on growing rich, and his men went on making coaches in the old way, never imagining that anything could be better. The coaches were eminently good, certainly; and Mr. Hutton chose that they should continue to be so. More Irish gentry now went to London, and they saw and valued all recent improvements in carriages. In 1806, one young son came into the business, and in 1811, another; and it may fairly be supposed that these young men might introduce some new ideas, and infuse fresh spirit into the business. However this may be, it is clear that the men — some few of them — at this time made up their minds to manage the business in their own way, and allow none but friends of their own to be employed.

One April afternoon in that year (1811), they waylaid and cruelly beat a fellow-workman, named Davis, on the ground that he had been a saddler originally, whereas he was now foreman of the harness-makers in the factory. The folly of this act presently appeared. Owing to Davis's ability, the firm had been able to make some harness at home which had before been imported from England. When Davis was disabled, the importation was renewed, and several men lost their employment, — none of them being qualified to fill the place of the injured man. On the twenty-seventh of the same month, some

of the malcontents concealed themselves in the factory, instead of going home from work; and in the course of the night they destroyed the linings of several new carriages, and cut and defaced the panels, carving on them the names of obnoxious persons, and threats to their employers.

It was now time for Government to interfere. A reward of two hundred pounds was offered for the apprehension of each of the first three persons who should be convicted of either of the offences which signalled that unhappy month. As for the Messrs. Hutton, they were fully aware of the importance to their country of sustaining such a manufacture as theirs; and they knew that it could be done only by their conducting their own business in their own way. They reasoned kindly with their men, even affectionately, showing them the true state of the case, while they declared that they would submit to no dictation, but conduct their manufacture in their own way, or retire from business. By this time, the manufacture was so large, that the whole city was interested in its continuance.

In 1812, it was found to be desirable to bring over an accomplished coach-painter from London. No man was removed to make way for this Richard Couchman. The benevolent employers hoped to provide work for new men by every improvement they introduced; but some few of their people were rather muddle-headed

— confounding the employment of an Englishman in Ireland with sending over Irish work to be done in England; which last was exactly the misfortune which the Messrs. Hutton were striving to avert. They knew that the Irish gentry would buy carriages in London (now that every body was frequently going to London), unless they could have them at least as good for the same money in Dublin. Richard Couchman gave a supper to his fellow-workmen on his arrival, according to custom. On that night (in December, 1812), one of his guests, Arthur Conolly, told him that the Irishmen did not want any Englishmen among them, and that he, for one, would not have his work found fault with. This man had been originally a labourer in the yard, at eight shillings a week. He had been taught a branch of the business by Mr. Hutton; and was now receiving excellent wages as a painter. After this supper, he became so morose and sullen, that his employers, at the suggestion of Couchman himself, raised his wages to twenty-eight shillings per week, to remove from his mind any notion that he was supplanted, or out of favour. Nothing would do, however; and he so conducted himself, that it was necessary to discharge him the next June.

On the twenty-seventh of August, as Couchman and another workman were going home in the evening, and just as they had parted, Couchman was felled by

a blow on the head. He was not at once perfectly insensible. He felt many more blows, "as a sort of jar," saw many legs, the glittering of weapons, and the ends of bludgeons. He saw also the face of Conolly and of one Kelly; and so did the comrade he had just parted with, who was also struck, and had a narrow escape. It seems to carry us back to a very old time, to read that these two men — Conolly and Kelly — were pilloried. They were imprisoned for two years, and pilloried three times.

And now came out the civic heroism of the benevolent employers. They were very rich, and they might have withdrawn from business. But they knew the worth, both of the principle for which they were contending, and of the maintenance of such a manufacture as theirs. They knew themselves to be in peril of their lives. They went out to their country houses every evening well armed. But they issued addresses to their men, brave as benevolent, — in which they avowed that they knew the guilty ones among their people, and had their eye upon them; that they would not yield a single point on any compulsion whatever; and that they preserved their sincere attachment to the faithful among their work-people, to whom they would be faithful in return. They escaped attack. The two sons are living now. If it had been otherwise, all Ireland would have rung with the shame; for

their munificence was too great to be kept secret by their modesty.

In 1824, there was another conflict; but it was much less serious. The coach smiths of the city of Dublin complained of the importation, by the firm, of certain articles of wrought iron, different from what they were accustomed to make; which was, of course, the reason of the importation. The firm declined corresponding with any but their own men; but pointed out to them that not a forge or a man in Ireland was thrown out of work by their importation, while there was increased employment for everybody else engaged in coach-making. The business had grown prodigiously within forty years, and this was owing to the liberty the firm had so carefully guarded, of improving their manufacture to the utmost; a liberty which they meant to keep. Their men, however, had not yet grown wise. Some of them refused to touch the iron work imported from England. This stopped the manufacture, of course, as far as the new material was meant to be applied. The firm issued an admirable address to the rest of their people, promising to employ them as long as it was possible to do so; but showing that this could be but for a short time, if the carriages could not be finished. They had already offered to set up in business two of their own smiths, to copy the English patterns, supplying them with capital, material, and appa-

ratus, and paying the same price as in England: but the refusal of the offer showed that the aim of the men was to preclude recent improvements, and compel their employers to make coaches in the old way, and in no other. On this occasion, there appeared to be very great danger that the firm would be obliged to close their manufactory. This, though it would have thrown several hundreds of persons out of bread, would have been a smaller evil than allowing the business to perish under the ignorant dictation of a small proportion of the work-people; but it would have been a wide-spreading misfortune — *how* serious can hardly be fully understood but by those who have seen that factory as it is at this day, when there is but one mind among all who are busy within its walls.

It will have been observed that none of the conflicts, during all this long course of years, had been about wages, or hours of working. There had been no possible ground for it; for the firm had never been in combination with other employers against the men; although the men had been in combination with others against the introduction of English improvements. The practice of the firm had always been to pay liberal wages, in order to secure the best work. They hired the labour which suited them, — which was always of the highest order that could be obtained. If the men were satisfied, they

supported them against all encroachment and injury. If the men were not satisfied, they let them go in all good will, and, if it was possible, helped them to settle themselves more to their minds. There was little of this parting, however; for the best men knew when they were well off. They were maintained in sickness, pensioned after long service, watched over with vigilant good-will; and wise men were in no hurry to throw away friends who would do this.

The time came when the advantage of such an understanding was put to the proof. In times of distress, the carriage is the first luxury laid down by those who must economise, and it is the last thing to be purchased by those who can do without it. We all remember the years of distress from 1836 to 1843. At that time the younger of the two brothers was alone in the business, — the father having died long before, and the elder brother being at that time the member for Dublin, with O'Connell for his colleague. It had long been foreseen that there must be some decline in the business from the increase of railroads. To this was added the seven years' distress. Mr. Hutton stood between his men and utter ruin as long as possible. His large capital enabled him to allow his stock to accumulate: but the time came, towards the close of 1842, when he was compelled, in order to keep on his men, to reduce their work and wages slightly. There

were persons who endeavoured to make mischief between him and his people on this occasion; but he easily made himself understood by giving his reasons, and the facts of the case. After that came the famine, and with it, of course, a prodigious falling off of business. The Irish gentry could not buy carriages while the people were starving, and the rates were heavier than many could pay. And when affairs began to come round, and there seemed to be a prospect of better days, a terrible accident happened. His family being absent, Mr. Hutton was sleeping in town, when a servant rushed into his room in the middle of the night, crying out, "O, Sir! the factory is on fire!" He was on the spot instantly, in time to save the Lord Mayor's grand carriages, which were wanted the next day, and which were worth many hundred pounds. The timber-yard was safe, happily; a circumstance of great importance, as it takes some years to season the wood properly. But the loss was very great — many thousands of pounds over and above the insurance. It was a melancholy sight to the gazing crowd, to see the carriages brought out — some of them on fire inside, and others cracking and warping, and to know how many more were destroyed. And there was the fear that Mr. Hutton would now retire. He was rich; his brother had retired; and he might be supposed to have had enough of it, considering what

the last few years must have been. Happily, he has not retired. He has rebuilt his factory, and very nearly brought everything round to its former state of order; and, as there are sons in the business, it may be hoped that the establishment may continue to be the blessing to Dublin that it has been for nearly three-quarters of a century.

The timber-yard is a picturesque spectacle, of itself. It is a sort of field, attached to the property when Summerhill was "out of town." The wood is of various kinds. Every wheel is made of three sorts — the spokes of oak, the nave of elm, and the rim of ash. Beech is used for some purposes, but it does not wear so well as ash. The panels are made of mahogany; and some of the upper parts, which are least subject to strain, are of pine, accurately covered with leather. Some of the bent and finely-curved pieces, which have to bear a great strain, and on which the beauty of the carriage much depends, are of witch hazel elm. The wood is bent by steam — the stocks actually boiled, to make them flexible. For all this, the wood can hardly be too old: and a great capital is always locked up in that timber-yard.

The great show-place of the establishment is, of course, the department where the finished carriages are kept. The variety is quite marvellous to a spectator who, not being worth a carriage of any sort, has never given any

particular attention to the diversity out of which a purchaser may choose. But, after all, one may see finished carriages abundantly in the streets, while it is a novelty to see their skeletons and their separate parts. So we rushed gladly into the upper rooms, which look like an hospital for carriages.

Bodies lay on the ground, bare of covering and of lining, without door or window; every stock and frame and panel staring one in the face, and all the iron strips and bolts open to examination; and the curious little wooden bolts — square morsels studding the inside of the roof and sides, to divide and equalise the strain, and prevent "springing." To have caught a family of carriages thus *en déshabille* was quite an event. Then we saw them dressed. There was lining upon lining, before the last silk and lace were put in. We felt the curly, elastic hair with which the cushions are stuffed. We noted the windows: how the inner edge of the frame is made higher than the outer, to prevent the rain oozing in, as it used to do in the days of our grandmothers for want of this simple precaution.

Other changes there are since the days of our grandmothers — one of which we think very striking. Formerly, the keeping a carriage signified the keeping a certain number of servants; and the servants were considered the most important part of the equipage and exhibition. Now, it is plain

that carriages are kept, much more than of old, for their mere convenience: and some of the most valued improvements in a coach-manufactory are those which enable the occupant of the carriage to dispense with all service but that of the driver. There are newly-invented handles, to open the door from within with a touch; and the opening of the door lets down the step, which is folded under the carriage when the door is shut. There are various screens of recent invention, for keeping the entire doorway and window clear of mud. The medical man in moderate practice, the elderly lady of moderate income, — various people of moderate means — may now have a carriage who could not formerly dream of such a thing. Carriages cost much less than of old; they wear longer; and they can be used without the attendance of a footman. This increased use of carriages may set against their increased durability and lessened cost. Such has been the faith of this firm, while paying high for the best work, and exercising all possible ingenuity in strengthening the structure, and bringing down the cost of its carriages. In its show-rooms may be seen from forty to fifty different kinds of carriages, at prices rising from thirty pounds (if we remember right) to one hundred and thirty pounds. There were no Lord Mayor's equipages, nor great lumbering vehicles, such as old prints show us, with room for several grand footmen behind; but there were some as handsome as any carriages of our own time; and a gradual descent from these to the useful, humble, neat family car, — the genuine Irish car, which may, according to tradition, carry the parson and his wife and thirteen children. Against the walls of these work-rooms hang large black boards, whereon are chalked ideal carriages, as new notions enter any brain on the premises. Some suggestions obtained in this way have been honoured by the testimony of successive Lord Lieutenants, as may be seen by the diplomas which adorn the walls of the room appropriated to them. From the Exhibition there could be no testimonial, as Mr. Hutton was one of the jurors.

We saw here, applied to carriage-windows, the curved and bent plate-glass which is oftener seen used for lamps. This comes from London. The plated work is chiefly purchased; as are the laces and fringes. One room is gay with the colours used by the painters; and many were the polishers whom we saw at work. The diversity of employments is indeed very great, though Mr. Hutton declines making railway carriages; and the public cars, now so numerous in Ireland and so great a blessing to her population, are made by the successors of the inventor, the late Mr. Bianconi. There are, on Mr. Hutton's premises, about one hundred and eighty men employed, besides the women who make the carriage linings: and their wages are high

for Ireland. The labourers in the yards have eight shillings per week; and the highest wages paid are three pounds per week. These are the two extremities of the scale.

There are no heart-burnings there now; — no dispute — no mistrust. The principle of the firm is, at length, understood, so as never to be mistaken again. To make the best possible carriages, in order to secure this fine business to Dublin, is the aim; and to use their own judgment as to how this is to be done, is the determination of these gentlemen. Their fellow-townsmen now see what a blessing it is that they have been so resolute in holding to their determination. Any stranger in Dublin, who mentions their names, is sure to hear what is now thought of them and their kindly victory.

THE TOPMOST CITY OF THE EARTH.

THIRTEEN thousand, seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea! At a perpendicular elevation of upwards of two miles and a half, nearly on the snow line of the Andes, stands the topmost city of the earth, Ceno de Pasco. It is the capital of the richest silver district in Peru. At the before-named height, the Andes spread themselves out into vast plains or table-lands. Such table-lands — Punas, the Indians

call them — sometimes extend hundreds of miles, and, on one of them — that of Pasco — stands the before-named city of Ceno de Pasco, which I took care to visit when I was a dweller in Peru.

Through the Palace Square of Lima — not forgetting to look up for the fortieth time at its magnificent cathedral — over the Rimac by a handsome bridge, which connects the city with the suburb of San Lazaro, I got out with my friends into the open country. The plain on which Lima stands gradually contracts as it approaches the Sierra, until it becomes a narrow track between great walls of rock. The road then slowly rises to a height of upwards of six thousand five hundred feet. Having mounted thus far, and so done more up-hill business than belongs to the ascent of Snowdon, we are told quietly that we have reached the foot of the mountains. From this point the ascent is steeper and more dangerous, winding along narrow paths, and doubling huge projections, yielding, sometimes, barely room for a mule to pass; whilst, now and then, a heavy mass comes tumbling down from overhead, and lodges on some ledge that is wide enough to stop it, with a crash that makes the mountain tremble.

The Sierra is cleft in many places by gorges, that descend, straight as the plummet, to an immense depth; and, as the road passes along the edge of these abysses, the view suggests a

strong temptation to make one false step, or cause the same to be made by the mule, since it would be but a moment's work to slip into the throat of the old gaping chasm.

As we ascend, the change in the climate and vegetation, of course, soon attracts attention. We pass from the sugar-cane and banana in the plains, through every shade of increasing barrenness, to a few mosses and scrubby bushes on the Puna. A few villages are scattered on the route, and in the neighbourhood of these, maize and potatoes are grown even at a height of some ten thousand feet. But, by degrees these disappear, and the monotony of the road is broken only by an occasional tambo — a most miserable stunted species of road-side inn — which yields a scanty supply of food and accommodation, and is eaten up almost to the very walls by fleas. Fleas, I should guess, were, like the potatoe, first imported into Europe from Peru. In that country, certainly, the species must have been multiplying rapidly from the remotest times. The scenery of the Andes (like that of the Himalayas, and of all vast mountains) appears, at first sight, to fall short of one's previous ideas. The view is often very much confined. The idea of their enormous height is not at all conveyed by travelling over them; for, the successive valleys and table-lands present successive starting-points, and the stupendous mountain-chain, supporting countries on its bosom,

escapes the measurement of a mere pair of eyes.

Having crossed the passes of the Alto de Jaquehambo, and the Alto de Lachaqual — the latter of which is above the snow line, fifteen thousand, five hundred feet high — we begin to descend, and presently, a sudden turn in the road reveals a large and apparently well-built town. This town lies in a basin surrounded by rocks, and the view of it forms a scene oddly inconsistent with the grand solitude and bleakness of the scenery around. Closer acquaintance dissipates our notion that the town is well built. It is a dirty miserable place, in which there are uncomfortably huddled together fifteen thousand people. It is chiefly composed of miners' huts — something like overgrown bee-hives — with a few tolerable houses that belong to shop-keepers and the proprietors of mines. As we descend from the pass into the Puna, a scene worthy of the Andes breaks upon us. We are on the highest and the most extensive table-land in all Peru. Its breadth is about seventy miles, its length scarcely determinable, as it penetrates into the mountains at various points, and is not abruptly broken by them, but sweeps gradually upwards to their summits. In the centre is a large lake, from one side of which the principal tributary of the Amazon begins its course, whilst, from the other side, several small streams flow to the western coast, so that from this lake tribute is sent both to the

Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In the distance rise the great Cordillera stretching towards the Brazils; whilst the nearer peaks of the Andes, whitened with snow, shine round about us cold, rugged, and silent, in vast masses that cause our hearts to dilate with a half painful sense of the sublime. The clear blue sky of the plains has deepened almost into black; the dull, lead-coloured sun seems to have lost the power of communicating heat, and looks like a mere spectre of the tyrant under whose reign for so many years, men, women, and children have been flayed, or roasted, or marked with a brand upon the skin.

On first reaching the Puna, we all suffer a good deal from the rarefaction of the air, which produces sickness, bleeding at the mouth and nose, and pain in the chest. Horses and mules, on their first visit, suffer from this cause more acutely than men, and the drivers often slit the nostrils of these animals; an operation which is said to give relief. The slitting of our own noses being, of course, out of the question, we get over our discomfort as we can. The only native animals found on the Puna belong to the llama tribe; alpacas, guanacas, and vicunas. The llama works at the mines as the ordinary beast of burden, and is perfectly efficient; it is more sagacious, steady, and sure-footed even than the mule. The alpacas are tamed and kept in flocks for the sake of their wool, an article which has of late be-

come important to the English manufacturers. The guanacas and vicunas — the former the largest, and the latter the handsomest members of their tribe — are seldom to be tamed; they range the mountains, and the pursuit of them affords sport to the European hunter in Peru.

On entering the city of Pasco from the mountain solitudes, we are in the first place annoyed at the incessant clatter that surrounds us. The mines are opened in the streets, the courtyards, and occasionally even in the houses of the town. We encounter them at every step, and as they are often very shallow — the depth varying from twenty to a hundred and fifty feet — the blows of many picks and hammers are distinctly heard. The mines are generally private property, though some of them, indeed, belong to English companies. The mode of working is extremely careless. The descent into them is by a bucket hung on an old chain, or worn-out rope. The sides and roof of the galleries are frequently left unsupported, because timber happens to be scarce and dear: accidents therefore constantly occur, but nobody concerns himself about them. The rubbish is removed after a fall in; and the work goes on as usual. The miners are, for the most part, Indians. They earn, on an average, from four to six reals (two or three shillings) daily; but when a rich vein has been opened, they are paid in ore, and often

earn very high wages, which they spend in brandy, chicha, and fine clothes. The town abounds with liquor-shops, eating-houses, and *cafés*, which are generally kept by foreigners, men of all nations. From these places the Indian miners buy their food ready cooked. It consists chiefly of maize bread and charquí — slices of beef dried in the sun — great quantities of which are imported from the more southern republics, especially the Argentine. Even before food, however, the chief comfort of the Indian is the coca leaf. The coca plant is not unlike the vine in its appearance. It is cultivated by the Indians at the foot and on the sides of the Cordilleras, and bears a white flower, with a small red fruit. At the proper season, the leaves are stripped from the plants, carefully dried, and packed in bags containing each from fifty to a hundred pounds. They have an aromatic bitter taste. The cholo never is without his little pouch of coca leaves, and a small calabash containing quick lime, or the ashes of a hot root. He first chews a quid of leaves until it is well moistened, and then thrusts a little lime into the mass on the point of a small stick: thereupon the mastication is continued till the quid is dry. This kind of refreshment is taken by the miners three times a day, about a quarter of an hour being set apart for its enjoyment upon each occasion; and the men will go through the most arduous toil, or travel for

days over the mountains, with no other support than coca leaf. In travelling, a quid is kept continually in the mouth. On first using the coca, there is some excoriation suffered by the lips; this, however, passes off, and, when mixed with a little quinna, I must say that I have found the stuff very agreeable. It produces the exhilarating effects of opium without the drowsiness and stupefaction; it will ward off sleep, destroy the sense of hunger, and act as a spur upon the strength and spirits. The cholos who use it regularly are unquestionably healthy and long-lived; but the coca, like all other stimulants, is liable to serious abuse. The coquero or coca-chewer, who is never without a ball of it in his mouth, often passes the night through without sleep; he becomes debilitated, languid, nervous; his complexion takes a greenish hue; and, if he will persist in his excess — which soon becomes a vice beyond the power of his will — he perishes.

In the shops of Pasco are found the products of all countries. Bass's pale ale is in high favour here, and knives and forks carry the stamp of Sheffield cutlers. I remember being pleasantly surprised in a shepherd's hut on the Puna, at having placed before me some boiled maize on a plate ornamented with a picture of John Anderson my joe and his gude wife, with two verses of the song beneath it. The Indian was delighted at the pleasure I took in

the plate, and was solicitous to have the lines translated.

The most common contents of dishes at the fondas or eating houses, are pucheros and pican-tes; the former a mixture of everything — beef, pork, camotes, frijoles, bananas, potatoes, maize, &c., highly seasoned with aji — a sort of ground pepper, of a peculiar and pleasant flavour. The latter, the picante, is comprised of jerked beef, chopped small, and mixed with bread crumbs or crushed maize. The usual liquors are a sweet unpleasant wine, chicha, and guarapo — the latter made from fermented sugar and water; still good wines are procurable, and spirits are much too plentiful. Under the influence of spirit frequent battles occur among the Indians, in which the long knife is freely used.

As the high table-land is altogether unproductive, provisions and other necessaries are brought from the valleys on the backs of mules. That is the only practicable mode of carriage; although it is a curious fact that, during the War of Independence, cavalry and artillery were transported to these heights, and two battles were fought close to Pasco. At the latter of these Bolivar had ten thousand troops besides artillery in the field, and Canterac, the royalist general, opposed him with an equal number. They must certainly have had a taste for fighting under difficulties if they dragged themselves, their guns,

and horses up these mountains for no other purpose.

An English firm at Callao, which has considerable mining property on the Ceno de Pasco, has recently procured from England a quantity of improved machinery for the extraction of the silver from its ore. The old method is still commonly practised, that is to say, the ore is amalgamated with quicksilver by treading together quicksilver and ore beneath the feet of mules and horses; this proceeding causes a considerable loss of quicksilver, ruins the feet of the animals, and does not properly fulfil its purpose. The quicksilver — nearly all of which is brought from Europe — is afterwards evaporated by the application of heat. Coal is found on the Puna.

The whole annual produce of the mines of Ceno Pasco once reached the amount of eight millions of dollars, or one million, six hundred and fifty thousand pounds; but the returns now do not probably reach half that sum. There is in the city a government establishment, at which all the silver is marked before being sent to Lima. It is usually melted into large oblong flat bars, some of which weigh from sixty to eighty pounds. These are conveyed to the capital on mules, commonly with no protection except that of the mule-drivers, although the Sierra may be swarming with the bandit montoneros. These gentlemen do not consider it convenient to intercept the silver on

its downward passage, they preferring to wait for the coin that is returned in payment. With this upward freight a strong escort is always sent, and when it is attacked, a fierce battle ensues, that often ends in favour of the robbers.

The singular accoutrements of the horsemen are among the first things that attract the attention of the stranger in Peru. If the rider be a rich man, the horse is almost hidden by a multitude of straps and ornaments. The saddle is made very high both on pommel and crupper, leaving just room for the rider to wedge himself into his seat between them. Under the saddle is the pillow, an alpaca or goat's skin, dyed black, with the wool combed out or twisted with silver wire into short curls, lengthened sometimes with long fringes of dyed alpaca wool. The stirrups are heavy and clumsy; each is a solid piece of wood, often measuring twelve inches square at the bottom, and gradually tapering to a point where it is attached to the saddle by a silver ring; on one side an opening is scooped out for the foot: the other three sides are all highly polished, often carved beautifully and inlaid with silver. The bit is very heavy; often of silver. The head-band is adorned with a long fringe of plaited strips of leather; and the reins, which are separate, pass through a silver ring, one of them being continued in a long lash. In addition to the bridle, the horse's head is en-

cumbered with a leathern halter covered with silver ornaments. The spurs are the most preposterous part of the whole equipment. They are so formed, that the wearer can walk only on his toes. The stem of the spur is often twelve inches long, and the rowel six inches in diameter. Amongst the wealthier classes, these spurs, also, are frequently of silver. Every horseman wears the poncho; and some ponchos, from their splendid colours and fine texture, are a costly article of dress. The horses that bear these encumbrances are small, but they are well made and active; they are not allowed to trot, but taught a sort of amble which, when the rider becomes used to it, is an easy kind of motion. It is very rapid. Horses are but seldom used for draught, as, even in the low country, asses are the ordinary beasts of burden. These are bred in vast numbers, and troops of them are constantly passed by the traveller on all the roads: they have no head-gear, but are driven in the same manner as cattle, the driver riding behind armed with a long whip. These poor animals are most cruelly treated. Peru has been called "the heaven of women, the purgatory of husbands, and the hell of asses." The last clause of the proverb cannot be questioned.

The taste for gambling, so prevalent throughout South America, is most strongly developed at Ceno de Pasco. Public lotteries

are drawn every week, and sometimes every day in the week. The streets are continually infested by fellows crying, "A thousand dollars to-morrow!" These men carry books, from which they tear, for each customer, a ticket price one shilling, giving him or her a chance in the next lottery. The prize is sometimes as large as five thousand dollars, with intermediate ones of smaller amount. I believe that the strictest impartiality and fairness characterise the drawing. All these lotteries are under government control.

The billiard and montero tables are in constant request; dominoes is a favourite game in the *cafés*, but those games at cards which are rapid in their results and depend wholly upon chance, have irresistible attractions for all classes. The shaven priest, decorated with cross and rosary, may be frequently seen playing with the ragged Indian, and instances are told of the wealthy mine proprietor losing, in a night, every dollar he possessed, to one of his own ragged men.

The cock-pit is a favourite amusement. The combatants are armed with one spur only; this is a flat, curved, two-edged blade, very keen, and finely pointed. The first blow commonly decides the battle, and both cocks are often killed. Hundreds of dollars change hands every minute; the excitement of the bettors is intense, and, even here, on the afternoon of the Sabbath, which is especially appropriated to the

cock-fight, the priest hands round his begging box, or lays his dollar on a favourite bird.

Ceno de Pasco, although so high up in the world, and so close to the region of eternal snow, has, nevertheless, a tolerable warmth during the day. The nights are all frosty, and a dense fog often envelopes the Puna. Excessively heavy rain falls at certain periods of the year. But the most sublime spectacle on the Andes is a thunder-storm. It is an event of frequent occurrence in the tablelands, and I had the good fortune to witness one of extraordinary grandeur. It is impossible to convey any idea of the magnificence of the spectacle.

The lightning plays round the summits of the mountains in a constant succession of brilliant flashes, whilst the thunder is prolonged through the deep ravines and distant valleys, until the echo of the one peal and the crash of another blend together in one never-ending roll. Heavy falls of snow often accompany these storms, and the condition of travellers crossing the passes during one of them is most distressing. Unable to advance or to retreat, they halt, and wait in momentary fear of being hurled over the mountain sides. Blinded by snow and by the vivid flashes, they dare not proceed; the ledges also are, perhaps, so narrow, that if they would they could not turn the mule round to retrace their steps. In such a position as this, men have been compelled to remain

during many hours in places where the thermometer falls every night in the year below freezing point, and where the most intense darkness — whilst it fails to hide the real dangers — conjures up imaginary ones, which multiply all the horrors of the scene.

There are some portions of Upper Peru which are yet comparatively unknown to Europeans. This is especially the case with that part of it which has declared itself an independent republic, under the name of Bolivia. Though possessing a coast town on the Pacific of considerable extent, with several good harbours, yet its singular formation precludes much intercourse with other countries. Between the Andes and the sea is a broad belt of barren desert: a sand plain in continual motion. This is traversed by a few small rivers, which, though very shallow, and often dry during the summer months, render the strips of soil through which they pass extremely fruitful. Beyond this desert, the most inaccessible chain in the Andes rises and forbids approach to the fair country enclosed within. On the summit of this chain is the celebrated mountain Potosi, now nearly exhausted of its treasures; the town is situated in a district wholly destitute of vegetation. Passing from the Ceno de Pasco through the town of Larma, we enter the valley of Janja, and shortly find ourselves in a country presenting a strange contrast to the one we have just left. A succession of

the most fertile valleys in the world. As the ascent of the mountain commences from the low country, the sandy desert disappears. A rich coat of lucerne spreads over the sheltered hollows. Vines and olives appear in the vales. The sugar cane, the banana, the guava, and numberless tropical fruits, flourish. At the height of eight, and sometimes ten thousand feet, Los Valles of Bolivia are covered with the most luxurious vegetation. Forest trees of gigantic size are thickly spread over the mountains. The cereals, which live a sickly life down by the sea, appear in these lofty valleys in full vigour: including maize, quinna, rice, barley, with occasional patches of wheat, though of this last the chief supply is imported out of Chili. Rich esculents and fruits unknown in other countries are in abundance. Amongst the former are yuca, mandive, and camotes; whilst the delicious cherrimoya reigns supreme over them all.

The valleys of Upper Peru, of Bolivia, and of the province of Salta in La Plata, are rich in the most valuable products. Exclusive of minerals — which include gold, silver, copper, and lead, — we have coffee, chocolate, tobacco, cotton, indigo, cochineal, sarsaparilla, log-wood, and an infinity of similar productions. Cattle are numerous; mules and horses abundant. And, above all, the men are noted for their generosity and hospitality, and the women for their grace and beauty.

What a contrast between these glorious valleys — in which Rasselas might well have lived — and the rugged heights of the silver city, Ceno Pasco: its dirty streets and half-savage people, its unhealthy mines and blackened smelting-furnaces, its bare rocks and scrubby patches of brown herbage affording a scanty subsistence to its flocks of shaggy llamas.

It is a charm to travellers among the Andes, that within their limits these vast mountains enclose every climate. Within the range of one degree of latitude, we may sit and burn under a palm-tree, or lie down upon a bed of Alpine moss.

THE BABBLETON BOOK CLUB.

IF you knew the parish of Babbleton, you would say that it was the last place in the world where books were likely to be found. A large marsh, swamp, or bog, composed of alternate masses of spongy turf and mud, and varied by an occasional ditch, an extensive gravel-pit, and some dry chalk roads, flanked by rough chalk stone walls, apparently constructed for the purpose of allowing people to get over them, were the physico-geological features of the district. The domestic architecture varied between chalk and plaster houses, guiltless of straight lines, and heavy wooden barns decorated with the remains of rats, owls, kites, and other natural ene-

mies to agriculture, or to popular prejudices. Smockfrocks and fur caps formed the prevailing costume of the people; dull eyes, with large mouths and noses the most common physiognomy. General harmlessness, except when beer circulated with too great freedom; and a sort of indefinite, scarcely-know-why respect for the neighbouring gentry, were the moral characteristics.

Babbleton was a pretty place, nevertheless, in summer, when the grass and moss gained strength, and the swamp was dried up. There were quite enough trees to decorate the lanes, and shrubs enough to set off even the rudest cottage. If you did not think of the privations the poor people suffered when coals were dear and most wanted, when the chill, damp, rainy days passed by unrelieved by a glimpse of sunshine, and when even gutta serena would hardly have inspired confidence for half an hour's walk: if you could look at Babbleton, when the sun was gleaming in the blue sky, and the tender green leaves seemed almost transparent, — you must have envied the rector his little parsonage house at the foot of the hill, and sighed that fate had not given you a hundred a year and clerical contentment, instead of that ugly, pen-making, Times-reading, everlasting-correspondence situation in Lombard Street.

But men must sink very low, indeed, before they arrive at despair. There is an end to every-

thing, even to ignorance. Among the smock-frocked and fur-capped Robins of Babbleton there were a few good heads. Moreover, the vicar and a few other gentlemen wisely thought that it was absurd to complain of ignorance without teaching people to know better, and that it was useless to teach reading to boys and girls if they were to have no books to read as men and women.

For the vicar was one of those men, who believe that forced knowledge is no knowledge, and that, in order to teach people at all, you must make them feel an interest in their lesson. Accordingly, when Lady Bella Sandwichisles, of Ojibby Park, published her volume of "Hymns for the Working Classes, to be sung during labour," he did not subscribe for innumerable packets at thirteen to the dozen; believing, perhaps, that it was quite enough for people to mind the work they were engaged in, and that mechanically squalling out a few very bad verses is apt to conduce to the ridicule rather than the exaltation of religion. Nor had he much faith in the mental instruction derived from little books in shilling packets of "thirteen different sorts." He never recollected, himself, as a boy or a young man, deriving much edification or entertainment from such literature, and he was liberal enough to believe that human nature is much the same in all classes, and that many of the so-called attempts to reduce knowledge to the capacity

of the lower classes, really consist in destroying capacity altogether, and in leaving it to die for want of proper and appetizing nourishment.

He was a good, sensible man, was the Reverend James St. John, and although he did not belong to the Reverend Epitaph Bronze's "set," and did not join the Episcopal - Protection Amalgamation, even his bishop dared not to find fault with his teaching or his practice. He was one of those independent thinkers who believe that a bishop may by some remote possibility do wrong, that a capitular body is an incubus, and that the Church would be none the worse for a little reformation. He did not believe in sublime austerity or liturgical minuteness, and yet his sermons were always impressive, and the service well and quietly performed. Although his church was in bad architecture — as bad as plain red brick and stone corners could make it — he did not sigh for Kentish ragstone and stained pine. He even contented himself with reserving the baptisms and churchings till service was over, believing that forced attention to a service in which people have no direct interest, must be at least of limited utility.

Great things often have a very small origin; and, although the Book Club, which the Rector ultimately established in Babbleton, could not exactly be called a great undertaking, its effects were such as those who recollected the dozen and a half small volumes

on a shelf in the school-room, from which it commenced, could scarcely have anticipated. He had great faith in pictures and picture-books, and when he came to the parish of Babbleton, he hung the school-room with coloured prints and maps, until children's ideas of a tiger or a cameleopard, or of St. Paul's and the Monument, grew astonishingly distinct. With some of the older children, the pictures were equally useful. The beautiful history of Joseph and his Brethren never made so deep an impression, as when the gaily-coloured plates were brought out, and explained in connexion with the text they illustrated. When was indignation against the wicked brothers so vehement, as when the picture showed poor Joseph, young, weak, and half-stripped of his clothing, forced down into the pit by his strong, hardy brothers? When was the retribution of his story better felt, than when the children saw him dressed in the richly-coloured robes of an Eastern envoy? How often did a difficulty vanish, when the object was placed before the eyes of children whom no description could have edified? How did the demand for Christmaspieces increase, especially when the vicar gave pictorial prizes for good writing, in the shape of twelve prints from the Life of Christ?

There were plenty of prejudiced, poor-law guardians who believed in flogging rather than in pictures, and who, sooth to say, were better capable of apprecia-

ting the one than the other. Some of these people took a low standard, and believed that if a boy, on being asked how many wives King Henry the Eighth had, answered six, it was enough to expect; and that the knowledge that the world was made in six days, and that there were ten commandments, was a quota of religious instruction beyond which it was almost dangerous to proceed. Another party thought that pictures and picture-books were luxuries of education, and ought only to be thumbed by babies who tumbled about velvet-pile carpets. Others held, that the only knowledge of natural history necessary for such children, was the capability to hold a horse, carry wash to a pig, or beat a refractory donkey. But they failed to carry conviction to the mind of the vicar, and the Babbleton children gained fresh ideas and fresh books at the same time, while the little school library was continually augmented by the kind gifts of the more enlightened people in the neighbourhood.

There were plenty of districts surrounding Babbleton, which were quite as badly off in an intellectual point of view. But the main difficulty was not to be got over by the establishment of so limited a library as the school-room could furnish. People could not always read children's books, and when they grew up, they were in as much danger of relapsing into ignorance as ever.

A few good-natured country gentlemen and clergy were seated

over their port one evening, after a dinner-party at the vicar of Babbleton's, when the subject of education was the leading theme of conversation. Somebody proposed founding a Book Club. Everybody present agreed to the proposal, but there were many difficulties. They must get the books, in the first place.

"As to that," observed Mr. Burke Sheridan, the great fashionable author at Belle Vue Villa, "I think that much may be done by individuals. For instance, I receive copies of nearly all the magazines: many of these are of little use to me when once looked over; I will promise to send them as my contribution."

"Why should not the newspapers be sent in a similar manner?" said an old gentleman in spectacles. "To be sure, it will be fiddler's news, to some extent; but we know that the lower classes will read newspapers, and it is better for them to read those of a healthy sort, than the high-spiced rubbish which only teaches them discontent."

The Reverend Hugo Boyce, who was slightly suspected of being tainted with some "ism" or other, disapproved of newspapers, unless they were of sound Church principles. The old gentleman did not think that a newspaper could hurt a congregation, where the clergyman did his duty. He also observed, that the people likely to furnish books or newspapers for a work of charity and edification, would scarcely select

such as were best calculated to defeat both purposes.

Good-natured Parson Wilks, from Dorlingford West, who never led but always helped in a good undertaking, volunteered a folio copy of Cook's Voyages, which had belonged to his grandmother. To be sure, he told a rather long story about it, and about his grandmother likewise; but Parson Wilks was a favourite, and his audience looked as little tired as possible.

The Reverend James St. John, and Burke Sheridan, Esq., were too active to let the grass grow under their feet. They begged old books; they begged money to buy new ones; they drew up rules for the management of what they had got, and for obtaining funds to get more; — and, in a few weeks, a board might be seen pasted up in the vestry-rooms, school-rooms, and other public situations about the surrounding parishes, stating that books would be lent to poor and working people in the neighbourhood, on application, during specified hours, to certain of the clergymen among whom the books were divided.

This division of the books was advantageous in one or two ways. They could be got at more readily, duplicates could be disposed of advantageously, and distances were not too great to prevent each person availing himself of the entire stock. Nor was the management difficult. Each book was numbered, and a corresponding

ticket, signed with the name of the owner, was retained by the clergyman as a check till the book was returned. Two half-hours in the week were amply sufficient for the business of the library, and one of these was fixed on Sunday, as many of the labouring poor would be unable to go for the books at a convenient hour on the other days.

Few people did the institution more good than Mr. Burke Sheridan. Although he was a "progress" man, and had lectured at the Griffin and Phoenix Institutions, and had had so many votes of thanks, and had made so many public speeches at Boards, Associations, Freemasons' - dinners, and other "meets," that he was always expected to be talking: still he had no absurd ideas of revolutionising country people into being unfit for their station. Now and then, he gave a simple lecture at one of the school-houses, and taught even old labourers a few things about the earth and sky which instructed them, and did not merely puzzle and stupify their senses. And the Reverend James St. John, who believed that the goodness of the great Creator might be taught, not only from the written Scriptures, but from his works, would gather round him a shoal of rough boys and girls, and fix their attention on some simple object, and, by making them think of small things, gradually arrive at higher subjects of reflection. "No human being is ignorant by nature," was

his constant maxim. But he, at the same time, knew well that there is a certain proportion of knowledge suited to particular conditions of mankind, and he sought to make useful and plain commonsense men, not brilliant and troublesome ones.

The library was not, however, without its difficulties. No good thing ever is. Sometimes people would delay returning books; and once, to the infinite disgust and annoyance of Parson Wilks, a "ticket" was produced for Captain Cook's Voyages, but not the ticket usually connected with the working of the Society. Sometimes dishonesty did its work, and the people and books went together. But there were few such cases, and, compared with the good really done, there was little reason to complain.

The advantages of the system were felt by nearly every one except the publicans. Humble gardeners worked hard, in order to steal an hour more to devote to reading to their wives. Labourers might be seen, during lunch-time, snatching a few minutes' reading out of the time once devoted by their fellows to sleep by the way-side, or to the sociability of the Crown and Sceptre. Moreover, the very habit of taking care of the books led to carefulness in other respects. They did not like to go with dirty hands and clothes to fetch the books, and a wife never felt so proud of "making her old man smart," as when he was setting

out to fetch the next volume "of the book that Tibby was a readin' every night." Again, there was a sort of respectability in being allowed to call at the vicarage on such an errand. It was not a begging affair, for they paid for the privilege — little enough, to be sure, and that little was returned, indirectly, in an augmented form — but still they paid; and to belong to the Book Club became a point of social position, especially among the Babbletonians.

A few, upon whom the hand of poverty pressed less severely, and whose families were smaller, began to buy a book now and then themselves. It was a proud moment for Job Thwaites, who used to spend evenings and money at the Bear and Gridiron, when, having been to the next town to buy some hay for the vicar, he brought back a History of England, so large, and so full of plates and portraits, that the gude wife wondered how a year and a half's savings could ever have compassed such a treasure of literature and art. To tell how carefully it was done up in brown paper, and how ostentatiously it was displayed by Mrs. Thwaites, would almost call a blush into Job's face. So we will be silent. At all events, Job Thwaites used to be ominously spoken of as a "scollard" among some of his less literary neighbours; and Mrs. St. John took one of his little daughters, whose English was marvellously pure for Babbleton,

as under nursemaid at the vicarage.

Not a few good servants were produced by this system of moderate and judicious instruction. When a lad showed some sharpness at emancipating himself from the pronominal interchanges and eccentric conjugations common in Babbleton, he had a fair chance of becoming something better than a mere field labourer; and, although the vicar well knew that there must be field labourers as well as other labourers, he could not see why persevering attempts to better a disadvantageous condition should not be abetted and encouraged. And with the girls it was equally important. Few people, even of the lower order among the middle classes, wish their children to be committed to ignorant servant girls. Babbleton furnished a class of girls, who, sufficiently poor to find even a second-rate place an improvement in their condition, were still educated enough to be less barbarous companions for children than the average, without possessing knowledge calculated to render them vain and idle.

But it was not the mere fact that there was a Book Club in Babbleton, which worked all this good. There were deeper reasons at bottom. One was, that people were taught to love reading, in the hopes of arriving at something which they were vexed at not possessing. It is all very well to say that religion ought to be the only motive under which popular edu-

cation is to be administered. It is a good thing, no doubt, to declaim upon the number of thousand copies of "What am I? or, the Child's Funeral;" or "The Converted Kaffir," which have been given away in omnibuses, or while riding across a common on horseback. It is a good thing, no doubt, to compel a child to repeat verses of Scripture, with a minute statement of the chapter and verse (which many of the clergy themselves could not remember); but there is something wanted besides this.

Our vicar looked upon reading, not as the combination of certain letters, sounds, and syllables, nor as the mere vehicle for conveying abstract precepts or sentiments. He knew that the objects of the outer world are those which first take hold of the mind, and he sought to raise the mind up to higher objects through their medium, not to pounce upon it with dogmatism which it was unprepared to understand. He gave a thousand reasons for the being of a God, and for his beneficent treatment of the human race; but, while he ever had the Bible in view, he at the same time taught the senses to look around, and learn for themselves. He had lived in manufacturing towns, and had seen how little protection dogmatism, however well supported by chapter and verse quotations, would really avail against the insidious and off-hand scepticism of those who appealed to nature as an apology for unbelief.

He taught a nobler use of nature, and, shunning the bigotry which treated plain everyday knowledge as the special antagonist of dogmatism, he left healthier, though less superstitious conviction in the minds of the young, in whose instruction he had taken so deep an interest.

Nor was less care and good sense shown in the selection of books, and in their arrangement. The works were classified, and whoever wanted a book on a particular subject, could get a hint what to ask for. A moderate number of books of reference served to give such general information as was enough to satisfy the inquisitive, without expanding into superfluity.

People wondered at the quiet, comfortable management of our Book Club, but their opinions still remained various, and, we believe, do remain so to this day. Muggs, the tailor, who is a dreadful vestry politician, and has never read anything but a volume or two on the Poor Law Commission, remains unconvinced, and believes that education and ruin are one and the same thing. Scripshorn, the barber, who has not been drunk for the last day and a half, echoes the belief; and the Book Club Association smiles at the opposition, and bids the people read on and understand.

Both the vicar of Babbleton and his lady, and, with them, all the thinking people within miles around, gain daily strength in the belief that libraries are greater

enemies to vice than model prisoners; that ignorance is the best instructor in discontent and rebellion; and that there is a glimpse of refinement in every mind, however humble, which was meant to be developed by instruction, not extinguished by evil associations and moral destitution.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

I TAKE it for granted that you are not a "sporting man." I take it for granted that you own no race-horses, yachts, or ratting terriers; that you have not "backed the Slasher for a 'fiver';" and that you "have" nothing on any "event." I take it for granted that you are not prepared to bring forward a novice to run the Hampshire Stag; that you are not one of the contributors to the correspondents' columns of "Bell's Life," anxiously awaiting a reply to your cribbage query last week, and feverish to know whether "A. wins;" and, lastly, that though you may have a sufficient zest for the amenities of social intercourse, you are not to be "heard of" at the bar of any sporting public-house, where you "will be happy to see your friends."

I propose to read "Bell's Life" — a very honestly and respectably conducted weekly paper — with you, but I do not propose to read it in that spirit. There are thousands who read it as what it is — a sporting print, giving reliable

information on all sporting subjects. It is the chronicle of what is called the Sporting World. A human eye, never asleep (*"nunquam dormio,"*), and six columns of advertisements greet us in the front page. Instantly we become denizens if not *habitués* of the sporting world. Have we horses? — here are saddles, bridles, harness, harness paste, unrivalled nosebands, inimitably rowelled spurs, and patent "bits," to counterfeit the marks appended to which is felony. Have we dogs? — inventive tradesmen tempt us to purchase kennels, collars, dog-whips and specifics against the distemper and hydrophobia.

We are invited to peruse works on the dog, works on the horse, works on the management and treatment of every animal of which man — having exhausted the use and employment — has condescended to make the means or the end of the hydra-headed amusement known as "sporting." Foxes to replenish the hunting preserves, which by the too zealous ardour of their Nimrods have become denuded of their odoriferous vermin, are advertised in company with stud grooms who can bleed, sling and fire horses, and whippers-in who can be highly recommended. One gentleman wants twenty couple of deer to give a sylvan relish to the dells and glades of his park; another has some prime ferrets to dispose of "Well up to trap;" a third wants to sell two bloodhounds; a fourth to purchase some Cochin

China fowls, and a real Javanese bantam or two. Then there is a Siberian wolf and her cubs to be sold — a bargain — by an amateur “who has no further occasion for them” (we should fancy not); and who, apparently puzzled as to whether they are “sporting” animals or not, and consequently entitled to the freedom of “Bell’s Life,” is perplexingly ambiguous in his description: hinting, at the commencement, that they would be “suitable for a nobleman fond of zoology,” but subsiding, eventually, into a vague alternative, “or would do for a menagerie.” They would be suitable there, I opine; but are not exactly the sort of quadrupeds I should like to make drawing-room pets of, or to win in a raffle.

Soon, however, a thoroughly sporting announcement comes blazoned forth in conspicuous type. “To be sold at Tattersall’s, five-and-twenty couple and a half of fox-hounds, the property of a gentleman relinquishing hunting.” Good; or has hunting relinquished the gentleman: which is it? Shall I mind my own business and take the sale as a sale and nothing but a sale, or shall I be malicious and surmise that the gentleman has ridden, neck or nothing, after the five-and-twenty couple and a half of fox-hounds till he and they have clean outridden and lost scent of the fox, and have started another species of vermin called the “constable,” which pursuing, the gentleman has managed to outrun, and has ended by riding “over hounds?” He has gone to the dogs, and his dogs have gone to Tattersall’s. Who can this gentleman relinquishing hunting be? Not the honourable Billy Buff, third son of Lord Riffington of Raff Hall, Rowdyshire, surely. Not that gay scion of aristocracy — that frolicsome pilaster (if I may call him so) of the state — whilom of ten successive regiments of cavalry, all “crack” ones, out of which he was ten times moved to exchange or sell by ten successive colonels. Not Billy Buff, who was the worthy and emulous associate of the Earl of Mohawk, of Sir Wrench Nocker, Bart., and of that gay foreign spark, the Russian Count Bellpulloff, who laid a wager of fifty to one with Lord Tommy Plantagenet (called “facer” Plantagenet from his fondness for the ring), that he would, while returning from the Derby on the summit of a “drag,” fish off four old ladies’ false fronts by means of a salmon hook affixed to the end of a tandem whip within twenty minutes, but happening, just on turning the quarter, to hook a fierce butcher under the chin by mistake — lost his wager. The fifty was in five-pound notes, and Bellpulloff offered to make them peasants of the Ukraine (he had fifty thousand sheep and five thousand serfs on his paternal estate Tcharcshi-Bellpullofforgorod) if Tommy would bet again, but the “facer” wouldn’t. Not Billy Buff, the scourge and terror of the police, the Gordian knot and

worse than sphynx-like enigma to sitting magistrates, the possessor of a museum in his chambers in Great Turk Street, consisting solely of purloined goods — articles of vice rather than of *vertu*: — fifty brass plates inscribed with the name of Smith; a gamut of knockers on which he could play “God save the Queen;” miles of bell-wire; ill-gotten area railings like stands of spikes; brewers’ sign-boards — enough to set up fifty publicans; good women without heads; goldbeaters’ naked arms brandishing their auriferous hammers fiercely, as though they would like to be at their ravisher; glovers’ stiff-fingered hands; little dustpans, original teapots, golden canisters, pounds of candles, sugar loaves, and scarlet cocked hats and hessian boots, adorned moreover with gold, and of gigantic proportions. Not this Billy: the Billy who positively had two of his front teeth knocked out in order to be able to imitate a peculiar whistle he had heard among the refined denizens of Old Street, St. Luke’s; who made it his proud boast and self-glorification, that calling one morning on a friend who lived in an entresol in Regent Street, and in a house otherwise occupied as a fashionable millinery establishment, he did then and there, in the absence of the fair workwomen at dinner, sit upon and utterly spoil and crush flat twenty-seven new bonnets, all ready trimmed, ordered, and wanted for the Chiswick Horticultural *fête* next day, whereby Made-

moiselle Guipure (the millinery firm was Gimp, Guipure, and Gingham, and they went bankrupt last year) was driven to a state bordering on frenzy, and was only appeased by a cheque for a large amount. Yet Billy — this Billy — kept hounds, I know, and the odd half-couple has a pleasant savour of his old familiar eccentricity. After that duel of his with Captain Trigghair of the Guards; after the two consecutive fevers he caught at Pau in the Pyrenees; and, notably, after that ugly wrestling-match in the coffee-room of Flimmer’s Hotel, where Jack Langham (eight feet in height, and known as the “baby”) threw him, whereby he cut his hand open, and got rather more of the sand off the floor and a splintered Champagne glass or two into the wound than was pleasant — Billy sowed his wild oats, sold his museum, and, marrying old Mrs. McMack (widow of General McMack, H.E.I.C.S., who died at Brighton of the modification of the East India Company’s charter and an excess of curry), retired to Budgerow Park, near Godown, Dawkshire, fully determined to subside into a country gentleman. We heard of him at first as exceedingly devoted to Mrs. McMack (late), whose five poodle-dogs he much delighted to array in martial attire, and to instruct in the manual exercise: indeed — there was a report in town that each poodle slept in a four-post bed, and that Billy went round for the candle-sticks.

But the Honourable Mrs. Buff (late McMack) took to sitting under the Reverend Lachrymose Snivel of St. Niobe's Chapel (belonging to the primitive Weepers' connection), an ecclesiastic of such a watery and tearful nature and aqueous of doctrine, that his ministry, combined with an over-zealous attachment to the abstinence-from-any-food-save-water-melon system, and the hydropathic system, prompting her, as did this latter, to the hankering after strange pumps, and taking long journies in quest of artesian wells of extraordinary repute, eventually brought on dropsy, of which she died. Then Billy took to hunting his part of the country, and keeping hounds and the rest of it. I never had a day with him, for, goodness help me! I ride like a tailor's goose; but those who have ridden with the Dawkshire hounds, of which Billy was master, assure me that he did the thing in first-rate style; that he had a kennel built for his hounds in the *cinque-cento* or *renaissance* style of architecture, which, coupled with the fact of the dogs very nearly eating a whipper-in one night, made Billy quite fashionable among the gentlemen of the country side. He it was also, I believe, who made that sublime response to an indignant farmer, who reproached him with riding through a turnip-field, on the ground that it was always customary to 'ware turnips — to whom says Billy, "How the deuce was I to know they were turnips, unless you stuck a boiled leg of mutton in the middle of 'em?" But alas! I heard one day that Billy had been "carrying on shameful;" next, that he was "shaky;" next, that he was "wanted;" finally, that he was "done up;" and now who shall say that my surmise is chimerical, if I conjecture that the five-and-twenty couple and a half of fox-hounds, to be sold at Tattersall's, might once have formed the pack of the Honourable Billy Buff, Lord Riffington's third son.

Poor Billy Buff, sorrowful sold-up scion of aristocracy, where art thou now, I wonder? Hast thou gone down to the cities of refuge that are in Belgium? — to sly little Spa, nestling among quasi-Prussian trees; to "pale Brussels;" or gaunt, grim, silent Ghent? Or art thou at Kissingen, or Wiesbaden, or Aix, making wry faces at some ill-smelling, rusty-keys-tasting *brunnen*; or at Homburg, pricking on a limp printed card how many times rouge has turned up; or at Boulogne, wistfully peering at the white cliffs of Albion through a telescope; or at the prison of Clichy in Paris, otherwise known as the *Hôtel des Haricots*; or art thou languishing at the suit of a *Gasthof*-keeper in the *Constabler-ward* of some petty German principality? Certain I am, that if in this country, thou wilt never be at Tattersall's to see thy hounds sold. The memories would come rushing over thee; it would be too much for thee to contemplate

Flora and Hector, that ran so evenly together, and that carried their tails so bravely parallel, that, at a side view, they looked like one dog. Nor unmoved couldst thou view Blucher, the deep-mouthed hound, and Sandy, the old liver-patched fellow that knew every move on Reynard's board, and the half couple — that young dog that would give tongue, for all a fierce whipper-in nearly cut the dumb brute in two with his double thong. Ah! "the southerly winds and the cloudy skies" that proclaimed thy hunting mornings: where are they now? Where are the gay young bucks from London, with bran-new scarlet and leathers, the *chefs d'œuvres* of Nugee, or Crellin, or Buckmaster: the lads that took the astonishing leaps o'er hedges, and ditches, and stone walls, when bright eyes were looking at them, and went round by gates and gaps, like sensible fellows, when bright eyes were somewhere else? They are gone like the smoke of the cigars they puffed as they rode to cover; like the mighty breakfasts they consumed at Budgerow House at thy expense; like the mightier dinners and libations they achieved at ditto ditto, when the chase was over, and the fox was caught. Who will realise *tableaux vivants* of Luke Clennell's picture of a hunting dinner now? — who will preside at joyous banquets in thy great dining-room, and stir up the punch-bowl (nasty fellow!) with the fox's brush, and give "Tom Moody," and fall first

beneath the table among black bottles and unsteady top-boots? The ancient huntsman has transferred his stained scarlet frock and grog-blossomed countenance to another master; they are going to build an Agapemone, or a Sanatorium, or a Puseyite convent on the ruins of thy *renaissance* kennel; the very ragged boy that followed barefoot, in his torn red jacket, thy hounds, and begged for coppers because he was in at the death; the pepper-and-salt farmer, who began by swearing at the fox and then mounted his cob and followed it; the parson on his big brown horse; the staring red-haired children; the old dames that hobbled out from cottages; the bumpkins with heads of hair that looked like thatch, who put their hands beside their mouths and yelled a rustic Tallyho! as the hunt swept by: — where are they now? Ichabod, Ichabod — enough. We have all been sold up more or less, at some time or another. We have all been bankrupt, or insolvent, or have compounded with our creditors, in friendship, love, hopes, ambition, truth. Some of us, too, have paid but little, very little in the pound.

From dogs to horses. Tattersall's again; but this time the spirited auctioneers leave but little room to surmise. Thirteen racers to be sold. All from irreproachable dams and by aristocratic sires. The Beauty, by Candlebox, out of Sophronisba, brother to Columbine, sire to Rhodomon-

tade, to be sold by auction. With all his engagements. With him are other horses and mares, all of equally illustrious descent. Some have won plates in canters, and others cups in hand-gallops, and others again have walked over the course for purses full of sovereigns. All are to be sold. With *their* engagements. It does not require vision quite as acute as that necessary for seeing through a millstone, to discern who the gentleman going abroad is. I think Sir Gybbe Roarer knows him. Sir G. Roarer, Bart., whose horse Ramoneur won the Sooty-bridge sweepstakes. Sir G. R., Bart., whose filly, Spagnoletta, was scratched just before the St. Rowels, last year. The same Baronet who started Polly for the Pine-apple stakes, and is supposed to have given Jack Bellyband, his jockey, instructions not to win, he having laid against himself considerably; but Jack, having drank too much Champagne, forgot himself and *did* win, to the Baronet's wrath and consternation. Sir G. R. had a share in the horse which started for — what was it? — the Bumblebury Cup, entered under a certain name — was it Theodosius? — and as of a certain age, but which was subsequently discovered to be a horse called Toby, two years older. Can Sir Gybbe Roarer, Bart., be the gentleman who is going abroad? I think he is. He is always going abroad, and selling his horses and buying fresh ones. With their engagements. He stands to win a pretty sum on the next French steeplechase. I hope he may get it. Sir Gybbe Roarer dresses very like his groom, and has a hoarse voice and an intensely shiny hat. When he wins he treats everybody with Champagne, beggars included, and throws red-hot half-pence out of hotel windows; when he loses, he horse-whips his servants and swears. There is but one book to him in the world, — his betting-book, for he wants no Racing Calendar; he is that in himself. He has a penchant for yachting sometimes, between Ascot and the Leger. His yacht is called the Handicap. Will he ever go to the Levant in her, I wonder?

Supposing that, looking at "Bell's Life" as you and I do — not as a mere chronicle of sporting occurrences, a calendar for reference and information, but as a curiously accurate, though perhaps unconscious mirror of what, from the amusement of the mass of the people, has come to be the engrossing business and occupation of a very considerable section of that people, — we ponder a moment over Sir Gybbe Roarer's race-horses, stepping down in the spirit, if you like, to Tattersall's yard, where they are to be sold.

Here they are, slender symmetrical creatures with satin coats, with trim and polished hoofs, with plaited manes, with tails so neatly cropped that not one hair is longer than another. Full of blood, full of bone, full of mettle and action, almost supernaturally speedy of

foot, patient, brave, and generous in spirit: high-mettled racers, in fact. Now, to what cunning knave can it first have occurred to build on these beautiful, generous animals, a superstructure of fraud and knavery, and low chicanery? Why should a horse be used as the corner-stone of the Temple of Roguery? And why, more than this, should these few stone-weight of horse-flesh be capable of producing the mighty effects they do upon the manners and morals of a great nation? The Beauty, Sophronisba, Columbine: they are not war-horses; their necks are not clothed with thunder; they say not among the captains, ha! ha! — yet, on them has hung, and will hang again, the lives and fortunes, not of scores but of hundreds, not of hundreds, but of thousands and tens of thousands. A wrinkle in the satin coat of Sophronisba; a pail of water inadvertently or maliciously administered to Columbine; an ill-hammered nail in Rhodomontade's shoe: these are sufficient to send clerks and shop-boys to the hulks, to bring happy households to beggary and shame, and solid mercantile firms down by the run. Sophronisba, Columbine, Rhodomontade, though they know it not, have swallowed up the patrimony of widows and orphans; on their speed or tardiness depend tedious law-suits; interminable mazes of litigation in Chancery can be unravelled by their hoofs. They are powerful — all unconsciously — for more

good and evil than ever was stowed away in all Pandora's box. If Sophronisba runs for the Cup, Charley Lyle will marry the heiress. If Columbine is scratched for the Trebor Handicap, young Bob Sabbertash must sell his commission in the Twenty-sixth Hussars. Stars and garters, wealth and honours, life and death, hang on the blind fiat of these horses.

And this is "Bell's Life" (called in the sporting world the Life), and this is man's life, too!

Great things are wrought from small beginnings, and mighty edifices stand upon comparatively slender foundations. According to Hindoo theology, the world stands on an elephant's back — which again stands on a tortoise; though what that stands on is not yet decided by the learned Pundits of the unchanging East. So, on the slender fetlocks and pasterns of these bay and chesnut horses in Tattersall's sale-yard are erected the Great National festivals of the English people — the acknowledged British holidays: holidays for the due and catholic enjoyment of which grave legislative bodies suspend their sittings, dinner-parties of the loftiest and most solemn *haut ton* are postponed, and courtly *thés dansantes* put off. There was a professor of music I knew who was ruined through having fixed his morning concert to take place on the Derby Day.

The Derby Day! who would think these quiet, meek-eyed scions of the hippic race were the

alls-in-all, the cynosures, the alphas and omegas of that momentous day? Yet so they are. Closely shrouded in checked or gaily bordered horsecloths—as jealously veiled from the prying public eyes as was ever favourite Odalisque of Osmanli Pacha of three tails as on Sunday morning they take their long expected, much talked of gallops—jealous and anxious eyes watch their every movement; a falter is eagerly foreshadowed as the fore-runner of a “scratch,” a stumble as the inevitable precursor of a string-halt, an over vigorous whinny impetuously translated as a cold, fatal to next Wednesday’s start. Readers of “Bell’s Life,” how you pluck at your long waistcoats; how you twitch at the brims of your low-crowned hats; how many entries and re-entries, and erasures, and pencil-smudgings are made in those note-books of yours with the patent metallic leaves and the everlasting pencils, and all on the ups and downs, the ongoings and short-comings of these unconscious four-legged creatures. Early on the Wednesday morning, Newman and Quartermaine’s retainers are as busy as hives of bees multiplied by infinity. Pails of water—resembling (in an inverse degree) the casks of the Danaïdes, inasmuch as they are always being emptied, and are never empty—dash refreshing streams against wheels numerous enough to furnish, it would seem, clockwork for the world. Strange barouches, unheard of britzkas, phaetons that should properly have been sequestered in the Greenyard of oblivion, or broken up in the coach factory of forgetfulness long since, suddenly start up from remote coach-houses: their wheels screaming horribly; their boxes anxious for the accommodating man who “does not mind sitting there the least in the world,” and who always manages to get more Champagne than anybody else; their boots panting for hampers of choice provisions, always securely tied up, and always dropping sprinklings of lobster salad and raised pie on the road in the “Hop o’ my thumb” manner—mad, in a word, to be down to the Derby, and to run their poles through adverse carriage panels. Small, weazen, silver-haired men who have vegetated during the winter in “watering houses,” and down strawy Mews, where the coachmen’s wives live, who take in washing, and the fifth footman dwells over the harness room when he’s out of place—these patriarchs of the saddle emerge in a weird and elf-like manner from stable doors: their rheumatism-bowed frames swathed in crimson silk jackets, white cords on their shrunken legs, gamboge tops on their spindle shanks, and great, white, fluffy hats, a world too large for them, on their poor bald heads—calling themselves, save us, Postboys—cracking their knotty whips with senile valour, and calling to Jim to “let his head go,” and to Tom to “take a squint at the mare’s off foot.” And they

get into the saddle, these rare old boys! And they hold up their whips warningly to their fellow boys when there is a "dead lock" between Cheam and Sutton; and they untie hampers, and eat pies innumerable, and get very drunk indeed. Yet drive home safely, and return the "chaff" measured out to them with interest.

The Derby Day! do I require the limits of this paper to describe it thoroughly? Say, rather, a volume — say, rather, the space occupied by the Encyclopedia Britannica, or Mr. Alison's History of Europe. The rushing, roaring, riving, rending, raving, railway station full of the million of passengers, who, taking first-class tickets, are glad to leap into third-class carriages; the fifty thousand, who, wishing to go to Epsom, are compulsorily conveyed (howling the while) to Brighton or Dover instead. The twenty thousand that say that it is a shame and that they will write to the Times, together with the ten thousand that do write, and don't get their letters inserted. The hundreds that lose their handkerchiefs, watches, and temper. The two or three benign men who haven't anything on the race, and say that really, all things considered, the Company have done as well as could reasonably be expected for the public — as if any one expected anything in reason on the Derby Day! The road with the solemn drags full of, and surmounted by, solemn guardsmen — hearses of the Household

Cavalry. The open carriages, close carriages, chaises, carts, omnibuses, stage coaches full of familiar faces. Everybody there, on the rail and on the road, on the Derby Day. The House of Lords, and the House of Commons, the Bar, the Bench, the Army, the Navy, and the Desk; May Fair and Rag Fair, Park Lane and Petticoat Lane, the Chapel Royal and Whitechapel, Saint James's and Saint Giles's. Give me a pen plucked from the wing of a roc (the most gigantic bird known, I think); give me a scroll of papyrus as long as the documents in a Chancery suit; give me a river for an ink-bottle, and then I should be scant of space to describe the road that leads to the course, the hill, the grand stand, the gipsies, the Ethiopian serenaders, the clouds of horsemen, like Bedouins of the desert, flying towards Tattenham Corner; the correct cards that never are correct; the dog that always gets on the course and never can get off again, and that creates as much amusement in his agony as though he had been Mr. Merryman. The all-absorbing, thrilling, soul-riveting race. The "Now they're off!" "Now they're coming round!" "Here they come!" "Black cap!" "Blue cap!" "Green jacket!" "Red jacket!" "Red jacket it is, hurrah!" followed by the magic numbers at the grand stand, the flight of the pigeons, and the changing of hands of unnumbered thousand pounds. The throwing at the sticks. The chickens, the

salads, the fillings of young bodies with old wine, the repasts on wheels, and hobnobbing over splinter-bars. The broken glasses, cracked heads, rumpled bonnets, flushed faces. The road home! The Cock at Sutton, and a "quiet" cup of tea there. The chaffing, the abuse, the indictable language. The satirical crowd on Kennington Common. The Derby Day, in a word: and all for what? Where are the causes to these most mighty effects. Look around, student of "Bell's Life," and see them in the slender race-horses, the stud of a gentleman going abroad, to be sold without reserve.

Change we the theme, for of horseflesh you must have had more than enough. Else, had I space besides and time, I would touch upon the *fatidici vati*, the sporting prophets, already touched upon in a former volume. Else, should you hear strange stories of stables, and nobbled horses, and rare feats of jockeyship. Else, would I introduce you, "Bell's Life" reading neophyte, to one of these same jockeys, a weary, haggard, slouching little man, all mummified in baggy great-coats, and drinking brandy-and-water tremulously — a very different spectacle from the trim, natty, spruce little jock, with the snowy leathers and the lustrous tops and the rainbow jacket, who is in earnest confab with his owner before the race; or, after it, and after winning, is cheered enthusiastically up and down the course, or

who leans indolently over the balcony of the Grand Stand, flacking his horsewhip to shake hands with lords. But "Bell's Life," my friend, has as many phases as human life has, and we must hurry to another.

The Ring! Fights to come! Not many, thank Heaven — thank reading, writing, and arithmetic; and yet, one, two, three columns are devoted to the Ring. Jack Nimmo and the Grotto Passage pet, for fifty pounds a side. The Nottingham Bruiser and Bandy Starling, at catch weight, for ten pounds a side. Tom Knuckles will fight Ned Lumsden (the Butcher) for twenty pounds, and his money is ready at Mr. Fibbs, the Knowledge Box, Chancery Lane. Toby Nutts, of Birmingham, is surprised that the Sheffield Toddler has not made good the last deposit; he is to be heard of at the Bunch of Fives, Rampant Horse Street, Norwich. Tass Cokerconk writes to correct an error that has crept into your valuable paper, as I did not strike foul, and being at present out of town (Tass is wanted for a little matter of hocussing and card-sharping), and so on. We are delighted to see that our old friend, Friskey Wappem, is to be found every other evening at Jemmy Crab's, the Leg of Mutton Fist, Bell Alley, where he gives lessons in the noble art of self-defence to noblemen and gentlemen. N. B. Gloves provided. Sparring by the pick of the fancy; and every alternate evening de-

voted to harmony by first-rate professionals.

I take it for granted that you have never seen a prize fight. I hope you never will; yet, conscientiously pelligrinising as we are through "Bell's Life," I don't think I shall be wrong in showing you one, in the spirit—as a scarecrow and an example.

The fight between Lurky Snaggs and Dan Pepper—the Kiddy. A steam-boat—"The Pride of the River"—has been chartered for the momentous occasion, for the fight is to take place at some—to the uninitiated—carefully-concealed place on the Kent or Essex shore. A trip by rail was at first contemplated: a railway company, with an ardour and enthusiasm for the P.R. which did them honour, having offered handsome terms and every accommodation in the way of special trains; but old Sol Abrams, the Nestor of the Ring, reminded the promoters of the cheerful exhibition that a county magistrate, determined to stop the fight, might balk their battle-ground from station to station, and send for reinforcements of "bobbies," or policemen, by the great tale-teller, the electric telegraph. So the river was decided on. The steamer has been freighted with bottled stout, wines, spirits, cigars, captain's biscuits, and sandwiches; and, at an early hour, she receives a motley bevy of passengers—all, however, respectable in the Thurtellian or gig-keeping sense of respectability, for they have all paid a guinea

for their voyage and back. Several nobs, several first-rate men, several City men—all peculiar and distinct varieties of the *genus* sporting man, but on which I cannot stay to descant now—are present; and I am compelled to acknowledge the presence of many, very many of the gentlemen we met last night—the chained and ringed dandies—the bucks who know where Brixton is, and who sits at Bow Street on Monday mornings. Take care of your pockets, oh! my young student of "Bell's Life," for, of all the out-and-out thieves—

There are some temporary difficulties, occupying, indeed, a considerable portion of the forenoon, before a battle-ground can be finally selected. In one parish a fierce country magistrate sallies forth against the Fancy, with the whole of the *posse comitatus* he has been able to muster at his heels; in another, a detachment of the rural police puts them to rout, with the loss of a considerable portion of their baggage. At last, a sweet little slip of waste land, skirted on one side by a towing-path and on the other by a brickfield, is selected, and possession taken without molestation. There is a slight disturbance at first with a drunken horse-chaunter and a sporting blacksmith, who persist in offering to fight Snaggs and Pepper themselves for any number of pots of ale. These, however, are speedily disposed of—the horse-chaunter by being settled off-hand by three facers and a

crack under the left ear, and sent home in a cart with his bloody scone wrapped round with one of the staring shawls; the blacksmith by being tilted into a wet ditch, and left to get sober at his leisure. Then, business begins in right earnest. Sundry vans, omnibuses, and knowing-looking livery stable breaks have been following the course of the steamboat down the river; together with a locust crowd of chaise-carts, dog-carts, Hansom cabs, and a few private cabriolets — one with the smallest tiger and the largest grey mare to be found probably in England, and containing the Mæcenas of the Ring, rather pink about the eyes, and yellow about the cheek-bones from last night's Champagne. An amateur trotting-match or two has been got up on the road, and Jack Cowcabbage, the nobby greengrocer, of the Old Kent Road, has broken the knees of Handsome Charley's mare Peppermint, for which Charley swears that he will "pull him." All these vehicles cluster together in a widish outer ring, having sundry scouts or videttes posted, to give notice of the approach of inimical forces; and, in addition, there are several horsemen, hovering on the skirts of the ring, well-mounted gentlemen in garb, and apparently half interested and delighted with the prospect of the sport, and half ashamed to be seen in such company. Old Squire Nobsticks, of Nobstick Hall, close by, has come in spite of his gout in a roomy velocipede, and navigates into the

inner ring amid the cheers of the Fancy. He never misses a fight. This inner ring I speak of is now formed. The stakes are firmly driven into the turf, the ropes passed through circular orifices in their tops, and all made snug and comfortable. Now, Monsieur Tyro, if you please, button up all your pockets, and essay not to enter the inner ring, for the swell mobsmen will stone you from it if you do, and hustle and rifle you as you come out. Stand on the top of this hackney cab, and you will be enabled to view the proceedings with greater ease and comfort. None but the veterans of the Fancy and the Mæcenas (*?*) of the Ring have the privilege of sitting on the grass close to the ropes.

"'T is distance lends enchantment to the view."

The heroes peel, and, divesting themselves of the grubby or chrysalis-like covering of great-coats and wrap-rascals, appear in the bright butterfly bravery of denuded *torsos*, white drawers and stockings, flaring waist-handkerchiefs and sparrow-bill shoes. We have no time to ponder on the magnificent muscular development of these men's chests and arms. The bottleholders are at their respective corners, with their bottles and sponges; the referee stands watch in hand (I hope he will not lose it ere the fight be done); the swell mobsmen make a desperate rush at anything they can lay hands on; and these two

men proceed to pound each other's bodies.

I could describe the scene that follows, but *cui bono*? Content yourself with fancying who first drew claret; how often the referee cried time; who got down whom at the ropes; who put out cleverly with his left; whose face bore severe marks of punishment, hit out wildly, hung like a mass of butcher's meat on his second's knee; and, failing at last to come up to time, fell down senseless on the turf, caused the sponge to be thrown up, and victory to be declared for his opponent. What need is there for me to state who officiated for Snaggs, and who did the needful for the Kiddy; how there was a savage foray on this latter's party by the Nottingham Roughs; how there was a cry of "Foul!" and how the swell mobsmen robbed right and left, hitting wildly meanwhile, till the Mæcenas of the Ring — fleeing from before them — fell into the ditch a-top of the tinker, and had an after-fight or fancy epilogue with him. We have had enough of it.

And I am not half through "Bell's Life" yet, though you must be as weary of it and of me as ever was Mariana in the Moated Grange. But, as I said before, "Bell's Life" is as the life of man, and how am I to despatch so important a subject in a dozen columns? Come we, however, to close quarters, and make an end on't.

There is the column devoted to pedestrianism — including walk-

ing, running, and leaping matches. Tyros as we may be in sporting matters, there are few of us but have occasionally met an individual in short cotton drawers and a linen jacket, with a printed handkerchief twisted round his head, after the manner of the French *poissardes*, walking manfully along a suburban turnpike road; his left arm kept on a level with his *sternum*, or breast bone, and his right hand clutching a short stick — walking for a wager. Or who has not seen the bold runner, skimming along the Queen's highway, with nimble legs and a stern and unmoved countenance, amid the clamours of riff-raff boys and the cheers of his supporters.

And fishing: fly, salmon, and jack? And wrestling? And "cocking" (hid slyly in an out of the way corner, but existing and practised for all that). And quoits, and bowls? And cricket? And aquatics (yachting and sculling)? And change-ringing? And the mysterious game of Nurr and spell, goff, skating, hockey, quarter-staff, single-stick, fencing, dog-fancying, pigeon-shooting, sparrow-shooting, archery, chess, draughts, billiards, ratting, otter-hunting? Have I nothing to say on all these subjects? I have, indeed, and to spare; but, knowing that I should never finish were I once to begin, I will eschew the temptation and say nothing. These are bound up with us, these sports and pastimes — they are bone of our bone, and flesh of

our flesh — they are crackling cinders at almost every Englishman's fire-side.

One word, and an end. Of the phases of sporting life I have endeavoured to delineate, all offer some repulsive and humiliating traits. In these feeble sketches of some of the sports and pastimes of some of the English people, I have been compelled to bring into my canvas degraded human beings — to delineate base passions and appetites — to become the limner and biographer of scoundrels and dens. It may appear to some that I have been incoherent and fantastical — that I have sinned, like the painter in Horace, by joining horses' necks to human heads,

“— and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts absurdly
joined.”

Yet those who know the section of the world I have touched upon, know too, and will acknowledge, that to all the manly English sports that find a record in “Bell's Life” — round all these fine sturdy oaks with their broad chests and brawny arms — there are obscene parasites and creepers of chicanery, roguery, and ruffian blackguardism — dead leaves of low gambling and vulgar debauchery — rotten limbs of intemperance, knavery and violence. The potato fields of English sports are afflicted with something worse than a potato blight, an insect more deadly than the *aphis vastator*: by the betting

blight: the foul scorpion of betting-shops, and racing sweeps, and public-house tossing matches.

I hope I have not said a word in ridicule or deprecation of the athletic sports of England — the sports that send our lads (from Eton to charity schools) forth to do yeomen's service all over the globe. Nor can I end this paper without recognising the hopeful good that education, steam, cheap printing, cheap pictures, and cheap schools have done towards discouraging and discountenancing that brutal and savage wantonness in our sports, which was, until very lately, a scandal and disgrace to us as a nation. Every Englishman who numbers more than forty summers, can remember what formed the staple objects of amusement among the people in his youth. Bull-baiting, bear-baiting, duck-hunting, floating a cat in a bowl pursued by dogs; fastening two cats together by their tails, and then swinging them across a horizontal pole to see which should first kill the other; tying a cat and an owl together and throwing them into the water to fight it out; cock-fighting (before lords in drawing-rooms, sometimes — the birds being provided with silver spurs); ratting; and, as a climax of filthy savagery, worrying matches by men against bull-dogs, the man being on his knees having his hands tied behind him! These sports, thank Heaven, are nearly extinct, among us, and though, from time to time, we hear of

brutes indulging in nooks and corners in such miscalled sports, we look at them as ruffianly anachronisms, post-dated vagabonds who should have lived in the days when the Roman ladies made it a sport to thrust golden pins into the flesh of their female slaves, or when it was the pastime of the British people, from the Sabbath before Palm Sunday to the last hour of the Tuesday before Easter, to stone and beat Jews. Yet we are not quite spotless in our sports, yet.

WHAT WE DO WITH OUR LETTERS.

TROUBLED with an army of correspondents, and with cupboards full of unsorted letters, we were curious to see what large establishments do with the letters they receive, and must keep for very many years; for a letter once received at a public office has as much care taken of it — though written by the late Mr. Joseph Ady himself — as if it were a letter from a prime minister or a despatch from the Governor of the Cape to the Secretary of the Colonies. With this curiosity to satisfy, we arranged with a friend in a Government office, that we would be with him the next morning to see his “table,” as he called it, and the modes of sorting, entering, circulating, answering, indexing, and keeping the large mass of letters, which it was his business to open, and sort, and

enter, and circulate, and index, and keep — in short, to do everything with but answer; although one part of his duty, and that by no means the lightest, is to see that they *are* answered.

In a well-known office to the west of Temple Bar, we found a large table covered with letters; with a huge white vellum Post-office bag — once white, but now of a very different colour — crusted with red sealing-wax and string, and some remains of bits of black wax to show that it had been in a court mourning of its own for a king or a queen. Our friend was soon at work. He sorted the letters on his table according to their consequence, he told us, and this too without opening them, for some he knew by their envelopes, some by their seals, and others by the handwriting upon them.

“These are Treasury letters,” he said, “and I take them first. There is ‘Treasury’ upon them in the corner, and I am now sorting them according to the Services — Colonial, Commissariat, or Home.” As he opened them he flattened them on their faces, and then proceeded with other Home correspondence, such as Foreign Office letters, Inland Revenue letters, and letters from the various departments of Government in London. These he treated in the same manner, and then proceeded to sort the contents of the large vellum bag, which the office messenger had by this time emptied on his table.

What a medley of communications in point of size now broke upon the view! Here were some as big as six octavo volumes made into a brown paper parcel; some of a lesser size, like a volume of *Household Words*; some of foolscap size; and some as small as the envelopes in ordinary use for an amount of letter-writing that a penny is sufficient to convey from Kirkwall to St. Michael's Mount. Our friend was evidently not very well pleased with the little letters, for he put them aside to be opened last, as if indeed he would rather not have them; nor was it at once that we perceived his reasons, though, as the reader shall see, he had good enough grounds for objecting to all letters written on the kind of paper ordinarily in use in all unofficial communications.

When he had arranged his letters to his own satisfaction, he began to open them with a rapidity which showed that this had long been his daily employment. With his left hand he flattened the letters out, and with his right threw the envelopes into the huge waste-paper basket by his side. He had soon a formidable pile of communications to digest, and it was easy to see that some would occasion more trouble to him than he thought should fall to the share of the receiver of the letter, or the correspondent to whom it is addressed. "These Irish letters," he said, "give us unnecessary trouble. Irish officials never write like English or Scotch officers.

They are sure either to omit the date of the communication altogether, or, worse still, to give a wrong date to the letter they profess to reply to. This," he said, "is another troublesome class of communication — here is a letter written on two sides of half-a-sheet of foolscap. There are enclosures with it. This writer is carrying out the saving system of M'Culloch, which the Treasury has sanctioned, but which the Treasury does not, however, wisely enough, in its own case follow out, and which nearly all efficient Government officers are thoughtful enough to break through. Now, I have to pin these papers together, and before they are returned to me they will be riddled with pin-holes; whereas, if the communication had been made on a full sheet of paper, I should have placed the enclosures in the centre of the letter without a pin, and thus, if a full sheet instead of a single sheet had been used by this paper-sparing correspondent, a little world of convenience, and even of security would have been gained to your humble servant and to the public as well."

When his letters were all flattened out with their faces to the desk, he took them to an adjoining table, and the messenger, with a hand-stamp, stamped every letter in the left-hand corner with an oval-shaped stamp, containing the name of the office and the words "Received, 17th of August 1852." He now took

them again to his own seat, and proceeded to number every letter with a separate number placed in large characters in the middle of the first page and close to the top. He then took a red-ink pen, and wrote the service or account to which the letter related — immediately below the office-stamp; and beneath the head of service, as briefly as possible, the subject of the communication. This done, he proceeded to mark with a strong black-lead pencil the particular references in the several letters to the letters sent from his own office, to verify dates, to fill in the dates and numbers of previous communications, and then to deliver to a messenger all letters referring to office letters, with instructions to “get the drafts” — meaning the drafts of the letters referred to by the several correspondents. This getting the drafts engrossed some time; but our friend was not idle. He had now opened his register of letters received, and proceeded to enter the letters not relating to any previous correspondence, making the numbers on the register agree with the numbers he had placed upon the letters.

This book or register is rather a ledger-like affair, ruled with faint blue lines, divided into columns, each column having a separate printed heading. Thus: — “No. Name of Accountant, Party, or Office. Date of the Paper. Nature or Subject of Paper. Date of Board’s Minute. Date of Board’s Order not on the Mi-

notes. Substance of Board’s Orders on Papers not Minuted. Proceedings. When disposed of. No. of Former Communication. No. of Subsequent Communication. No. [The same No. a second time for convenience of reference.] Mark of Deposit and Notation of Paper Sent.” Of course it was only a portion of these headings that he was as yet enabled to fill up; but his entries, we observed, as far as he could go, were precise and full. As soon as he had done his entries, he threw into a basket — labelled outside “Letters for the Board” — all those letters which it was requisite that the Commissioners should see; while the others he placed in a basket on his left for delivery to the several inspectors and examiners to whose business they related — a task of selection requiring great nicety of observation, and a very general knowledge of the whole duties of the several departments of the office. This labour over, he now rang his bell, and handed to a messenger the basket of Board Letters for delivery to the secretary.

Having done with to-day’s letters — as far as he was concerned — he now took up such of the letters of yesterday, as had come out from the Board with the directions of the Board upon them, and entered the substance of the orders in his register. He then took down a “Delivery Book” containing numbers corresponding to those in the register, against which he wrote the names of the

officers to whom the letters were to be delivered. The book and letters were then handed to a messenger, who carried them to the several officers, and obtained their initials against the names in proof of delivery. Thus another portion of his day's work was done, and we had received information of moment for ourselves and others.

His next work was to attack the contents of a basket, labelled "Letters to be cleared." These he first of all sorted numerically, and then proceeded to enter in his register the number and date of the letter or report which the out-letter clerk had marked upon the in-letter. When he had done this he pinned a piece of paper to several letters, with these words upon it: "Mr. —, fix initials to letter, if done with;" and gave them to a messenger for delivery. With some letters, we observed, it was not necessary to take this course, as the inspector or examiner had already affixed his initials, and thus lessened the labour attached to the teasing and responsible duty of the registrar.

He now took (and yet a Government clerk!) to another labour; that of clearing letters through his register: giving a mark of notation or deposit under the number, showing that all necessary proceedings had been taken upon the letters — in short, that the letter had performed its work, was done with, and was now only of use as a record. As this proceeding advanced, a formidable

pile of "Letters for deposit" was soon collected, and we were now more than ever curious to see "What he would do with his letters?"

It was obvious at a glance that he kept his letters opened out, and quite evident that it would be a great convenience to him if all his letters were written on paper of the same size. We now saw the cause of his dislike to little letters; for all his note, quarto letter-paper, and Bath post communications, he either wafered or pinned to half-sheets of foolscap, remarking that Irishmen and treasurers of County Courts, to say nothing of clerks of the same little halls *out* of Westminster Hall, were among his most troublesome small-paper correspondents.

Seeing the trouble inflicted on — may we say it? — a hard-working Government clerk, by the system of writing official communications on paper only fitted for invitations to dinner or a little dance, we inquired of our friend if any attempt had been made to try and persuade correspondents that a letter to a public office ought not to be received, unless it were written on foolscap paper. "My dear fellow, yes," was our friend's reply. "Look at the printed directions on almost every envelope; directions almost like commands, with a dash of entreaty in every second request. As you are curious in this matter (our clerkly friend continued), you should see what envelopes ask." He then extended his right-

hand to his waste-paper basket, and took out, at random, envelopes with printed "entreaties," as he insisted on calling them, some of which we were allowed to take away as examples for future use. Here are a few — and first, the Board of Health: —

"All communications on Public Service should be pre-paid, and directed

"TO THE GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH,
"GWYDYR HOUSE,
"WHITEHALL."

"And in case of further correspondence on the subject of this communication, it is requested that the number as well as the date of the enclosed letter may be quoted. It is also desirable that all letters whatever should be written on paper the size of foolscap."

Listen to the vocal Woods: —

"All letters on Public Service, for any department of the Office of Woods, must be addressed to

"THE COMMISSIONERS OF HER MA-
"JESTY'S WOODS, OFFICE OF
"WOODS, &c.,
"WHITEHALL."

"If any further correspondence on the subject of the enclosed communication should be necessary, it is requested that the number as well as the date may be quoted; and, if it be accompanied by papers, they should be tied together, or otherwise properly secured against the accidents to which heavy packets are unavoidably liable in the course of transmission by post."

The Audit Office is not less precise: —

"All public letters to the Audit Office should be addressed to

"THE COMMISSIONERS FOR
"AUDITING THE PUBLIC ACCOUNTS,
"SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON."

"If further correspondence on the subject of the enclosed communication be necessary, it is requested that the number as well as the date may be quoted. All

letters transmitting accounts or answers to queries should relate to such matters only. All letters and papers should be properly secured."

The Inland Revenue has but two requests: —

"OBSERVE: — In case of further correspondence on the subject of the enclosed letter, you are requested to quote its number and date."

The Poor Law Commissioners are particular: —

"All communications to this office on public business should be addressed to the Poor Law Commissioners; the postage on all such communications must be paid by the writers. In case of further correspondence on the subject of the enclosed letter, you are requested to quote its number and date."

Not less so (though in a different way) are the Educational Commissioners in Ireland: —

"You are requested to write, at the head of the letter, the name of the school to which your correspondence relates, and also of the county in which it is situated; and all letters to be addressed to

"MAURICE CROSS, } Secretaries.
"JAMES KELLY, }
"Education Office, Marlboro' Street,
"Dublin."

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland make an excellent request: —

"It is requested that correspondents will not write on more than one subject in each letter."

The Inclosure Commissioners are not particular in their grammar, though they are in what they ask: —

"It is desirable that all letters should be written on foolscap paper, and must be addressed

"TO THE INCLOSURE COMMISSIONERS
"FOR ENGLAND AND WALES,
"LONDON."

The Tithe Commissioners seem to have a frightful quantity of large-sized correspondence: —

"All communications on Public Service to the Commissioners must be directed as follows: —

"TO THE TITHE COMMISSIONERS
"FOR ENGLAND AND WALES,
"LONDON."

"In case of further correspondence on the subject of this communication, it is requested that the number as well as the date of the enclosed letter may be quoted.

"It is also desirable that matters relating to different parishes or townships should be written on separate sheets of paper, and that all letters whatever should be written on paper of the size of foolscap.

"The Tithe Commissioners request you will be careful to forward all letters and packets not exceeding three feet in length, addressed to this Board, through the Post-office; and to send such packets only as exceed the above length by coach or van."

The Paymaster General works, it would appear, as much from the envelopes as our communicative friend west of Temple Bar: —

"All letters to the Paymaster General's Office should be addressed as under, the department (Army, Navy, Ordnance, or Civil Services) to which the letter relates being stated in the corner: —

"TO H. M. PAYMASTER GENERAL,
"WHITEHALL,
"LONDON."

Army,
Navy,
Ordnance,
Civil Services, } (as the case may be.)

There are other offices equally precise, but without effecting much good. Nor are the railways less particular. Here is a copy of an engraved heading to a letter

from the Secretary of the Great Northern Railway: —

"Please copy this Reference in your Answer. B. 558."

Now, to show the propriety of keeping letters flat, our clerkly friend took the trouble to show us a press containing one year of folded letters, and another press containing a year of open or unfolded letters. The space gained was perfectly wonderful — the folded letters occupying nearly double the room of the unfolded; besides, as our friend observed, "Here are our letters in bundles of five hundred each, with mill-boards at top and bottom, and a good strap to keep them together. This is the system that has been in use with us since 1849; and the facility of reference afforded by the new plan over the old is perfectly marvellous: only try!" It is, perhaps, needless to say that we were quite convinced of the truth of our friend's remarks, without putting his favourite plan to the test proposed. "This plan," he continued, "saves us work, and saves us trouble. Remember what Sir Robert Peel has told us in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, that the Treasury, in 1800, received only five thousand letters a year; that, in 1849, the number received was thirty thousand. Yet the Treasury still fold their letters — why, I know not: our plan is in force at the Admiralty, Audit Office, and elsewhere."

We should be doing an in-

justice to our friend, if we did not observe that he is an excellent clerk — one willing to red-ink his fingers between ten and four, and quite as willing to wash the red ink away between four and ten; in short, that he is not one of "Her Majesty's hard bargains."

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

A GERMAN JOE MILLER.

I PASSED the evening of the thirty-first of August at a little village inn, where I had arrived to be near our shooting-ground on the first of September: for, whether it is an institution of nature, or whether the Germans have borrowed it from us, or we from the Germans, the thirty-first of August seems everywhere the last day of grace permitted to partridges. To be sure one eats them often enough in June, but then they call them pigeons.

At about eight o'clock in the evening I had finished my supper. The rain began to patter in large drops against the windows, and the wind puffed out little weary sighs amongst the trees, as if Æolus was as much bored as I was. I was tired of hearing the village politicians in the *Wirthsstube* (bar) talking of constitutions, and news a month old; and I was still more tired of hearing the two bagmen in an adjoining room torturing a miserable piano out of its crazy wits, and calling upon

one another's hearts to "cease that sad desponding," or "A cup to love and father-land, to quaff." I had read over and over again all the inscriptions on the window, both in prose and verse; and learned, with little satisfaction or advantage, that A. G., and Müller, and Schulze, had been there before me. Fritz and Sophie, who announced themselves as two lovers, might, indeed, have afforded me, although only a looker-on, some amusement if they had been there; but the date showed that they had left since 1850. I had ridden over on horseback, leaving my guns and luggage to follow by the mail, and, of course, they had not arrived; pens, paper, books, maps, anything in the world that might serve to pass away half-an-hour, appeared out of the question. There was, indeed, the Gazette of a little electoral town in the neighbourhood, but no one, save an alchemist, could ever extract anything, except an after dinner nap, from a German newspaper; there was also a list of the people who had visited some baths somewhere during the summer, my own name figuring among them delightfully ill-spelled; but these sources of amusement were soon exhausted, and I was being reduced to the humiliating necessity of occupying myself with an endeavour to twiddle my thumbs different ways at the same time, and being foiled in the attempt, when a good fairy came to my aid, in the shape of an almanack,

which I discovered half hidden by the tobacco-pouch of mine host, and laying by in a forgotten corner. To seize my prize and take it within the little uncertain yellow haze of the solitary tallow candle, was the work of a moment, for I thought myself at least safe of an occupation till bed-time, if it were only in counting the number of saint's days and holidays there are in the calendar. I was pleasingly disappointed, however; the good fairy revealed herself (a book is unquestionably feminine) to me in the shape of a useful little manual, published by Meinecke of Brunswick in 1851, and called the "Post Almanach." As I was given to understand that most of the facts related in it have actually happened, and may be taken as real chips of the German Post, perhaps the reader may not be sorry to be made acquainted with some of them. Let us commence with the following, which the narrator considers would make a good farce. I differ with him. It is called a "Romance of the Post Office," and runs thus:—

In a certain village, called Berlingen, in the district of Mittlich, there lived a small farmer named Johann Mentges. He was an honest and industrious man, but, unluckily, no favourite of fortune; perhaps because he muddled himself with beer and pipes,—though this is not alleged as the reason. With the help, however, of a pair of strong arms, he contrived to keep the wolf from the door, though he got very near it; and,

as time went, on, Johann Mentges found that he got rich in nothing but debts, and as these must be paid, he mortgaged his little property for two hundred thalers, or about thirty pounds.

It is needless to say, Johann Mentges did not prosper any the better after this; and as the mortgagee found that he got neither principal nor interest from a man who was unable to pay them, he resolved to foreclose. It was in this unhappy state of things, and just as Johann, who had received notice of his intention, was hopelessly bewildering his brains behind his thirty-second pipe since breakfast (he had no dinner), that the glazed hat and yellow-worsted decorations of the postman appeared before him. Johann sighed heavily, something like the sigh of an overloaded camel when he won't get up, and expecting it was some new notice, declaration, or other legal botheration, of which he had lately had more than enough, he looked despondingly at the postman, took a long puff at his pipe, and refused to receive the letter extended towards him.

"Courage, man," said the postman. "The letter has five seals; it must contain money." Johann pricked up his ears. "At all events I must leave it here," said the postman, "for the postage is paid and it is addressed to you; *also, adieu!*" and with this usual farewell of his class he disappeared.

When he was gone, Johann took up the letter, and peered round and about it in an absent sort of way,

and having concluded his thirty-third pipe his heart failed him to open it. At last, however, with a desperate effort he broke the seals, and, instead of finding it to contain fresh threats from his impatient creditor, there appeared the beautiful vision of five new bank-notes, exquisitely executed, and of a hundred thalers each, which makes just seventy-five pounds of our money.

To describe the feelings of Johann Mentges at this unexpected stroke of good-fortune, is very far beyond my power. They were the more lively because it came as good-fortune will, just as he had said good-bye to hope. The whole thing was, however, as good as a riddle, (Johann thought it better,) and he could not for the life and soul of him make out where the money came from. The contents of the letter offered no clue whatever. It contained indeed but eight words:—

“Hierbei erhalten Sie 500 Th. für Ihr Wohle.

“Herewith you receive 500 Th. for your good.”

At least this is the way that Johann read the words, in the meaning of which he is amply borne out by all German and English dictionaries. The signature was illegible, as all signatures are, especially in Germany; and Johann having determined that the best way to employ the money for his good was to pay off the mortgage on his farm, lit another pipe, and thought no more about it. The next day, however, he

paid his debts, which amounted to three hundred thalers (or forty-five pounds)—in all no very large sum; and just as he was busy in the purchase of a cow, his heart overflowing with gratitude towards his unknown benefactor, he received another visit from the postman. This time, however, he brought no letter with five seals, and wore altogether a different look to poor Johann: he was accompanied, moreover, by the mayor and a policeman, who had come to arrest Johann Mentges for receiving and making away with money that did not belong to him. To be brief, the five hundred thalers had been meant for Johann Hentges — not Mentges — who lived at Berlingen in the district of Daun, and not in the district of Mittlich, as the letter had been directed; and the sender, an illiterate man, dealing in wool, had spelt the German word “Wolle” “Wohle,” so that the contents of Johann’s letter were intended to run, “Herewith you receive 500 Th. for your ‘wool,’ ” instead of “for your ‘good’ ” — an important difference.

It was fortunate for poor Johann that he had not bought the cow nor wasted the money, and still more fortunate for him that he had a good character, or he would certainly have got into trouble; as it was, he got off by giving up the two hundred thalers he had left, and giving security on his farm for the rest. Let us hope he had got a milder creditor.

The moral that the German

narrator tacks to his story, refers to the advantages of good calligraphy and orthography, and winds up with the apothegm: that "the address of a letter should be written once, and read over thrice."

Passing over an account of California, and a variety of stories of greater or less interest, but mostly too long for quotation, we come to the shorter anecdotes, which cluster together like a jolly company at the end of the little volume, and give a very fair specimen of the German way of being funny.

An old lady received a letter from her son; nothing but the beginning and the end were legible. "Ah, poor Tom," said she, "I see he stutters still."

The point of such jokes as these is printed in capitals, that it may not escape the attention of the reader.

"This scenery is certainly romantic," said a traveller. "I beg your pardon, Sir," answered the postillion, touching his hat, "it is Austrian."

A letter was brought to the postmaster at Zartberg, addressed "To my dear son." "Where does he live, man?" said the postmaster. — "Why, if I knew where my son was, I should not have brought the letter here, you may be sure," was the answer.

A polite man apologised at the end of his letter for writing in shirt-sleeves, owing to the heat of the day.

Having concluded the jokes, we come to instances of grotesque addresses which have passed through the Brunswick Post-office, similar to those we instanced in the first volume of Household Words. The first is rather an odd one, being directed:

"For my former maid, Marg. Deifel, now in prison for child murder, &c., &c. Oh dear me!"

As specimens of accurate addresses, we have:

"This letter is to be given to a pot-boy, one Celler, who lives somewhere in Hamburgh."

"To Christian Seigler, in Brunswick, just where the Box used to stand."

"To the late Mrs. Martensen."

"To Pastor Miram, or Miroio, at Binnen. I cannot exactly recollect the name now, but when the letter is given to the preacher there, with a wart on his nose, it will be quite right."

"To the umbrella-maker who deals in fruit during the summer, and is a single man. Cruessen, near Sondershausen."

Wonderful to say, this letter found the man; for it was returned to the Post-Office with the endorsement, "The person addressed refuses the letter. (Signed) Schömann, Letter-Carrier." Could the allusion to his being a single man have come from some too persevering fair one?

"To Robert Kiunlitze, in Berlin, second story, No. 7: a water-butt at the left hand after you get through the court." On the back of the same letter was written,

"If I am not at home my neighbour will take it in for me, but he removed last Michaelmas, and there is a new lodger."

"To my Brother in America, to be delivered to his master."

"To the late Cow-dealer his Milkmaid, and she is my sister."

"To Lorenzo, in Klunenthal; if the Father is dead, to be sent to the Son in Vochtland:" which is as though a letter in England were addressed to "Lawrence, in North Wales; if the Father is dead, to be sent to Tipperary."

And now, my dear reader, as I am extremely tired, I will go to bed. I hope I have got through my evening without boring you. Good night!

LYING AWAKE.

"My uncle lay with his eyes half closed, and his nightcap drawn almost down to his nose. His fancy was already wandering, and began to mingle up the present scene with the crater of Vesuvius, the French Opera, the Coliseum at Rome, Dolly's Chop-house in London, and all the far-rago of noted places with which the brain of a traveller is crammed; in a word, he was just falling asleep."

Thus, that delightful writer, WASHINGTON IRVING, in his *Tales of a Traveller*. But, it happened to me the other night to be lying: not with my eyes half closed, but with my eyes wide open; not with my nightcap drawn almost down

to my nose, for on sanitary principles I never wear a nightcap: but with my hair pitchforked and touzled all over the pillow; not just falling asleep by any means, but glaringly, persistently, and obstinately, broad awake. Perhaps, with no scientific intention or invention, I was illustrating the theory of the Duality of the Brain; perhaps one part of my brain, being wakeful, sat up to watch the other part which was sleepy. Be that as it may, something in me was as desirous to go to sleep as it possibly could be, but something else in me *would not* go to sleep, and was as obstinate as George the Third.

Thinking of George the Third — for I devote this paper to my train of thoughts as I lay awake: most people lying awake sometimes, and having some interest in the subject — put me in mind of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, and so Benjamin Franklin's paper on the art of procuring pleasant dreams, which would seem necessarily to include the art of going to sleep, came into my head. Now, as I often used to read that paper when I was a very small boy, and as I recollect everything I read then, as perfectly as I forget everything I read now, I quoted "Get out of bed, beat up and turn your pillow, shake the bed-clothes well with at least twenty shakes, then throw the bed open and leave it to cool; in the meanwhile, continuing undrest, walk about your chamber. When you begin to feel the cold air unpleasant, then return to your

bed, and you will soon fall asleep, and your sleep will be sweet and pleasant." Not a bit of it! I performed the whole ceremony, and if it were possible for me to be more saucer-eyed than I was before, that was the only result that came of it.

Except Niagara. The two quotations from Washington Irving and Benjamin Franklin may have put it in my head by an American association of ideas; but there I was, and the Horse-shoe Fall was thundering and tumbling in my eyes and ears, and the very rainbows that I left upon the spray when I really did last look upon it, were beautiful to see. The night-light being quite as plain, however, and sleep seeming to be many thousand miles further off than Niagara, I made up my mind to think a little about Sleep; which I no sooner did than I whirled off in spite of myself to Drury Lane Theatre, and there saw a great actor and dear friend of mine (whom I had been thinking of in the day) playing Macbeth, and heard him apostrophising "the death of each day's life," as I have heard him many a time, in the days that are gone.

But, Sleep. I *will* think about Sleep. I am determined to think (this is the way I went on) about Sleep. I must hold the word Sleep, tight and fast, or I shall be off at a tangent in half a second. I feel myself unaccountably straying, already, into Clare Market. Sleep. It would be curious, as illustrating the equality of sleep,

to inquire how many of its phenomena are common to all classes, to all degrees of wealth and poverty, to every grade of education and ignorance. Here, for example, is Her Majesty Queen Victoria in her palace this present blessed night, and here is Winking Charley, a sturdy vagrant, in one of Her Majesty's jails. Her Majesty has fallen, many thousands of times, from that same Tower, which I claim a right to tumble off now and then. So has Winking Charley. Her Majesty in her sleep has opened or prorogued Parliament, or has held a Drawing Room, attired in some very scanty dress, the deficiencies and improprieties of which have caused her great uneasiness. I, in my degree, have suffered unspeakable agitation of mind from taking the chair at a public dinner at the London Tavern in my night-clothes, which not all the courtesy of my kind friend and host MR. BATHE could persuade me were quite adapted to the occasion. Winking Charley has been repeatedly tried in a worse condition. Her Majesty is no stranger to a vault or firmament, of a sort of floor-cloth, with an indistinct pattern distantly resembling eyes, which occasionally obtrudes itself on her repose. Neither am I. Neither is Winking Charley. It is quite common to all three of us to skim along with airy strides a little above the ground; also to hold, with the deepest interest, dialogues with various people, all represented by ourselves; and to be at our wit's

end to know what they are going to tell us; and to be indescribably astonished by the secrets they disclose. It is probable that we have all three committed murders and hidden bodies. It is pretty certain that we have all desperately wanted to cry out, and have had no voice; that we have all gone to the play and not been able to get in; that we have all dreamed much more of our youth than of our later lives; that — I have lost it! The thread's broken.

And up I go. I, lying here with the night-light before me, up I go, for no reason on earth that I can find out, and drawn by no links that are visible to me, up the Great Saint Bernard! I have lived in Switzerland, and rambled among the mountains; but, why I should go there now, and why up the Great Saint Bernard in preference to any other mountain, I have no idea. As I lie here broad awake, and with every sense so sharpened that I can distinctly hear distant noises inaudible to me at another time, I make that journey, as I really did, on the same summer day, with the same happy party — ah! two since dead, I grieve to think — and there is the same track, with the same black wooden arms to point the way, and there are the same storm-refuges here and there; and there is the same snow falling at the top, and there are the same frosty mists, and there is the same intensely cold convent with its menagerie smell, and the same breed of dogs fast dying out, and the same breed of

jolly young monks whom I mourn to know as humbugs, and the same convent parlour with its piano and the sitting round the fire, and the same supper, and the same lone night in a cell, and the same bright fresh morning when going out into the highly rarefied air was like a plunge into an icy bath. Now, see here what comes along; and why does this thing stalk into my mind on the top of a Swiss mountain!

It is a figure that I once saw, just after dark, chalked upon a door in a little back lane near a country church — my first church. How young a child I may have been at the time I don't know, but it horrified me so intensely — in connexion with the churchyard, I suppose, for it smokes a pipe, and has a big hat with each of its ears sticking out in a horizontal line under the brim, and is not in itself more oppressive than a mouth from ear to ear, a pair of goggle eyes, and hands like two bunches of carrots, five in each, can make it — that it is still vaguely alarming to me to recall (as I have often done before, lying awake) the running home, the looking behind, the horror of its following me; though whether disconnected from the door, or door and all, I can't say, and perhaps never could. It lays a disagreeable train. I must resolve to think of something on the voluntary principle.

The balloon ascents of this last season. They will do to think about, while I lie wake, as well as anything else. I must hold them

tight though, for I feel them sliding away, and in their stead are the Mannings, husband and wife, hanging on the top of Horsemonger Lane Jail. In connexion with which dismal spectacle, I recal this curious fantasy of the mind. That, having beheld that execution, and having left those two forms dangling on the top of the entrance gateway — the man's, a limp loose suit of clothes, as if the man had gone out of them; the woman's, a fine shape, so elaborately corseted and artfully dressed, that it was quite unchanged in its trim appearance as it slowly swung from side to side — I never could, by my utmost efforts, for some weeks, present the outside of that prison to myself (which the terrible impression I had received continually obliged me to do) without presenting it with the two figures still hanging in the morning air. Until, strolling past the gloomy place one night, when the street was deserted and quiet, and actually seeing that the bodies were not there, my fancy was persuaded, as it were, to take them down and bury them within the precincts of the jail, where they have lain ever since.

The balloon ascents of last season. Let me reckon them up. There were the horse, the bull, the parachute, and the tumbler hanging on — chiefly by his toes, I believe — below the car. Very wrong indeed, and decidedly to be stopped. But, in connexion with these and similar dangerous exhibitions, it strikes me that that

portion of the public whom they entertain, is unjustly reproached. Their pleasure is in the difficulty overcome. They are a public of great faith, and are quite confident that the gentleman will not fall off the horse, or the lady off the bull or out of the parachute, and that the tumbler has a firm hold with his toes. They do not go to see the adventurer vanquished, but triumphant. There is no parallel in public combats between men and beasts, because nobody can answer for the particular beast — unless it were always the same beast, in which case it would be a mere stage-show, which the same public would go in the same state of mind to see, entirely believing in the brute being beforehand safely subdued by the man. That they are not accustomed to calculate hazards and dangers with any nicety, we may know from their rash exposure of themselves in overcrowded steamboats, and unsafe conveyances and places of all kinds. And I cannot help thinking that instead of railing, and attributing savage motives to a people naturally well disposed and humane, it is better to teach them, and lead them argumentatively and reasonably — for they are very reasonable, if you will discuss a matter with them — to more considerate and wise conclusions.

This is a disagreeable intrusion! Here is a man with his throat cut, dashing towards me as I lie awake! A recollection of an old story of a kinsman of mine,

who, going home one foggy winter night to Hampstead, when London was much smaller and the road lonesome, suddenly encountered such a figure rushing past him, and presently two keepers from a madhouse in pursuit. A very unpleasant creature indeed, to come into my mind unbidden, as I lie awake.

— The balloon ascents of last season. I must return to the balloons. Why did the bleeding man start out of them? Never mind; if I inquire, he will be back again. The balloons. This particular public have inherently a great pleasure in the contemplation of physical difficulties overcome; mainly, as I take it, because the lives of a large majority of them are exceedingly monotonous and real, and further, are a struggle against continual difficulties, and further still, because anything in the form of accidental injury, or any kind of illness or disability is so very serious in their own sphere. I will explain this seeming paradox of mine. Take the case of a Christmas Pantomime. Surely nobody supposes that the young mother in the pit who falls into fits of laughter when the baby is boiled or sat upon, would be at all diverted by such an occurrence off the stage. Nor is the decent workman in the gallery, who is transported beyond the ignorant present by the delight with which he sees a stout gentleman pushed out of a two pair of stairs window, to be slandered by the suspicion that he

would be in the least entertained by such a spectacle in any street in London, Paris, or New York. It always appears to me that the secret of this enjoyment lies in the temporary superiority to the common hazards and mischances of life; in seeing casualties, attended when they really occur with bodily and mental suffering, tears, and poverty, happen through a very rough sort of poetry without the least harm being done to any one — the pretence of distress in a pantomime being so broadly humorous as to be no pretence at all. Much as in the comic fiction I can understand the mother with a very vulnerable baby at home, greatly relishing the invulnerable baby on the stage, so in the Cremonne reality I can understand the mason who is always liable to fall off a scaffold in his working jacket and to be carried to the hospital, having an infinite admiration of the radiant personage in spangles who goes into the clouds upon a bull, or upside down, and who, he takes it for granted — not reflecting upon the thing — has, by uncommon skill and dexterity, conquered such mischances as those to which he and his acquaintance are continually exposed.

I wish the Morgue in Paris would not come here as I lie awake, with its ghastly beds, and the swollen saturated clothes hanging up, and the water dripping, dripping all day long, upon that other swollen saturated something in the corner, like a heap of crushed over-ripe figs that I have

seen in Italy! And this detestable Morgue comes back again at the head of a procession of forgotten ghost stories. This will never do. I must think of something else as I lie awake; or, like that sagacious animal in the United States who recognised the colonel who was such a dead shot, I am a gone 'Coon. What shall I think of? The late brutal assaults. Very good subject. The late brutal assaults.

(Though whether, supposing I should see, here before me as I lie awake, the awful phantom described in one of those ghost stories, who, with a head-dress of shroud, was always seen looking in through a certain glass door at a certain dead hour — whether, in such a case it would be the least consolation to me to know on philosophical grounds that it was merely my imagination, is a question I can't help asking myself by the way.)

The late brutal assaults. I strongly question the expediency of advocating the revival of whipping for those crimes. It is a natural and generous impulse to be indignant at the perpetration of inconceivable brutality, but I doubt the whipping panacea gravely. Not in the least regard or pity for the criminal, whom I hold in far lower estimation than a mad wolf, but in consideration for the general tone and feeling, which is very much improved since the whipping times. It is bad for a people to be familiarised with such punishments. When the whip

went out of Bridewell, and ceased to be flourished at the cart's tail and at the whipping post, it began to fade out of madhouses, and workhouses, and schools, and families, and to give place to a better system everywhere, than cruel driving. It would be hasty, because a few brutes may be inadequately punished, to revive, in any aspect, what, in so many aspects, society is hardly yet happily rid of. The whip is a very contagious kind of thing, and difficult to confine within one set of bounds. Utterly abolish punishment by fine — a barbarous device, quite as much out of date as wager by battle, but particularly connected in the vulgar mind with this class of offence — at least quadruple the term of imprisonment for aggravated assaults — and above all let us, in such cases, have no Pet Prisoning, vain-glorifying, strong soup and roasted meats, but hard work, and one unchanging and uncompromising dietary of bread and water, well or ill; and we shall do much better than by going down into the dark to grope for the whip among the rusty fragments of the rack, and the branding iron, and the chains and gibbet from the public roads, and the weights that pressed men to death in the cells of Newgate.

I had proceeded thus far, when I found I had been lying awake so long that the very dead began to wake too, and to crowd into my thoughts most sorrowfully. Therefore, I resolved to lie awake no more, but to get up and go out for

a night walk — which resolution was an acceptable relief to me, as I dare say it may prove now to a great many more.

JOHAN FALSEN;

FROM THE DANISH OF MR. GOLD-SCHMIDT.

AT about eleven o'clock one summer night in the year 1773, old Martin Falsen rose from his bed, opened one of the window-shutters, and put his head out to see what was the cause of the disturbance in the street before his house. He beheld his son Johan in a violent quarrel with four or five apprentice lads, who, being rendered incapable of farther combat, soon disappeared from the scene of action. After this, the young conqueror approached the window, the shutter and casement of which had been left purposely ajar, and was about to enter the room; when, to his great astonishment, he felt himself thrust out again, and the following words addressed to him:

"This then is the reason why you cannot get up in the morning! And you think you may come sneaking into your father's house in this way, setting an example to thieves, do you? Away with you, and never come into my sight again!"

With these words the father's nightcap disappeared into the chamber, and window and shutter were both closed. Overcome with

shame and vexation, Johan now stood immoveable upon the spot which a few minutes before had witnessed his triumph.

"Plague on it that the old fellow should awake!" said he, at length, half aloud to himself, and then turned away to ask quarters for the night with some of his companions.

The next day Johan received from his irreconcilable father his maternal inheritance — a few hundred rix-dollars; and with this he set off at once to a sea-port town at no great distance, where, although only nineteen years old, he began business, and where there was no grumbling old gentleman to make it necessary for him to leave window and shutter ajar. He had now keys of his own, and could let himself in at his own street-door.

After a few months his shopman one day said to him, "Master, on Saturday that bill becomes due."

"What bill, Hendrik?" asked he.

"The great bill of nine hundred rix-dollars which we gave to the Lubeck merchant."

"Does it, indeed!" exclaimed Johan; and then, with his hands behind him, he walked up and down behind the counter and whistled; while his shopman busied him with some pieces of cotton.

"Hendrik," at length said Johan; "I must see if I cannot get the money."

"God bless you, master!" said the shopman, leaving the cotton

to itself, "but there is sense in that."

A pause followed; Johan turned it over in his mind again; and suddenly, by the tone of his voice, it seemed as if a brilliant thought had struck him. "Hendrik!" exclaimed he, "the day after to-morrow is Hjembek fair. I have still some goods to sell; do you run to Jens, the hackney-coachman, and ask if he can drive me there to-night."

The shopman went to Jens, and that same evening Johan drove with a small package of goods out of the gate of the town to Hjembek fair.

What occurred there I have been told by my late uncle — a brother of uncle Johan — who frequently spoke of that night's adventures. This other uncle of mine was at that time in the employment of a Copenhagen merchant, and had been sent to the fair with a quantity of small wares. As soon as Johan arrived, a number of the fair folk came thronging about him. "What, are you here, Johan Falsen?" said they. "Nay, but we are glad of that! How is it with you, old boy? We'll have a regular bout of it to-night, eh, Johan?" Johan made but little time suffice for his brother; to whom he entrusted all arrangements about his booth in the fair, and then went off at once with his rollicking companions.

Late at night his brother went to seek for Johan in a low public-house, where gambling was going on. There sate Johan, with flushed

countenance, in a cloud of tobacco-smoke and punch fumes: he had already lost all his ready money, and now staked the goods he brought with him.

"Johan, come with me!" said his brother. "Leave off before it is too late!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Johan. "I am not risking your money, am I?"

"I could not bear to look on," my uncle was accustomed to say, 'so I went home and to bed. Early in the morning, when it was just beginning to get light, I heard somebody come blundering up the stairs, and trying all the doors, until at last he entered my room. It was Johan. His countenance was swollen; his eyes were sunk deeply in his head, and burning like fire.

"Are you awake, Christian?" said he, coming to my bedside.

"Yes, I am. What has happened to you?" Instead of giving me an answer, he bade me get up and go to Jens, the hackneycoachman.

"Why must I go to him?" said I, 'have you lost your goods and all?'

"Lost!" exclaimed he, with a scornful laugh, 'lost! look here!' And, with these words, he put his hand into his breast-pocket, and pulled out an enormous roll of bank bills and threw them on the table. Other rolls he drew forth from his breeches pockets, and from the pockets of his waistcoat came several hundred-dollar bills; while out of his boots — which,

according to the fashion of the time, were worn outside his breeches — he pulled watches, breast-pins, tobacco-boxes, rings, and other valuables. I lay there immoveable, staring at him, whilst he was exclaiming, 'Nay, don't lie staring there! Go and fetch me Jens the coachman.'

"'Have you won all these, Johan?' asked I, in terror, for the fearful thought suddenly occurred to me that perhaps in his drunkenness he had got them by some other means.

"'Yes, I have won them,' said he. 'I don't know,' he added, clasping his hands upon his forehead, 'I don't know how it has happened. I am almost terrified, Christian!'

"He seated himself upon the bed. 'I had staked the last piece of my goods, and they sat all together and laughed, and were so merry; I was in such an ill humour, I could have murdered them! Just when the cards were shuffled and my all in this world was at stake, and my soul and my eternal happiness — for it concerned that, Christian! — it occurred to me that people in the old times used to give themselves up to the devil to secure his aid at such times, and I thought to myself — 'If the devil were but here! but then he is now so overstocked with human beings it is not worth his while to be here to-night!' Whilst I thought thus, the cards were dealt. I turned mine, and that very moment I seemed to hear quite plain some-

body laughing behind me. I won, and the strange laughter behind me continued, but I did not dare to look round. I went on winning and winning until I won everything of value on the table, and they broke up. Although I came home immediately, the laughter has followed me to this very door. But I have not sold myself to the fiend, have I, Christian, because I thought about him? Oh, never again, as long as I live, will I touch a card! I will go home! Fetch me coachman Jens, Christian, for I am so bewildered in my head that I don't know how to find the way to him. Get up, Christian, make haste!'

"I went to coachman Jens, but he could not at all understand why the goods he had brought should be carried back unopened; and, to my brother's great terror, declared that the devil must be at the bottom of it. When my brother took his seat, and the carriage began to drive off, he cast a long glance over the tents and the booths, exclaiming, 'Farewell, Hjembek! We two will see each other no more!'"

Within a very short time after Johan's return, the whole town began to talk of the sudden change which had occurred in him. On his side, too, Johan found that a great change had taken place in the town. There seemed now to be many more friendly countenances there than formerly. Many of the old tradespeople who had formerly shook their heads when he went by, now

came into his shop and had a little chat with him, and one and another let him know in a delicate way that if, on any occasion, he needed a little assistance, they would not object to let him have two or three hundred dollars, more or less. More than one of the respectable ladies in whose houses he visited treated him with motherly care. They showed him such tenderness as they would show to a child who had too early become motherless, and Johan could not but observe that these ladies were especially such as had marriageable daughters. But either uncle Johan had at that time a hard impenetrable heart, or he felt himself unworthy of the great honour which was shown to him; for he continued to live on a bachelor.

Johan's trade increased. He enlarged his premises. He had a brandy-distillery, a brewery and warehouses, and each hiring day his domestics became more numerous. But he had no beloved wedded wife to manage his house, to keep a watchful eye over the maid-servants, and to care for his comfort; and the female population of the town spoke often of the poor man, who, without any doubt, must be shamefully cheated and robbed. Johan, alone, seemed to be blind to these discomforts. True enough it was noticed that he changed his female servants about every half year; but as, in a general way, they very soon afterwards married, and had a good portion from him, people were not justified in believing that there had been any dissatisfaction on his side.

At length, in the year 1802, it happened that Johan made a journey to Lubeck. Such a journey in those days was something so unusual as to excite general attention; and, from this time, Johan Falsen came to be esteemed as among the first shopkeepers of the town. The journey was very successful; but on his return the ship in which he sailed was overtaken by a violent storm on the coast of Pomerania. The masts were carried overboard; there was every prospect of a wreck; all order ceased among the crew; and the unmanageable vessel drove like a toy before the excited billows. There appeared no hope whatever.

Johan lay down in his cabin; and, in that fearful moment — when the mast was carried away, and the crew screamed in terror of their danger — he was occupying his mind, strange to say, with his maid-servants. He reckoned them up by name, from Marie to Anna Kirstine; and, when he had come to the last, he fell upon his knees and vowed to God that if he would deliver him from this danger he would take for wife the first citizen's daughter whom he met after his return to Denmark. As if satisfied by this voluntary sacrifice the storm abated, the raging billows subsided, the ship came safely to land; and, two months afterwards, Uncle Johan was married to Aunt Regina.

It is long after this event that my remembrance of the house commences. The first time I was introduced into it, its youth — as I may say — was past: it stood full grown like the two oak trees which spread their shadowy branches before the gate. It was not by any means a regularly built house. One might know from its different portions the different periods at which they were erected, and thus follow the changes which the architectural knowledge of the town passed through, as well as the state of my uncle's finances.

The principal erection fronting the street consisted of two parts; of which one was a little insignificant shop, with its counting-house and parlour, that had formerly been my uncle's sleeping-room. That was the beginning of the house; it had been suffered to remain unaltered, out of a sort of respect, and it now stood well-satisfied between the second part or great wing, (which contained the sitting-room, the people's, and the guests'-rooms,) and the great warehouse. Much in the same way one sometimes sees a little woman sitting in the midst of tall, powerful sons. This wing formed an angle with a small building, which had been erected shortly after the Hjembek journey: at all events, I, at a later period, connected therewith the gloomy, mysterious style which pervaded it. The walls were very low, and the roof projected over so far, that, on the brightest day, one

could hardly see to read a book in it. This building contained the room appropriated to the shopmen, and it was never designated otherwise than "Falstaff's chamber." Why it bore this heroic appellation I could never discover; the generation which had given it this name had died out; and, when I inquired from my uncle whether he at that time had been an admirer of Shakespeare, he replied that he did not know anybody of that name. As to the name of Falstaff, he could only give me the explanation that there had in his time lived in the town a drunken fellow, one Jens Jespersen, who was generally known by the name of Falstaff. From this circumstance, I concluded that there formerly existed in this little seaport of Zealand a knowledge of literature, which had now died out. The other part of the principal building was erected in a rich and splendid style — two stories high, and with large window panes; and, whilst it indicated the large dowry which my uncle had received with his wife — for thus lucky had he been, when after the voyage from Lubeck he wooed the "first and the best citizen's daughter" — it fixed also with tolerable precision the time of its erection.

The brandy-distillery, which completed the square of the court, was furnished with two towers. I have an idea that these towers had their origin in the heroic ballad of Asker Ryg. As my

uncle had not twin children, he would at all events have twin towers.

The building which occupied the middle court was the only part of my uncle's possessions which, in its entirety, showed traces of a definite and energetic plan. Here extended lofty and airy brickwork stables with their commodious haylofts; the whole of one side was arranged for sleeping-rooms for the men-servants and those employed about the cattle; the other consisted of barns, wherefrom the straw-chopping machine sent forth its clapping sound daily. In the centre of the stables was a gateway sufficiently lofty to admit the largest packages of merchandise; but, as the opposite gate leading into the court had been planned in the less magnificent times and was low and narrow, the great gateway was merely a thing of pomp and show, because, although large carriages might go through it to the timber yard, they could not return to it from the court. A small degree of imagination, however, converted it, with its bold arch, rather into an arch of triumph than a common gateway; and if one set out with this idea, one might likewise calculate at what time this part of the building was erected.

Some years after his marriage, my uncle had greatly extended his sphere of action. His wife's dowry was employed in trade, great speculations were undertaken, extensive expeditions were

sent out. This introduced, for a time, a slight fever into the money affairs of the house. Large bills had to be met; great trading speculations to be realised. At this critical period it was that a young man removed from Copenhagen into the town. A great rumour preceded him: he had served his time with one of the principal merchants of Copenhagen. He was of a rich family; and had come hither with the intention of showing what could be done in the provinces by prudence and activity.

The first Sunday after he had removed into his great premises in the market, his wife would not come to visit my aunt. He had himself ballotted into the club with the burgomaster, not with my uncle; he would thus be placed on a par with the magistrate, and not acknowledge any superior.

In the commencement of the summer, three vessels came at once, laden with northern timber, all for him; and one English ship emptied its entire cargo of coal into his warehouse. From this time, my uncle's shopmen and his never exchanged a word when they met in the street.

One day in the autumn, my uncle's first book-keeper came up into his private counting-house and said, "Master, all the folks of Aagerup were here to-day, and they are all gone to shopkeeper Lange's. The vagabonds! and they are all in our books. If

master would perhaps let them be arrested for our debt —”

“Very good, Clausen,” said my uncle.

“Shall we not arrest them?” asked the book-keeper.

“No,” replied my uncle.

“And the innkeeper from Gedstrup has been here,” continued the book-keeper, “to ask whether we could not allow a halfpenny a pound on Lispund sugar; for that was what Lange allowed him. I said that we would not take off a single farthing.”

“That was right, Clausen,” said my uncle, with a look of which his servant was proud for many a month.

With the new year, there was the meeting of the town-council for the election of burghers. My uncle, as usual, was proposed, for he had always been re-elected. Now, on the contrary, a number of voices proposed Lange in his stead; so that my uncle found it necessary to step forward and take his place beside the magistrate. The sight of him brought many of the misguided to their duty, and my uncle was re-elected, but only by a small majority.

My uncle's supremacy was thus for the time established both within and without the city; but things might become worse. As soon as the ice broke up, Lange set off to Hamburg; his adherents endeavouring to make people believe that he was gone to Berlin. My uncle's old Lubeck journey now faded into insignificance.

Neither was that all. When Lange came home, he advertised in the States paper that his shop was now afresh supplied with the newest and the best manufactured goods, which he had selected in person whilst abroad. When my uncle read this advertisement, he whistled; but he did not say a word. When my aunt — who in a common way never interfered with business matters — read it, she asked, with ears in her eyes, whether we also ought not to advertise. My uncle began again to whistle, and went out of the room.

A sort of desperation prevailed among the domestics. To them it seemed incomprehensible how the law and justice of the country could allow such a fellow as Lange to come to the town, and oust out a shopkeeper who had possession of everybody before Lange was able to button his own jacket. Many of them were not backward in asserting that there would be no harm in shooting such a rascal. If my uncle had only spoken the word, they would, some night, have burned Lange's house and premises to the ground.

Three months afterwards, the principal book-keeper rushed into Johan Falsen's room: “Master,” exclaimed he, “Lange has made a clean run of it! The burgo-master is going up the town with his people, to take possession of everything. Look out, master: you can see them from the window!”

If my uncle had maintained his

equanimity during his adversity, he maintained it no less during his prosperity. "How dare you come in here," said he to his clerk, "unless you had been sent for?" The man stole back to his desk.

My uncle never left the premises that day, nor sent out any one into the town to inquire into the state of Lange's case, and in no way whatever showed any sign of triumph. He only, when he made his circuit through the court and the timber-yard, cast round a glance as if to say to the place, "Now we have it all to ourselves."

About a fortnight afterwards, a messenger came from Mrs. Lange's, to say that she wished to have a little conversation with my uncle; and if he would permit it, she would come down to him that afternoon.

"Hem!" said my uncle, and began to walk up and down the room. "Hem! Gine, don't you think I ought to go up to her? It certainly must be painful for that poor woman to go out."

"She is a young and handsome woman," said my aunt; "and it would set people a-talking if you were seen going to her."

In the afternoon, therefore, the whole town saw her coming to us. As she went down the street, though they did not put their heads out of their windows to look after her, they peeped behind their blinds and their flower-pots, that they might see Mrs. Lange going down to shopkeeper

Falsen's! Carthage bowed itself to Rome.

In the afternoon, my aunt sat at the coffee-table in all her stiffest grandeur: she almost bent under the weight of diamonds, chains, and rings. My aunt had, however, naturally a good heart; and when the pretty little sorrowful woman entered her door, she forgot the formal, low curtsy which belonged to the grandeur. She hasted forward to meet Mrs. Lange, took her by both hands, and kissed her; and with that they both began to weep.

Before poor Mrs. Lange had said a word about her business with my uncle, it was decided that she should stop all the afternoon with them; and all the neighbours, right and left and across the road, who sat watching to see her go back still more crest-fallen, had now to sit waiting for her in vain.

"Your friendly reception of me," said poor Mrs. Lange, smiling through her tears, and pressing my aunt's hand, "really gives me courage. I am come here with a message from my husband to you, Mr. Falsen. If you only may not be angry! My husband has no friend in the town to whom he can confide these things, and he begs, therefore, that you will take in hand the management of his affairs with his creditors. He can offer them a dividend of twenty-five per cent., to be paid in twelve months. It really is a very extraordinary thing for me to come to you on

such an errand," said Mrs. Lange, again bursting into tears, "but you are an honest man, Mr. Falsen."

"It is not a very brilliant offer which he makes to his creditors," said my uncle. "But I will do what I can for you, Mrs. Lange. Only, I would give your husband this one piece of advice; never, when he gets on his legs again, either to deal in timber or in grain. It is not a safe thing for any one who has not both large capital and great experience."

My uncle arranged all Lange's affairs with his creditors; and, after the October quarter-day, Lange flitted out of his great premises to a small place outside the town.

It was at this time that my uncle built his large middle court with the lofty arched entrance.

In later years, when I more closely observed these buildings with their tiled gables, projecting angles and gloomy recesses, I have understood how it was that, in this house, there should be so many mysterious legends and ghost stories. They were not confined to the timber-yard and the maid-servants' room. In Falstaff's chamber, for instance, no one would have dared to sleep on Christmas night; therefore the shopmen always sat up that night and had a jollification in the counting-house. In the stable, there were certain stalls in which no animal ever throve. In the brandy-distillery one might, on almost every one of the great

holidays, hear them mashing the malt; but if one went in and looked about, all the tubs stood just as they had been left, with their lids and the tarpauling over them, but the moment the door was locked, the sound of the mashing was heard just as before.

Thus, every portion of the domestics knew of some place which they regarded as more severely haunted than any other. Jens, the coachman, maintained that there was no worse corner in the whole premises than that little dark warehouse just by the entrance to his lock-up. "Every evening," said he, "when I come from the bar" — for my uncle also dealt in wine and spirits — "I can see sparkling eyes and red tongues there. I go past without venturing to speak a word; for it is not worth while for me to meddle with the matter, or to stand talking with devils who are sure to gain the best of the argument. But master, *he* may go to it, just as I can go to Hercules the dog, which is so quarrelsome with everybody else. Every evening when he goes his round in the dusk, he sticks his head into that corner, and when he moves off again, he puts his hands behind his back and saunters slowly to the counting-house."

There was certainly a sort of connexion between my uncle and this dark corner or warehouse. My uncle used to relate the following in explanation of it: — "When I first began business in the town, I put the whole of my

merchandise into this little warehouse; but afterwards, when I had built that large wing in the principal building, I removed everything out of it, and left nothing there but some old rubbish, which I brought with me when I was obliged to leave my father's house. Some years afterwards, when I was married and my father had been long dead, I had occasion to look for something — I forget now what it was — and after I had searched through the whole house without finding it, it occurred to me to seek for it in the old warehouse. I cannot to this day comprehend how it came there, but there it certainly was.

“The following night I dreamed that as I passed by the warehouse somebody called me from within. I put my head in through the half-door, and though it was quite dark within, I could yet plainly see that my father stood there. He had his nightcap on, and a lance in his hand: one dreams such extraordinary things. ‘Johan,’ said he to me, ‘here are three numbers. You must buy these in the lottery, and stake all that you have upon them. In this way you can make your whole family happy.’ With this he offered me a lottery ticket, on which were three numbers. — The next morning, although I remembered the dream quite distinctly, yet I could not recall the lucky numbers. I walked about the whole day tormenting myself to remember them; I was quite vexed with myself because I had been so forget-

ful and had lost so much money, but it was to no purpose.

“The night after I had precisely the same dream. Only it seemed to me that my father was angry, and turned the thick end of the lance threateningly against me, because I had not obeyed him. The following morning, however, I had again forgotten the numbers. — The third night, and the dream was still the same, only that my father held the point of the lance in displeasure against me, exclaiming, ‘Precisely the same as when I was alive, you cursed rascal! You cannot keep two or three figures in your stupid head. Fifteen, twenty-seven, sixty-eight!’

“‘Fifteen, twenty-seven, sixty-eight!’ I exclaimed, and seized my wife by the arm, so that we both awoke. When I opened my eyes I had again forgotten the numbers; but my wife, who had heard me call them out, remembered them distinctly. I got up, ordered a carriage, and drove immediately to Ringsted — for at that time we had no lottery agent in the town. I staked as high a sum as I could afford to spare on the numbers; desired my brother-in-law to go again and again, if they did not immediately come up, and then drove home.

“But you shall hear what the fool did. The second post day he went up to the collector, and asked if the numbers were come up, and when the collector answered No, he said, ‘It is not worth while to throw away so

many five-dollar pieces. It is a sin to risk more than sixpence in the lottery; put a penny on the three.'

"On the third post day the first thing that I cast my eyes upon in the public Advertiser was, all three numbers — fifteen, twenty-seven, and sixty-eight! I rushed into the kitchen to my wife, exclaiming, 'Hurrah, Gine! Forty thousand rix-dollars! The numbers are all come up. This evening we will have a feast!'

"My wife, of course, was glad, and set to work at once with pots and pans, and I sat down to write letters to all my good friends in the town and neighbourhood, in the meantime ordering one of my men to saddle a horse and be ready to ride out with them. Just as I had begun my writing, I heard a carriage drive into the court, and when I looked out, it was my brother-in-law. 'Good,' thought I to myself, 'here he comes with the forty thousand rix-dollars! Now, he will very likely be wanting to borrow some of them!'

"My brother-in-law came in, and as soon as he had shut the door he fell down on his knees, and said, 'Johan, I am a villain!'

"I fancied that he wanted to make me believe that he had lost the money, on purpose that he might keep it for himself, so I seized him by the arm, and cried, 'You rascal! out with my money!'

"'I have not got it, Johan!' said he, crying; 'as true as Heaven is above us, I have not! I put down one penny instead of five

rix-dollars. There is the ticket, and here is a letter from the collector!'

"Now, what was to be done? Another person, perhaps, in my case, would have hanged himself from sheer vexation; I, however, sat down calmly, and was able to do without the forty thousand rix-dollars. I went out, and said to my wife: 'Gine, we shall not have any entertainment to-night. Your brother has spoiled all. Let the pots and pans, therefore, stand where they are, and come in and ask him how he is.' And that was the end of the matter.

"In the evening, however, I went out, and looked into the old warehouse, thinking that the old gentleman would perhaps let himself be seen again; and so the thing might be helped. I did so; and it is now become a habit with me always to look in there before I go to bed. But the old man has never shown himself since — just as obstinate as when he was alive!"

Any one may easily tell by the tone of this little incident, that it was related to me by my uncle at a time when I had advanced considerably in his confidence.

There exists in Russia an arrangement by which people take a sort of military rank. A states-councillor has the rank of a general; a writer in a university as a sergeant, and so on. It was in a similar mode that I was advanced in my uncle's family. On account of my parentage, and because the Falsen blood flowed in my veins,

I carried myself rather superciliously as a child, and took my meals at my uncle's table as the shopmen did; but I slept in the men-servants' room. Having been when at school advanced into the upper class, I was promoted so far as to sleep in the apprentices' room, but with no farther advantages. When, however, I had become a student at the University, I was suddenly advanced beyond the rank of book-keeper; was permitted to walk by my uncle's side in the street, and to have my own bed-room, that is to say, one of the gateway chambers; and finally, after I had passed my second examination, and had begun to study theology, I found, on my return for the vacation, that my sleeping apartment was in the principal building, close to my uncle's own room, and he introduced me as a member to the club. At this time, too, it was that he related to me the foregoing incident.

The first evening, however, after my arrival as a theological candidate, a card-party was invited in my honour. My uncle played with me in his own person; and, when the guests were gone, he took up a three-branched silver candlestick, and walked before me through the drawing-room into an adjoining little chamber, in which stood a bed with damask hangings, and said to me: "These two rooms are yours;" an honour which until now no mortal had ever received in my uncle's house. With these words, he was about

to leave me; but on reaching the door, he turned to me, and said with an agitated voice: "Ludvig, thou hast my thanks; thou hast made me happy;" and so saying, the good old man hastened from the apartment.

A number of festivities succeeded this evening; my uncle's friends gave one party after another in my honour. I had no opportunity of conversing with my uncle, however much I wished for it, and I could not help thinking but that something was amiss with him. He often fell into deep thought; and when, by an effort, he compelled himself to break the chain of his thoughts, his cheerfulness was constrained. I feared that he had experienced some loss, or that he had involved himself in some doubtful speculations, the consequences of which might disturb the repose of his old age. In the meantime, it seemed to me that he often fixed his gaze on me, as if he had something particular to say; and I then thought that it must be a subject of some other kind which weighed upon his mind, because in affairs of a pecuniary character I could neither aid him nor give him advice.

At length, one morning when we met at the breakfast-table, he invited me to take a walk with him. We went up the mill-stream, where he had built a row of small houses for poor people, and for which the king had conferred upon him the knightly order of Dannebrog. The inhabitants came out to greet him, and invited

him into their houses; and I could see that he was unusually touched by their affectionate kindness.

From this place we went down to the shore. There lay a ship laden with goods from his warehouse. Sailors and working people saluted him, and continued their labour with redoubled ardour in his presence. The captain spoke of the wind, and calculated when he would be in Norway, and at what profit he should dispose of his cargo. I could not comprehend why tears came suddenly into my uncle's eyes, and he went away. We had not as yet exchanged a word; we continued our silent walk out of the town gates, towards my uncle's fields; and I myself felt that strange depression of mind which seems to foretell some approaching misfortune.

When we had proceeded a short distance beyond the gate my uncle took my arm, and sighed deeply. I summoned resolution and said "Uncle, what is amiss with you?"

"Ludvig," said he, "I will confide it to you; but you must not say a word of it to your aunt. On Friday evening as I went past the little old warehouse, and looked in as usual, I saw my father!" And with these words my uncle bent forward towards me, and looked into my face.

I felt a shudder pass through my veins; but the sense of how much I was indebted to the old man enabled me to put a constraint on my feelings, and I replied with a

smile, "Oh, uncle! you do not believe in such things, do you?"

"He looked straight at me!" continued my uncle, "and closed his eyes for a moment."

"It is easy to explain it," said I; "you are always thinking of him when you look into that old warehouse; and now that I am become a candidate and bear his name, you have probably thought more about him than common, and so your imagination placed him, as it were, livingly before you."

"Yes, but, Ludvig, I tell you," continued my uncle, in hollow accents, "he looked straight at me, and so kindly did he look, as he never did in all the days of his life."

"Oh, uncle! what are you troubling yourself about? You are still, thank God, strong and active, and so full of life and spirit that it is a pleasure to see you."

"Then it *did* occur to you that it portended my death?" said my uncle.

I had been unlucky in my mode of explanation; but the greatness of the danger gave me presence of mind, and I said, with a smile:

"Die? Yes, certainly, such a thing may portend death; but, according to that rule, Jens coachman ought to have been dead over and over, for he sees his own face in that old warehouse every night as he goes by to bed."

These words evidently produced a good effect upon my uncle. "Does he really?" said he. "Perhaps after all, then, it is

something in the warehouse itself; the light falls obliquely into it — I will have it pulled down."

And whilst my uncle pursued this train of thought, and perhaps indulged in new plans of building, I was thinking how I must best put Jens coachman on his guard, in case my uncle questioned him.

We had by this time reached the top of a hill. Here my uncle paused to rest a little. Behind us lay the town with its pretty little bay, the water of which reflected the blue heavens. The chimneys were smoking. Pigeons were skimming about in the clear air, and the gilded weathercock shone brightly on the top of my uncle's warehouses. Before us lay the country; and in the fields which stretched below us were my uncle's men busy cutting the harvest, and the yellow corn lay in rich swaths on the fallow.

"Ludvig," said my uncle, after a long pause, "our parish priest thinks too much of my red wine for me to put much faith in him. But tell me now, honestly, what those learned men in Copenhagen believe about death and immortality."

I felt strangely excited. "It stands written," said I, "that the body is sown in mortality, but that it arises in immortality; and we are assured that the righteous shall go into everlasting bliss."

"Yes, Ludvig," said he, "I learned all that when I was a little child before I was confirmed, and it does me good now to hear it

again. But, look round! All this belongs to me! That grain-crop is mine; those are my servants, who are faithful to death for me. I am the first man down yonder in the town. It is true that the Burgomaster is appointed by the king, but he could not carry out a single thing without I willed it. There is my brandy-distillery: you may see the smoke; they are mending the boiler fires. Can all these ascend up to heaven with my mortal body? They all seem so completely only portions of myself."

"Uncle," said I, "you now are talking like King Valdemar. He prayed God only to leave him Vordingborg Castle, and then he would not desire even the kingdom of heaven!"

"Well," replied my uncle, "and how do you suppose it has gone with King Valdemar in heaven?"

"I fancy," returned I, "that he has met with something there which is better even than Vordingborg Castle."

My uncle was silent for some time, and then, passing his hand over his eyes, he said, "Now let us go home. But, do not say a word of this to your aunt."

When we got back it seemed to me as if the whole house were glad to see my uncle; and, during the following day, I fancied that there prevailed a melancholy but a profoundly tender understanding between him and everything that surrounded him.

The next Sunday I was to preach: I had consented to do so

at my uncle's earnest wish. With the Lord's help, and my own boldness, I got through very well.

After the morning service when we all sat together to dinner, my uncle was still and silent; at length, suddenly compelling himself to appear cheerful, he said, "We'll have a merry day to-day in honour of our priest. We will drive out into the country, and we will invite a number of our good friends to accompany us."

All was now bustle and stir in the house. Boys and men were sent up and down the town with invitations. The large square Holstein carriage was brought out, the harness was polished, and the horses' manes plaited with red ribbons.

"Now that our Ludvig is become a clergyman," said Jens coachman, as he curried the new brown mare, "he shall have a pair of horses so bright that their match cannot be found in the royal stables."

Before long the other families were all seated in their carriages; and Jens coachman — mounted on the box in his new, splendid livery, — led the van with the great Holstein carriage, and cracked his whip lustily. A long line of carriages rolled merrily behind us, whilst a number of young men, who alone occupied the last, sang beautiful songs as they drove along. Cheerful faces looked forth from the windows of the streets, and nodded to us as we went by, whilst the bright sun-

shine was spread over us through the clear atmosphere.

When we had passed the town gate and were come upon the smooth road of the open country, my uncle took the reins that he might himself try the new mare.

"What are you about, Johan?" said my aunt, "let Jens drive; I have much more faith in his driving than in yours."

"Master can drive very well," said Jens good-naturedly, "the mare is as quiet as a lamb, and I shall be just at hand, even if they should be skittish."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" cried my aunt, "are they skittish?"

"No, that they are not, Madam," said Jens; "the near horse is a little bit so, but he goes well enough in a common way. Madam has no idea what good-tempered beasts they are. — Master! give me the reins!"

More Jens did not say. A cow had come up from the roadside ditch, and the near horse, frightened, had suddenly sprung aside; the carriage was turned off the road, Jens attempted to seize the reins, but he only caught one, which pulling too tightly, the carriage was overturned.

When we others had crept forth from the carriage, and convinced ourselves that we were sound in all our limbs, we missed my uncle. He had been thrown to a distance, and when he attempted to raise himself, we discovered that he had broken his leg.

The merry excursion into the country was at once changed into

mourning. We had driven forth with the cheerful cracking of whips and the voice of song; now, like a funeral procession, we drove home with my uncle. The friendly faces were still at the windows, and the sun was still shining even as when we drove out; but what a change there was in us.

The surgeon, after eight days, began to shake his head. On the twelfth day he told my aunt that he felt it his duty to say, that if my uncle had yet any affairs to settle in this world, no time should be lost in his so doing.

"Who is to tell him this?" said my aunt, looking at the book-keeper and then at me; but neither of us offered to do it.

"Then I must do it myself," said my aunt, and dried her eyes; "it will be the first unwelcome word I ever said to him."

She went into his chamber, and they remained an hour together. When she came forth, she did not weep, and she said to me: "Your uncle wishes to see all his servants; let them come up."

They all knew that my uncle would die; and when they heard his wish that all should go up and take leave of him, it was just like a Christmas morning, when everybody goes to church.

One after another of his eighteen men-servants went into the room, took him by the hand, and said, "Farewell, master!" The hard, Zealand countenances of these men looked comparatively phlegmatic and indifferent as they stood outside his chamber door;

but, as each one passed out again, he wiped his eyes with his jacket sleeve, and wept.

The following morning my uncle died.

All the town followed him to his grave, but he was carried by his men-servants. It seemed to strike some students who were in the town from Copenhagen as rather a strange sight to see two of the herdmen, in their red peasant's frocks, among the bearers, and to hear all the eighteen men-servants singing a psalm together. But, when the coffin was lowered and earth scattered over it, and these men all stood with their hats before their faces, and then, pale and silent, left the churchyard, the students themselves looked grave.

A few days afterwards, when I was coming up the court, I heard the men singing. They all sang the same words and to the same tune. It was a song which one of them had made about my uncle, and the refrain was:

"God give him gladness in Heaven!"

THE REASON WHY.

MR. MACAULAY has preserved in his history the burden of a ballad which was once sung all over Cornwall by men, women, and even by children of every class and grade; but of which he seems to think that only these two lines now linger in living memory —

"And shall Trelawney die, and shall
Trelawney die?
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will
know the reason why."

Trelawney was one of the seven bishops whom James the Second sent to the Tower; but it was not the danger implied to him as a prince of the church which his fierce bold country-men resented, so much as the outrage committed upon him as the head of a Cornish house that could boast its twenty descents of deed-honoured ancestors. It is a county, as Mr. Macaulay remarks, in which the provincial feeling was in those days stronger than in any other part of the realm; and we are happy to add that the feeling has remained too strong, even to our own time, to permit this noble ballad to sink into a mere fragment of a couple of lines.

Some thirty-five years ago, Mr. Davies Gilbert, then member for a Cornish borough which he had long represented, and also President of the Royal Society and a zealous antiquarian, printed some fifty copies of the Trelawney ballad for distribution among his friends, expressly that it might not be allowed to perish. From the accurate recollection of one of those friends — who lost the copy entrusted to him, but happily retained every word of it in his memory — we have the opportunity of laying it before the reader. The air is "*Le petit tambour*." The verses belong to that order of which Sydney was thinking, when he spoke of an old

ballad stirring his heart like a trumpet.

THE REASON WHY.

A CORNISH BALLAD.

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish men can do.
And have they fixed the Where and When?
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
There's twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why!

Out spake the Captain brave and bold,
A gallant wight was he, —
"Though London's Tower were Michael's
hold,
We'll set Trelawney free.
We'll cross the Tamar, hand to hand,
The Exe shall be no stay —
Go, side by side, from strand to strand,
And who shall bid us nay?
And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
There's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!

"And when we come to London wall,
A pleasant sight to view, —
Come forth, come forth, ye cowards all,
We're better men than you!
Trelawney, he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney, he may die;
But twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die?
There's twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why!"

HOPE WITH A SLATE ANCHOR.

ALMOST everybody knows Killarney — knows about it, at all events, by book or newspaper, if

not by the actual sight of it — but scarcely anybody has either seen or heard of Valencia. “Valencia! why I thought that was in Spain,” some one will cry out. “What can Valencia and Killarney have to do with each other?” Why, simply that they are about forty miles apart, and that everybody who sees Killarney should go on to Valencia. It is true, there is a Valencia in Spain; and it is probable that this island is named after that city; for there were Spaniards here, once upon a time, when there was a great trade between Galway and Spain. There were, probably, Spaniards living on the island when the Grand Armada sailed by — fated to lose the great ship, Our Lady of the Rosary, close by, and two more presently after near Kilkee, on the coast of Clare, and more still near the Giant’s Causeway in the north. All Ireland was supplied with wine from Spain between two and three centuries ago; and it is natural to suppose that merchants or agents from the Spanish Valencia might give its name to the Irish island and port — the most westerly port in Europe.

It is a glorious place for scenery; and it might be a glorious one for trade. Perhaps it was once; I am confident it will be, some time or other. There it lies, just within a great bay, spreading out its arms, as if to guard the lake-like sea within; and rearing up mountains, as if to prevent the winds of heaven from visiting its face too roughly. The winds do

find their way in at times, however; and they are so very rough with that smooth sound as to prevent the ferry-boat passing, and then the people on the island cannot get their letters and newspapers, though they are near enough to the mainland to see the postbags arrive at the ferry-house. The English residents say this is a hardship in winter, for they depend so much more than English people can suppose on their letters and newspapers, in a situation so wild as their island. Last winter, however, there was not a day in which the sound was impassable.

If those waters could tell what has happened on them, and if those mountains on the mainland could echo to our ears the things that have been said in their recesses, we should hear some curious stories. There is one inlet of the sea, which can be overlooked from the island, flowing in among the mountains, turning and winding, round many a promontory, and past many an old dwelling now in ruins; and among the rest, the ivy-grown gable, and roofless front of the house where O’Connell was born. It was up that inlet that smugglers used to steal by night — as the pirates of the olden time had done before them. They used to slip in on one side of the island, while the Government cruiser was watching the other; and up they came, in the shadow of the mountains, and behind the screen of the promontories, lying hid in some chasm of

the rocks if the enemy came by; and always winning their way up, sooner or later, to the still dark cove, on whose brink stands that ivied ruin. We must remember that smuggling was then and there considered rather an act of patriotism than an offence. The inhabitants of these coasts were some of the most disaffected of the Irish; and they amazingly enjoyed depriving England, and the English part of their own Government, of the produce of the Customs, while carrying on a good trade with their dear friends, the French and Spaniards, and making their own fortunes at the same time. Not small, therefore, was the amount of smuggling that went forward — if the local histories are true — at that ivied house, and, in a somewhat more genteel and disguised manner, at Derrynane Abbey, the residence formerly of an uncle of O'Connell, and then his own. And the rocks of Valencia itself afford great facilities for the same practice, which used to go on almost unchecked by the coast-guard who were, and still are, stationed on the island. I saw their flag, the other day, floating half-mast high, in mourning for Wellington. The men have little to do now but to learn and tell the news, when their routine duty is done; for France, Spain, and Ireland are no longer the foes of England, and the reduction of Customs duties has made smuggling no longer worth while; so that the coast-guard have but a dull life of it. And so

have the constabulary. Poor fellows! there is scarcely anything for them to do, now that industry, bringing regular good wages, has succeeded to the gambling of an illicit trade, with its occasional frays and drunken bouts.

I saw them making the most of a small incident, last Sunday, for want of any more serious employment. In general, they look out, yawning, from the barred windows of their barrack; or rub away at their brass plates and buckles, which are already as bright as the Queen's dinner service; or lean over a wall peeling an apple, or rush out to see a traveller pass by. On Sunday last, a dozen or so of half-drunk young men came over, in a high wind, from the mainland to Valencia, raced to the little inn in a staggering sort of way, took possession of a parlour, where all smoked and talked together; peeped into another parlour where two ladies were sitting — invaded the kitchen and lent a hand to the cooking, shutting up the oven, so as to spoil the apple pie that was baking for the ladies' dinner — and presently burst away again, declaring that they would have a sail in the sound. The wind was now in a roaring state, and the waves were curling with foam, while Neptune's sheep jumped up most pertinaciously against the black rocks. Out went everybody to see how the silly fellows would manage: the old landlady, with her shawl over her head, in her little front garden; the neigh-

bours on points which overlooked the sound; and the gallant soldierly constabulary showing themselves on the road and the little pier. Boats were in readiness, and everybody on the watch, with all their clothes fluttering in the wind. There it was presently — that crowded boat — flying along with all its sails out, desperately awry, as if it must fill the next moment. It did not, however. The fellows had better luck than they deserved. They struck the ferry pier at the right place, tumbled out, toppled over each other upon a car, and dashed off upon the Cahirciveen road. The adventure was over; and the constabulary had only to go home again.

Despairing of any higher order of romance than this, I was disposed to see what the industry of Valencia now is. So a comrade and I begged the favour of a resident to let his car to us, on Monday morning, that we might see something that we had heard of — something better than smuggling — up among the hills. We saw that, and a good deal more, in the course of our remarkable drive.

There are two main roads in Valencia — the upper and lower — running nearly its whole length, which is about five Irish miles; that is, nearly seven English. We went by the lower, and returned by the upper. Besides the well-known spectacle of the Irish cabin — that sad spectacle, too well known to need to be de-

scribed again — we saw some curious indications of the ways of the inhabitants. To save the trouble of putting up gates to the fields, each man who had a cart had put it in the gateway. This kept out the cow, but it let in the pigs and fowls; and it did not matter much to the cow after all. She had only the additional trouble of getting over the low earthen fence — which every cow did to get out of the way of our car. One woman had taken her two cows into the potato plot with her — to help her to dig potatoes, no doubt. At a distance, the thatched roofs (weedy, and without eaves) and the walls by the roadside appeared to be vandyked with some pattern of a dirty white colour. On coming near, we found this to be a row of split fish, drying. Fresh fish may be had every day, for the catching; but the people prefer their fish salt. We looked abroad over the sound, but there was not one single fishing-boat nor any sort of vessel; but on some high land lay a boat on the grass, the only one we saw. Its being there seemed rather like an Irish bull, while the water below looked so blank for want of it. Next, we were stopped for some minutes. A young farmer had thought proper to choose the middle of the high road for winnowing his crop of oats. There was plenty of high and dry ground at hand; but he preferred the middle of the road: so he had to bundle up his cloth, and shove away his oats, spilling

the grain at every move, and turning in despair from us to a cartful of people who came up at the moment on the other side. To complete his embarrassment, the horse in the cart was blind, and could not be made aware of the concessions required of him. After a loss of much time and oats, we were all at our proper business again — the farmer actually dragging back his apparatus to the middle of the road, as soon as it was clear.

Besides the cabins and cottages, we saw, near this road, one solitary, dreary-looking white house. It was tall and rather large, with no garden or field belonging to it. Its windows looked as if they had never been opened; its wood-work as if it had not been painted for a century; and its whitewash was grey with weather-stains. It was the Cholera Hospital. Not a token of a dwelling was near, but the remains of a mud hut, melted down by the rains. The sight of the place is enough to give the cholera to a nervous person. Before the famine there were three thousand inhabitants on the island. Now, though the intervening years have settled many new residents there, there are only two thousand five hundred. I wonder how many died in that house, whether scores or hundreds! As the country people say, "The cholera found them weak from the hunger," and carried them off with wonderful rapidity. Of the three thousand residents of Valencia, at the time

of the famine, two thousand two hundred received relief in food, as their only chance for life. But no more of this now. I am speaking of a scene of health, and industry, and plenty, for all who choose to seek it.

All the way from the port, our eyes have been fixed on a tower, high up and afar, with a vast green upland between us and it. We want to reach that tower, for the sake of a gaze over the Atlantic. Arriving at a hamlet of cabins, set down one right before another, with a manure heap and puddle between each, we are told that we must walk the rest of the way; and very tempting looks the long green ascent, with a broad green road just distinguishable in the midst. My comrade asks an old woman how far it is to the tower. No answer. She understands nothing but Irish. We try a funny-looking boy; but to every sort of question he answers only — "I know;" and this is evidently the only English he can speak. There is a girl, pelt-ing the cows with peat, to send them out of our way: she speaks English. My comrade asks, "Is there anybody up at the tower?" "Yes, Miss." "Who is there?" "Only the cows, Miss." We go to see. There is, indeed, a green road, and it must once have been a fine one, judging by the strength of the little bridges over the water-courses, which look as good as ever. Up we go, up and up, amidst the wondering cattle, some of which lie in our path till

the last moment, while others flee, and others again stick out their four legs, and stand fast, as if they thought we wanted to knock them down. One calm-looking munching cow looks benignly at us, as if wishing us a pleasant walk; another, a nervous heifer, seems to prick up her horns as a horse pricks up his ears, and looks disposed to run at us in sheer fright. She scampers off when we look at her, and turns, and approaches as we proceed; and then scampers off again. We find none at the tower. It is too high. For some time we have seen nothing alive but a black caterpillar in the grass, and a wagtail see-sawing its body on a warm stone. Up at the tower, on the topmost stone of its ruined walls, sits a jackdaw, immensely solemn and important, believing himself no doubt the lord of the scene. But we cannot attend to him now. We can see daws elsewhere; but nowhere else is there anything like this scene.

We sit down on the stones which were once the wall, and look down — not, if the truth were told, without some of the aching of the bones which is the miserable pain of those who peep down a precipice, or dream that they are thrown down one. At the same instant, by an odd coincidence, we ask each other whether there is anything whiter than snow, because the foam, rushing and weltering about that rock in the sunshine below, looks to our eyes whiter than any snow we

ever saw. We will tell no more of this view from Bray Head, in Valencia. There is no describing the Skellig Rocks, or the black nearer crags, or the dreamy beauty of the inland view of receding mountains, with glittering sounds and bays running in among them. Far out at sea, there are smoke-like showers; but, turning the other way, or looking below, the water is, where not a true Mediterranean blue, a deep green or bright lilac. This ruined tower was erected when invasion was expected; and the green track was the military road, up which went the soldiers and the cannon. There were once two forts below — north and south of Bray Head. They were built by Cromwell. If anything remains of them, they are, with this tower, the property of this melancholy daw, which now is on the move to show us the way down. We must go; for we have not yet seen what we came out for.

We return by the upper road; and my comrade points out that, while there is a well-marked foot-track on the hard road, there is no trace of wheels. It seems as if our car were the first wheeled carriage that had ever been here.

We observe a stranger thing than this. While the dwellings are so wretchedly thatched as to look like the huts of savages, the fences are patched with slates — the roads are mended with slates — the broken windows of houses that have windows are blocked up with slates. There are slates

everywhere but where they ought to be. These slate symptoms show that we are approaching the object of our drive.

After a steep descent, we turn up a left hand road which shows abundant marks of wheels — of wheels broad enough for an ancient Pickford's waggon. This is the road which ascends to the slate-quarries, and down which come those enormous blocks of slate — some of them weighing fifteen tons — of which the world is beginning to hear, and, in fact, has heard a good deal since the Great Exhibition.

A few years ago, people who knew nothing of slate but as a material to roof houses with and do sums upon, were charmed to find it could be made to serve for so large a thing as a billiard-table. For billiard-tables there is nothing like slate, so perfectly level and smooth as it is. Then, fishmongers found there was nothing like slate for their slabs (till they are rich enough to afford marble); and farmers' wives discovered the same thing in regard to their dairies. Plumbers then began to declare that there was nothing like slate for cisterns and sinks: and builders, noticing this, tried slate for the pavement of wash-houses, pantries, and kitchens, and for cottage floors; and they have long declared that there is nothing like it; it is so clean, and dries so quickly. If so, thought the ornamental gardener, it must be the very thing for garden chairs, summer-houses,

sun-dials, and tables in arbours; and it is the very thing. The stone mason was equally pleased with it for gravestones. "Then," said the builder again, when perplexed with complaints of a damp wall in an exposed situation, "why should not a wall be slated as well as a roof, if it wants it as much?" So *he* tried; and in mountain districts, where one end of a house is exposed to beating rains, we see that end as scaly as a fish — slated like its own roof. Thus it is with the small houses erected for business at the quarry in Valencia; and the steps leading up to them are of slate; and the paths before the doors are paved with slate. We look in upon the steam-engine; and we observe that the fittings of the engine-house are all of slate, so that no dust can lodge, and no damp can enter.

It is the quarry that we care most to see; and up to it we go, under the guidance of the overlooker, as soon as he has measured a block of slate with the marked rod he carries in his hand. He is a Welshman — from Bangor — the only person among the hundred and twenty about the works who is not Irish. Is it really so? we ask, when we are in the quarry. There is nobody there — not one man or boy among all those groups — who can properly be called ragged. Many have holes in their clothes; but all have clothes — real garments, instead of flapping tatters, hung on, nobody knows how. Another thing. These

people are working steadily and gravely. If spoken to, they answer calmly, and with an air of independence — without vociferation, cant, flattery, or any kind of passion. Yet these people are all Irish; and they speak as they do because they *are* independent. They have good work; and they do their work well. They earn good wages; and they feel independent. These are the people who, in famine time, formed a middle class between the few proprietors in the island and the many paupers. The receivers of relief, we have said, were two thousand two hundred. The proprietors and their families were two hundred. These work-people and their families were the remaining six hundred. They look like people who could hold their ground in a season of stress. This quarry was their anchorage.

What a noble place it is! We climb till we find ourselves standing on the upper tramway, or the verge of a precipice of slate, with a rough wall of slate behind us — of all shades of grey, from white to black, contrasting well with the orange line of the iron mould caused by the drip from the roof upon the tramway; but the ceiling is the most prodigious thing about the place. It is, in sober truth, in its massiveness, greyness, smoothness, and vastness, somewhat like the granite roof in the great chamber of the great Pyramid. It takes away one's breath with

something of the same crushing feeling. And then, look at the groups clustered or half hidden in this enormous cavern. How small every one looks — the men with the borers and mallets, making holes for the blasting; the men with the wedges and mallets, splitting off great blocks: some on shelves high up over head; some in cupboards far within; some in dark crevices in the mighty walls! Knock, knock, knock go the mallets, with an echo following each knock, — far, near, incessant; and the echo of the drip heard through all — an echo for every splash.

What are they doing below — those two men with the chain and hooks, that they can scarcely shift? They are fixing the hooks in crevices under that horizontal mass of slate. It rises, and as it rises they shift the hooks further into the cracks, till the block breaks off. When the hooks are in the middle of its weight it rises steadily — why and how? Look at that waggon on that tramway in the air overhead, the waggon way supported on those enormous beams, which are themselves upheld by clamps fixed in the slate walls of the cavern. On each side of that airy truck there is a stage, and in each stage is a man working a windlass, which turns a cog wheel, by which the truck is moved forward or backward. The chains and hooks which are raising the block hang down from this machinery; and as the men in the air work their

cog wheel, the men on the ground stand away from under the block, and see it moved and deposited on the truck which is to convey it to the saw-mill. That truck is on the tramway below, and a horse draws it to the saw-mill, where the block will be raised again by more airy machinery, and placed in the right position for the saws. It weighs only about three tons. A single horse can draw a weight of five tons. The largest size is, as has been said, fifteen tons.

We go down to the saw-mills — down, among, and round, hillocks of refuse. The noise in the mill is so horrid — in kind as well as degree — that we cannot stay: but a glance is enough. The engine works the great saws, which here do not split the blocks, but square them, and smooth their sides and ends. The rest is done at the works below — at the port. The grating and rasping can be better conceived than described or endured. Above the blocks are suspended a sort of funnel, from which sand and water drip, in aid of the sawing process. We see this, glance at the curious picture of grey blocks — perpendicular saws, apparently moving up and down by their own will — and superintending men — and thinking how good a spectacle it would be, but for the tremendous noise, hasten away.

On the road down hill is one of the broad-wheeled trucks, laden with an enormous block. We wonder how we shall pass it.

We do so, by favour of a recess in the road, and jog on. On the left, opens a charming narrow lane, overhung with ash and birch, gay with gorse, and bristling with brambles. We jump off our car, dismiss it, plunge down the lane, waste a vast deal of time in feasting on blackberries — the dessert to our biscuit-lunch — and at last sit down on some stones to say how good Valencia blackberries are, and how gaudy a Valencia lane is with gorse and heather; and then we talk over, and fix in our memories what we have seen; and finally emerge from the bottom of the lane, explore the dairy and old house of the Knight of Kerry, and proceed on our way to the works at the port, heedless of how the time slips away while we gaze at the lighthouse, and the opposite shore, and far away over Dingle Bay, to the faint blue Dingle mountains. We do, however, at length reach the gate of the works.

We miss the terrible noise of which we had been warned, and which had made itself heard in our inn. The works are, in fact, stopped for the repair of the machinery; and as they will not be going again while we are in Valencia, we can only look round and see what we can. We see on every hand noble slabs of slate, many feet long and broad, and from half-an-inch to three inches in thickness. Scores of them are standing on edge, leaning against each other, as if they could be lifted up, and carried away like

sheets of pasteboard. By picking up a bit that has been cut off, one finds the difference. It is very heavy; and this, I suppose, is the impediment to its adoption for many domestic purposes for which it is otherwise remarkably fit. One boy was at work on a great piece that we could make nothing of without explanation. It had large round holes cut out, as if with a monstrous cheese-taster, the slab being an inch thick: and the boy was cutting out pieces of what was left between the circles. It was for the ridge of a house; and in a moment we saw that the pattern was like that of many barge-boards of ornamented cottages. We found that the carving, turning, and ornamental manufacture of slate articles does not proceed far in Valencia, as the London houses do not like rivalry in that part of the business; but in the abode of the proprietor we saw, in an amusing way, what might be done by any one who has a mind to furnish his house with slate.

On entering the garden door, we found, as might be expected, a pavement of slate, smooth and close-fitted, leading up to the house. The borders of the parterres were of upright slates; and there was a little gravestone in the grass—in memory, doubtless, of some domestic pet — of the same material. The narrow paths between the vegetable beds were paved with slate, and reasonably, considering how wet the climate is, and how quickly slate dries.

The sun-dial and garden seats followed of course. Entering the house, we found, not only the pavement of the hall, but its lower panels, of slate; and this reminded us of the excellence of granaries and barns which are flagged instead of boarded, and have a skirting-board of slate, which keeps out rats and mice altogether, supposing the door to be in good order. The saving in grain soon pays the difference between such a material and wood, which rats always can and do gnaw through, sooner or later.

In the hall were an umbrella and hat-stand, a slab, and a standard-lamp, all of slate. The weight is a favourable quality in the first and last of these articles; but, great as is the advantage of the lamp not being liable to be upset, the colour of slate is too dark. Dark lamp-stands absorb too much light. In the dining-room was a very handsome round table of slate — variegated somewhat like marble, and delightfully clean-looking, smooth, and level. Its weight makes it all but immovable; and this may be an objection: but there is no doubt of its beauty — with its moulded rim, its well-turned stem, and finished pedestal. At the Knight of Kerry's house we had seen a carved mantel-piece, with fluted pillars of slate; and here we saw other mantel-pieces, variously carved. The fenders were delightful; — smoothly turned slopes, which invited the feet to rest and

be warmed; — simple, effectual, and so neat as to be really pretty. There was nothing that we liked so well as the fenders — unless it was the paper-weights, simply ornamented; or the book-shelves — perfectly plain, with their rounded edges, and their evident capacity to bear any weight. No folios, however ancient — no atlases, however magnificent, can bend a shelf of slate; and I very much doubt whether the spider can fasten her thread to its surface. No insect can penetrate it; and this indicates the value of slate furniture in India, and in our tropical Colonies, where ants hollow out everything wooden, from the foundation of a house to its roof-tree. Hearth-stones of slate were a matter of course in this house; and we wished they had been so in some others, where there has been repeated danger of fire from sparks or hot ashes falling between the joints of the stones composing the hearth. Then, there were a music-stand, a what-not, a sofa-table — and probably many more articles in the bedrooms, kitchen, and offices, which we did not see.

It seems to us that we have heard so much of new applications of slate, within two or three years, as to show that the world is awakening to a sense of its uses; but such a display as this was a curious novelty. I believe it is only recently that it has been discovered how well this material bears turning and carving, and

how fit it, therefore, is to be used in masses where solidity is required, together with a capacity for ornament. If its use become as extensive as there is reason to suppose, the effect upon many a secluded mountain population will be great. The slate-quarrymen of our islands are, for the most part, a primitive, and even semibarbarous set of people — Valencia being one of the expected cases. In Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Wales, very important social changes must take place, in whole districts, through an increased demand for slate — better wrought out of the mountain than at present. As for Valencia, not only is its slate far finer, and more skilfully obtained than any we have seen elsewhere; but the workmen are a body of light to the region they inhabit. They marry, when they can, English girls, or girls who have had English training in household ways. Their dwellings are already superior to those of their neighbours; and, if the works increase, through an increased demand, so as to become the absorbing interest of Valencia, the island may become a school of social progress to the whole west of Ireland, where such a school is sorely needed.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

“Now, do tell me,” said Margaret, earnestly, “do tell me,

without any joking or nonsense; do the French eat frogs? Because, you know what a horror I have of such things. And now that we are in France, I should like to learn what chance there is of my tasting them by accident."

"Most certainly they do," said I, philosophically, "as I will prove to you very shortly. And if you could once overcome your repugnance, you would like them too. They are not the brown and yellow jumpers that we have in England, but quite a different thing. Will you step into the market before we breakfast, and see? Madame Dubois is now getting ready to buy our provisions for the next few days: we will join her, and stare at the lions. I will run and ask her to wait for us."

Madame Dubois is — and I hope it will be long before she is mentioned in any past tense, perfect or imperfect — an excellent Frenchwoman, who increases her husband's income by receiving as inmates such strangers as know how to conduct themselves properly, which is not always the case, to our national discredit. For instance: one Englishman, after having eaten, and drunk, and lodged, to the amount of between twelve and thirteen pounds, went out one morning for a walk, (after borrowing half-a-franc of Madame — as he had no small change) and forgot to come back again. Madame, however, still believes that he is dead, or in prison, or in a mad-house in consequence of his railway specula-

tions: she will not admit the idea that such a good-looking Englishman is merely a shabby swindler.

Well: Madame Dubois may be five-and-forty, but she has a figure which many women half her age might envy: — tall, neither too fat nor too thin, and without the least bit of awkwardness in her carriage. If new-gloved and lightly shod, with one of those delicious Parisian bonnets (not hats), and her best silk dress — the entrance of Madame Dubois into many an English drawing-room would produce a sensation. She is the mother of a family, is kind to all children — making them love her without spoiling them — exceedingly industrious; with a great command of temper, being rarely provoked even to the hasty spark which straight is cold again; with almost constant good health: — "*Ma foi!*" said Madame, after half-a-day's bilious attack, "I now think I never shall die:" — with a propensity to laugh at everything as it turns up, and, decidedly, mistress in her own house.

Madame Dubois understands English perfectly; but her educational advantages have not been sufficient to make her speak it correctly. Nevertheless, on urgent occasions — such as the arrival of an Englishman who does not know *oui* from *non* — she enters on her duty unhesitatingly and fluently. If she is at a loss for an English word, in pops a French one; and if that is not forthcoming, a bit of pantomime,

more expressive than either, stops the gap at once. If you laugh at this hash of tongues, she laughs too; and as a noble revenge, when your French is a little out of sorts, she will kindly put you right with a steady countenance. A previous acquaintance gave me the privilege of asking,

"May we go to market with you this morning, Madame Dubois? And I want you to send there immediately for one or two little things" — the rest was inaudible.

"Certainly," said Madame, "with great pleasure. Aurore shall attend to it instantly. Her mamma keeps market."

Aurore, a strong, square-built, rosy-faced, broad-grinning widow of thirty, was off in a twinkling.

"What are you whispering there?" asked Margaret, joining us.

"Madame says, that if you wish to see sweet-water productions, we must not delay; else, what you are most curious about will be gone. Come, it is not a dozen steps, and the sun and the air are quite pleasant." We were not long tripping to the market. The first person we saw was Aurore.

"Ah! Aurore, back again so soon? I'm sure your mistress does not want to look into your basket now. Make haste home, and get our breakfast ready. Now, Margaret, observe carefully; this row of ladies have the monopoly of fresh-water fish. There is plenty of it, and they

bring nothing else; do they Madame?"

"These do not; further on is *la marée*, the fish from the sea, a great many kinds to-day. All our waters are *ver-ree pois-sonous*, *ver-ree feeshee* — *très, très poisson-neuses*."

"It is a pity they bring eels not bigger than worms to market. It is too Chinese. And 't is not pleasant to see those hags flaying them alive, by way of pastime, when they have no customers to serve. One fine fellow, there, seems inclined to have a battle with his flayeress, but she has grasped him inexorably round the neck. Ladies, have you any nice frogs this morning?"

"They are sold, Monsieur; all, all sold;" said the hags in chorus, led off by Aurore's mamma.

"What a pity!" said Margaret, "I should so like to have seen the creatures: and yet, now I think of it, I am glad; because, perhaps"—

"Perhaps I should have asked Madame Dubois to buy them? But we will make sure 'next market-day, eh, Madame?"

Madame smiled, and turned away her head. After a moment, she quietly observed that if we liked eels, she would buy the one with which the old woman was wrestling like a fury. We nodded assent, and the bargain was made. It would be a breach of confidence to tell how much *she* paid; but while we were looking on, the town mattrass-beater came up, and bought three nice little tench for eight sous.

"There is more intolerance," said I, "in eating and drinking, than there is even in religion; because every religious sect includes within itself several bigotries of the mouth, and persecutions of the stomach. Not a few people condemn all fish, because, say they, it is nothing but congealed water; others abominate fresh-water fish alone, simply, according to Madame, through the want of knowing how to *arrange* them; eels are detested for their serpent-like form, and" —

"Are you above all such prejudices, Sir? I remember the things you have said about oat-cake and bad pasteboard: that portmanteaus and human stomachs should not be lined with the same materials."

"No, I confess it, I am not. For yonder, on that board, is a heap of offal, sold for food, which makes me shudder when I look at it. Observe those dog-fish, uglier than toads; worse when they are skinned, with a wisp of straw stuffed into their throats. We only catch them to throw them on our dung-hills. I do not think I could remain at table where one was served; and yet they are very largely consumed here. Manure with us, is food for the French. Do you like dog-fish, Madame Dubois? And how do they cook them before poisoning themselves with such filth?"

"But, do I like the *chiens de mer*, the *roussettes*? Not much when they are so;" with a gesture which there was no mistaking.

"They boil them like skate, and you would not know the difference."

A grimace and a twist of the mouth on my part.

"I have a large one salted, hung up in our magazine; and when I can't eat anything for breakfast, I cut a piece off this, and grill it. You may smell it all over the house; such an *odeur*!"

"Then I hope, Madame, while we are with you, you'll have the goodness to eat your dog-fish raw."

Madame said nothing, but started as if she had suddenly beheld an assassin in the very act of murder.

"At home, you know," said Margaret, "our sailors often eat their red-herring uncooked. I have seen them breakfasting on the jetty, or in their boats, with a thick slice of bread, and the raw fish under their thumb. Everybody likes anchovies; and I myself am particularly fond of a pickled herring fresh out of the barrel."

"Properly seasoned, it is excellent," said I. "But when I was in Germany, if I called for a plate of ham, they always asked whether I preferred it cooked, or raw."

"And which did you choose?" inquired Madame, aghast.

"Oh! sometimes one, and sometimes the other."

"Monsters! Cannibals!" she hissed between her teeth. Then recovering herself; "but Monsieur likes to laugh; civilised

people do not practise such abominations as those. Are the English and the Germans nothing but savages, anthropophagi?"

At this moment Margaret became suddenly alarmed. "Let us get out of the way of those two quarrelsome men," said she. "The people are crowding around them, and I fear they'll soon come to blows."

"Blows! not they. They have no more intention of fighting than you and I have. Listen to them, if you can follow their furious gabble. They're making a bargain; and, for the fun of the thing, are trying by turns which can dive lowest into the depths of absurdity. It is an eclogue, with strophe and antistrophe, not quite after Virgil. But instead of calling for pistols, they'll finish the business by the aid of a few *canons*."

Madame smiled assent, and in acknowledgment of my pun, as I hoped she would. It would have been heart-breaking to strain at wit in a foreign tongue, and then miss fire utterly.

"*Canons*! what do you mean by that?" asked Margaret.

"A *canon* is a small glass of beer much in vogue: instead of drinking pearls of great price as a proof of friendship, people here swallow canons by the half-dozen. To make the charm work effectually, the ceremony which they call *trinquer*, and we hob-nobbing, is indispensable. Those gentle swains, before long, will play a

merry tune on their musical glasses."

While we were following the intrigue of this genteel comedy, up comes a man, the *appariteur* (a transition form between the beadle and the bellman) of the town, with a shabby old drum hanging round his neck, and accompanied by another vagabond-looking gent., who dragged a rickety rush-bottomed chair in one hand. They stopped, by mutual consent, within a yard of us, and the drummer commenced a fantasia on his instrument, certainly the worst performed solo I ever heard. I could have done it better myself. The Arcadian dialogue ceased, and the listeners crowded now around the oracular chair, which was not far from being a tripod. *M. l'Appariteur's* business was done, and he vanished. The way-worn traveller mounted the chair, took off his cap, looked up at the sun as if for inspiration, cleared his voice, and in a distinct deliberate style, with a pause at every comma, and a rattle at every *r*, delivered himself as follows:—

"Messieurs! There are men, — who have devoted their youth and their fortune, — to travelling and the acquirement of knowledge. — They settle in a city; — they take a good house; (pointing to the doctor's opposite); — they practise medicine; — and they become rich. — Yes, Messieurs! — And they deserve it: — for I can afford to acknowledge the merit of my brother practitioners. — I, too, have travelled and ac-

quired knowledge; — and for a few hours, — this town shall have the benefit of my vast experience. — Now, Messieurs! — if I were to say that I can cure all diseases, — I should lie! — There is only One who can cure all diseases: — and He is, — *là haut!* (Raising himself on tip-toe, and pointing as high as he can reach; producing great sensation and murmurs of approval.) — Some diseases I can cure perfectly; — some which I do not mention now: — for I am as discreet as a wall. — Messieurs! — Amongst the maladies to which human nature is subject, — are, — warts and corns! — Look at my hands! (Two brown paws variegated with orange freckles.) — There were as many warts on them as stars in the sky. — By intense study I found an antidote. — Now I have not one. — For two *sous* the remedy is yours: — this large packet for two *sous* (it was instantly taken by a man, who was about to walk off with his prize). — Stop, my friend, and listen further! — It cures corns also. — I could show you my feet: — one of them was an immense mass of corns. — I could not walk. — Now I dance so beautifully, — that the girls quarrel to have me for a partner. (More packets sold instantly.) — Stop, my friends! — You have other maladies, — of which you are not aware. — Look! (Here he twisted a clear glass bottle, so as to make a quantity of large white worms spin round in a transparent fluid.) I cured a dear child of these —

and his mother — with tears in her eyes — made me a present of them — of every one. — This packet — for one *sou* — for ONE *sou* — will put every worm within you to flight. (The packets themselves took flight rapidly.) — A single packet is enough for a child — two packets for a grown person. — But stop, Messieurs; understand! — If you use the worm-packet to cure your corns — and make your children, who have worms, swallow the corn-packet — and then neither the warts, nor the corns, nor the worms are put to flight — do not, Messieurs, lay the blame on —”

“Come away,” said Margaret; “what a horrid creature!”

“Nay, not at all. The man must eat bread, and he eats it honestly and openly, and by no means extravagantly. He pleases me quite as well as the genteeler chiropodists, who inform the anxious British public that, on a certain day, Lord Timbertoe had his corns extracted to his entire satisfaction, — in which happy release it is expected the entire public will sympathise and rejoice. But make haste with your marketing, Madame Dubois, or we shall never breakfast. For Margaret’s sake, please buy this bunch of little dicky-birds; and, for mine, that grey mullet which will be so superb with a little good shrimp sauce.”

“Shrimp sauce! And what is that, I pray you?”

“Listen, Madame, and I will tell you how to arrange it. You

must make a little white sauce — No; you must pretend to make white sauce. But first you must *bark* a pint of shrimps; with the bark, and the heads, and the tails of the shrimps, you must boil a broth, and with this broth you must make your white sauce (which will be reddish brown) dropping in your shrimps just before finishing off. That's shrimp sauce, English fashion."

"What a beautiful invention!" exclaimed Madame, raising her eyes. "It deserves to be crowned by the Académie."

[N. B. Wandering, or lost epicures will seize as a friendly clue the hint that, throughout the Continent, when they ask for "melted butter," they will get what they ask for and what they do not want — butter converted by heat into oil, and which is generally approved of. It really is not bad, with perseverance and a little lemon juice or vinegar, for fish, wild-fowl, and other sundries. To get what English cooks call melted butter, ask for white sauce made with water, instead of milk or cream.]

After these preliminaries, and the occupations of the day, dinner came to tranquillise the human heart with its benign influence. We had arrived at that point of serene resignation, when, if nothing more is to follow, it does not much matter; but if there comes a final tit-bit, it is condescendingly favoured with a patronising glance.

Enter Madame, smiling charm-

ingly; but I knew the meaning of that wicked twinkle about the eyes. "*Voilà*, the dish of little dickey-birds."

"These larks are really very nice," said Margaret, finishing her portion. "Only there is nothing but legs. You have saved the breasts for some other purpose? and the flesh is white, while our larks at home —"

I was obliged to grin a very broad grin. Madame averted her head to hide the increasing glitter from her eyes. Margaret turned very red, while a sudden idea struck her. "I am sure you have been conspiring together to make me eat frogs!" said she in a tone of decision, but without having quite decided whether to laugh or to cry in consequence.

"Make haste, Madame," said I, "with a bottle of your best Champagne to drink success to our new acquaintances the frogs. But why did we not have the mullet to-day?"

"It is guarded for to-morrow. Monsieur wishes to make economies, and not to live extravagantly."

Next morning was employed in settling ourselves more comfortably, in wondering whether the little chests of drawers in the rooms would hold the contents of our large portmanteaus, in speculating on the quality of an English ham which had been pushed as a makeweight into my own private box of papers, and in arranging a little jaunt into the country, Madame being offered a seat in the

carriole. Dinner-time returned with everpleasing punctuality, and I had a tremendous appetite to welcome the mullet. Madame's shrimp sauce, which smothered the fish, was as successful as the first dashing effort of genius on a new stage and before an unaccustomed public. Does the reader know that some fish have bones, and others cartilages only? though French fish have bones (as well as mouths) which are distinguished by a different title from the same parts in human kind. Well; in helping myself to grey mullet for the fourth or fifth time, I came to a very queer-looking cartilage. "The abominable treachery! I am eating —"

"A dog-fish!" shouted Margaret and Madame Dubois in a breath. "And pray how do you like it, Sir? Is it not almost as nice as the frogs?"

"Oh, I don't know," making a rush into strong-stomached stoicism. "With shrimp-sauce like this, I should not mind eating the sea-serpent, from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. But, Madame, if I don't pay you off for this —"

"Monsieur must not *flash* himself; that will be bad for his digestion. He gave me a glass of good Champagne yesterday, so I will now give him one in return."

A country drive in pleasant weather calms many a little touch of domestic irritation. We jumped into our *carriole*, mounted a long ascent of road, got a glance of the distant sea, looked over the tree-

tops of the rustling forest, and peeped into the valley below, admiring its pretty church spire, its quiet stream, and its neglected *château*, with clipped avenues and right-angled fish-ponds, just outside the village, where the road turns off by the Crucifix, at that corner where the field of late-sown flax is shining like a carpet of green silk velvet. We must leave the *carriole* and walk a little way to inspect the fish-ponds; for in them is a colony of frogs of the kind we tasted yesterday — not the dull sluggards that we see in the ditches at home, but lively fellows, thoroughly Frenchified, with a bright green ribbon (the *cordon* of their order) running down the middle of their back. Away they jump, more elastic than grasshoppers, as our footsteps approach the margin of their pond.

"Are those my yesterday's larks?" asked Margaret, in a tone of agreeable surprise; and then she coaxingly and artfully continued, "You must be tired, dear Madame Dubois; take some refreshment. We have brought a few sandwiches, which I prepared myself."

"*San-veeches!* I have never tasted that English dish. *Ma foi!* it is very, very good."

"And the ham?" inquired Margaret, "Do you like our ham?"

"Your ham?" stammered Madame. "Your English ham, which has never been cooked? Oh! I see how it is. And I deserve it. To be made to eat raw

ham is a fitting penance for my manifold crimes. I have deceived my husband shamefully; he loathes the name of goat's milk, and I have made him drink it as the genuine produce of the cow. Hare he detests; and, for the mere fun of the thing, I have fed him with beef-cheese, made solely with hare. My poor *bourgeois*, thou art revenged. Raw ham! — Me!"

She would have gone on thus till night-fall, but her despair was so ludicrous, that her very self was compelled to be amused by it. Our smothered mirth burst into a simultaneous shout.

"Well now, Madame," said I, "as these wise tricks have gone the round of our party, pray let us agree to a truce for some time to come. Because, if no other ill consequence follows, we shall all certainly die of laughing."

"Bah!" said Madame Dubois, "we shall die of something one of these days, and we may as well laugh as long as we can. We shall soon find something else to amuse us, and I now perceive there is nothing more ridiculous than prejudice in eating and drinking."

"Ridiculous?"

"Yes, considering how prevalent it is. Tartars prefer a roasted joint of tough horse to the finest haunch of mutton ever spit-
ted. Chinese have a positive predilection for rats and mice, and cooked cat is amongst their most *recherché* delicacies. A fine kitten fetches a higher price in their markets than a pheasant; and a

certain species of ferret cut up into tit-bits, and served in saucers makes a Mandarin's mouth water. A Mohammedan considers himself polluted if a dog touch the skirt of his garment; a Celestial considers himself blessed if he can only secure for his dinner a canine hind quarter. When the cheap *restaurants* were opened in the Palais Royal in Paris upon the principle of *prix fixé* — one and eightpence for four courses, a dessert, and a pint of wine — they were daily crowded with delighted convives.

"And no wonder, at such a price," observed Margaret.

"Fricaseed chicken and frican-deau veal were most extensively called for and especially relished."

"They are, all the two," said Madame, idiomatically, "if properly kitchened, delicious dishes."

"That depends," I continued. "It happened at exactly the same time there was an almost simultaneous disappearance of the plumpest pet dogs in Paris, and —"

"I guess the rest," interrupted Margaret; "do not make one ill. The fact is," she continued, with judicial gravity, "one man's poison is another man's meat."

"And all which does not poison, fattens," interposed Madame with economical zeal.

"And there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," I added with epicurean forethought. "What new experiment shall we try to-morrow?"

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF
ENGLAND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE late King's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, called EDWARD after him, was only thirteen years of age at his father's death. He was at Ludlow Castle with his uncle, the Earl of Rivers. The prince's brother, the Duke of York, only eleven years of age, was in London with his mother. The boldest, most crafty, and most dreaded nobleman in England at that time was their uncle RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, and everybody wondered how the two poor boys would fare with such an uncle for a friend or a foe.

The Queen, their mother, being exceedingly uneasy about this, was anxious that instructions should be sent to Lord Rivers to raise an army to escort the young King safely to London. But, Lord Hastings, who was of the court party opposed to the Woodvilles, and who disliked the thought of giving them that power, argued against the proposal, and obliged the Queen to be satisfied with an escort of two thousand horse. The Duke of Gloucester did nothing, at first, to justify suspicion. He came from Scotland (where he was commanding an army) to York, and was there the first to swear allegiance to his nephew. He then wrote a condoling letter to the Queen-Mother, and set off to be present at the coronation in London.

Now, the young King, journey-

ing towards London too, with Lord Rivers and Lord Gray, came to Stony Stratford, as his uncle came to Northampton, about ten miles distant; and when those two lords heard that the Duke of Gloucester was so near, they proposed to the young King that they should go back and greet him in his name. The boy being very willing that they should do so, they rode off and were received with great friendliness, and asked by the Duke of Gloucester to stay and dine with him. In the evening, while they were merry together, up came the Duke of Buckingham with three hundred horsemen; and next morning the two lords and the two dukes, and the three hundred horsemen, rode away together to rejoin the King. Just as they were entering Stony Stratford, the Duke of Gloucester, checking his horse, turned suddenly on the two lords, charged them with alienating from him the affections of his sweet nephew, and caused them to be arrested by the three hundred horsemen and taken back. Then, he and the Duke of Buckingham went straight to the King (whom they had now in their power), to whom they made a show of kneeling down, and offering great love and submission; and then they ordered his attendants to disperse and took him, alone with them, to Northampton.

A few days afterwards they conducted him to London, and lodged him in the Bishop's Palace. But, he did not remain there long; for,

the Duke of Buckingham with a tender face made a speech expressing how anxious he was for the Royal boy's safety, and how much safer he would be in the Tower until his coronation, than he could be anywhere else. So, to the Tower he was taken, very carefully, and the Duke of Gloucester was named Protector of the State.

Although Gloucester had proceeded thus far with a very smooth countenance — and although he was a clever man, fair of speech, and not ill-looking, in spite of one of his shoulders being something higher than the other — and although he had come into the City riding bare-headed at the King's side, and looking very fond of him — he had made the King's mother more uneasy yet; and when the Royal boy was taken to the Tower, she became so alarmed that she took sanctuary in Westminster with her five daughters.

Nor did she do this without reason, for, the Duke of Gloucester, finding that the lords who were opposed to the Woodville family were faithful to the young King nevertheless, quickly resolved to strike a blow for himself. Accordingly, while those lords met in council at the Tower, he and those who were in his interest met in separate council at his own residence, Crosby Palace, in Bishopsgate Street. Being at last quite prepared, he one day appeared unexpectedly at the council in the Tower, and appeared to be very jocular and merry.

He was particularly gay with the Bishop of Ely: praising the strawberries that grew in his garden on Holborn Hill, and asking him to have some gathered that he might eat them at dinner. The Bishop, quite proud of the honour, sent one of his men to fetch some; and the Duke, still very jocular and gay, went out; and the council all said what a very agreeable duke he was! In a little time, however, he came back quite altered — not at all jocular — frowning and fierce — and suddenly said,

“What do those persons deserve who have compassed my destruction; I being the King's lawful, as well as natural, protector?”

To this strange question, Lord Hastings replied, that they deserved death, whosoever they were.

“Then,” said the Duke, “I tell you that they are that sorceress my brother's wife;” meaning the Queen; “and that other sorceress, Jane Shore. Who, by witchcraft, have withered my body, and caused my arm to shrink as I now show you.”

He then pulled up his sleeve and showed them his arm, which was shrunken, it is true, but which had been so, as they all very well knew, from the hour of his birth.

Jane Shore, being then the lover of Lord Hastings, as she had formerly been of the late King, that lord knew that [he himself was attacked. So, he said, in some confusion, “Certainly, my

Lord, if they have done this, they be worthy of punishment."

"If?" said the Duke of Gloucester; "do you talk to me of ifs? I tell you, that they *have* so done, and I will make it good upon thy body, thou traitor!"

With that, he struck the table a great blow with his fist. This was no doubt a signal to some of his people outside, to cry "Treason!" They immediately did so, and there was a rush into the chamber of so many armed men that it was filled in a moment.

"First," said the Duke of Gloucester to Lord Hastings, "I arrest thee, traitor! And let him," he added to the armed men who took him, "have a priest at once, for by St. Paul I will not dine until I have seen his head off!"

He was hurried to the green by the Tower chapel, and there beheaded on a log of wood that happened to be lying on the ground. Then, the Duke dined with a sufficiently good appetite, and after dinner summoning the principal citizens to attend him, told them that Lord Hastings and the rest had designed to murder both himself and the Duke of Buckingham, who stood by his side, if he had not providentially discovered their design. He requested them to be so obliging as to inform their fellow-citizens of the truth of what he said, and issued a proclamation (prepared and neatly copied out beforehand) to the same effect.

On the same day that the Duke did these things in the Tower, Sir

Richard Ratcliffe, the boldest and most undaunted of his men, went down to Pontefract; arrested Lord Rivers, Lord Gray, and two other gentlemen; and publicly executed them on the scaffold, without any trial, for having intended the Duke's death. Three days afterwards the Duke, not to lose time, went down the river to Westminster in his barge, attended by divers bishops, lords and soldiers, and demanded that the Queen should deliver her second son, the Duke of York, into his safe keeping. The Queen, being obliged to comply, resigned the child after she had wept over him; and Richard of Gloucester placed him with his brother in the Tower. Then, he seized Jane Shore, and, because she had been the lover of the late King, confiscated her property, and got her sentenced to do public penance in the streets by walking in a scanty dress, with bare feet, and carrying a lighted candle, to St. Paul's Cathedral through the most crowded part of the City.

Having now all things ready for his own advancement, he caused one of the numerous friars who were always prepared to do any wrong thing, to preach a sermon at the cross which stood in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which he dwelt upon the profligate manners of the late King, and upon the late shame of Jane Shore, and hinted that the princes were not his children. "Whereas, good people," said the friar, whose name was SHAW, "my Lord the

Protector, the noble Duke of Gloucester, that sweet prince, the pattern of all the noblest virtues, is the perfect image and express likeness of his father." There had been a little plot between the Duke and the friar, that the Duke should appear in the crowd at this moment, when it was expected that the people would cry "long live King Richard!" But, either through the friar saying the words too soon, or through the Duke's coming too late, the Duke and the words did not come together, and the people only laughed, and the friar sneaked off ashamed.

The Duke of Buckingham was a better hand at such business than the friar, so he went to the Guildhall next day, and addressed the citizens in the Lord Protector's behalf. A few dirty men, who had been hired and stationed there for the purpose, crying when he had done, "God save King Richard!" he made them a grave bow, and thanked them with all his heart. Next day, to make an end of it, he went with the mayor and some lords and citizens to Baynard Castle, by the river, where Richard then was, and read an address, humbly entreating him to accept the Crown of England. Richard, who looked down upon them out of a window and pretended to be in great uneasiness and alarm, assured them there was nothing he desired less, and that his deep affection for his nephews forbade him to think of it. To this the Duke of Buckingham replied, with pretended warmth, that the free

people of England would never submit to his nephew's rule, and that if Richard, who was the lawful heir, refused the Crown, why then they must find some one else to wear it. The Duke of Gloucester returned that since he used that strong language, it became his painful duty to think no more of himself and to accept the Crown.

Upon that, the people cheered and dispersed; and the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Buckingham passed a pleasant evening, talking over the play they had just acted with so much success, and every word of which they had prepared together.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KING Richard the Third was up betimes in the morning, and went to Westminster Hall. In the Hall was a marble seat, upon which he sat himself down between two great noblemen, and told the people that he began the new reign in that place, because the first duty of a sovereign was to administer the laws equally to all, and to maintain justice. He then mounted his horse and rode back to the City, where he was received by the clergy and the crowd as if he really had a right to the throne, and really were a just man. The clergy and the crowd must have been rather ashamed of themselves in secret, I think, for being such poor-spirited knaves.

The new King and his Queen

were soon crowned with a great deal of show and noise, which the people liked very much; and then the King set forth on a royal progress through his dominions. He was crowned a second time at York, in order that the people might have show and noise enough; and wherever he went was received with shouts of rejoicing — from a good many people of strong lungs, who were paid to strain their throats in crying “God save King Richard!” The plan was so successful that I am told it has been imitated since, by other usurpers, in other progresses through other dominions.

While he was on this journey, King Richard stayed a week at Warwick. And from Warwick he sent instructions home for one of the wickedest murders that ever was done — the murder of the two young princes, his nephews, who were shut up in the Tower of London.

Sir Robert Brackenbury was at that time Governor of the Tower. To him, by the hands of a messenger named JOHN GREEN, King Richard sent a letter, ordering him by some means to put the two young princes to death. But Sir Robert — I hope because he had children of his own, and loved them — sent John Green back again, riding and spurring along the dusty roads, with the answer that he could not do so horrible a piece of work. The King having frowningly considered a little, called to him SIR JAMES TYRREL, his Master of the Horse, and to

him gave authority to take command of the Tower, whenever he would, for twenty-four hours, and to keep all the keys of the Tower during that space of time. Tyrrel, well knowing what was wanted, looked about him for two hardened ruffians, and chose JOHN DIGHTON, one of his own grooms, and MILES FOREST, who was a murderer by trade. Having secured these two assistants, he went, upon a day in August, to the Tower, showed his authority from the King, took the command for four-and-twenty hours, and obtained possession of the keys. And when the black night came, he went creeping, creeping, like a guilty villain as he was, up the dark stone winding stairs, and along the dark stone passages of the Tower, until he came to the door of the room where the two young princes, having said their prayers, lay fast asleep, clasped in each other's arms. And while he watched and listened at the door, he sent in those evil demons, John Dighton and Miles Forest, who smothered the two princes with the bed and pillows, and carried their bodies down the stairs, and buried them under a great heap of stones at the staircase foot. And when the day came, he gave up the command of the Tower, and restored the keys, and hurried away without once looking behind him; and Sir Robert Brackenbury went with fear and sadness to the princes' room, and found the princes gone for ever.

You know, through all this

history, how true it is that traitors are never true, and you will not be surprised to learn that the Duke of Buckingham soon turned against King Richard, and joined a great conspiracy that was formed to dethrone him, and to place the crown upon its rightful owner's head. Richard had meant to keep the murder secret; but when he heard through his spies that this conspiracy existed, and that many lords and gentlemen drank in secret to the healths of the two young princes in the Tower, he made it known that they were dead. The conspirators, though thwarted for a moment, soon resolved to set up for the crown against the murderous Richard, HENRY Earl of Richmond, grandson of Catherine: the widow of Henry the Fifth, who married Owen Tudor. And as Henry was of the house of Lancaster, they proposed that he should marry the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of the late King, now the heiress of the house of York, and thus by uniting the rival families put an end to the fatal wars of the red and white Roses. All being settled, a time was appointed for Henry to come over from Brittany, and for a great rising against Richard to take place in several parts of England at the same hour. On a certain day, therefore, in October the revolt took place; but, unsuccessfully. Richard was prepared, Henry was driven back at sea by a storm, his followers in England were dispersed, and the

Duke of Buckingham was taken and at once beheaded in the market-place at Salisbury.

The time of his success was a good time, Richard thought, for summoning a Parliament and getting some money. So, a Parliament was called, and it flattered and fawned upon him as much as he could possibly desire, and declared him to be the rightful King of England, and his only son Edward, then eleven years of age, the next heir to the throne.

Richard knew full well that, let the Parliament say what it would, the Princess Elizabeth was remembered by people as the heiress of the House of York; and having accurate information besides, of its being designed by the conspirators to marry her to Henry of Richmond, he felt that it would prodigiously strengthen him and weaken them, to be beforehand with them, and marry her to his son. With this view he went to the Sanctuary at Westminster, where the late King's widow and her daughter still were, and besought them to come to Court: where (he swore by anything and everything) they should be safely and honourably entertained. They came, accordingly, but had scarcely been at Court a month when his son died suddenly — or was poisoned — and his plan was crushed to pieces.

In this extremity King Richard, always active, thought "I must make another plan." And he made the plan of marrying the Princess Elizabeth himself, al-

though she was his niece. There was one difficulty in the way: his wife, the Queen Anne, was alive. But, he knew (remembering his nephews) how to remove that obstacle, and he made love to the Princess Elizabeth, telling her he felt perfectly confident that the Queen would die in February. The Princess was not a very scrupulous young lady, for, instead of rejecting the murderer of her brothers with scorn and hatred, she openly declared that she loved him dearly; and, when February came and the Queen did not die, she expressed her impatient opinion that she was too long about it. However, King Richard was not so far out in his prediction, but that she died in March — he took good care of that — and then this precious pair hoped to be married. But they were disappointed, for the idea of such a marriage was so unpopular in the country, that the King's chief counsellors, RATCLIFFE and CATESBY, would by no means undertake to propose it, and the King was even obliged to declare in public that he had never so much as thought of such a thing.

He was, by this time, dreaded and hated by all classes of his subjects. His nobles deserted every day to Henry's side; he dared not call another Parliament, lest his crimes should be denounced there; and, for want of money, he was obliged to get Benevolences from the citizens, which exasperated them all against him. It was said too, that,

being stricken by his conscience, he dreamed frightful dreams, and started up in the night-time, wild with terror and remorse. Active to the last, through all this, he issued vigorous proclamations against Henry of Richmond and all his followers, when he heard that they were coming against him with a Fleet from France; and took the field as fierce and savage as a wild boar — the animal represented on his shield.

Henry of Richmond landed with six thousand men at Milford Haven, and came on against King Richard, then encamped at Leicester with an army twice as great, through North Wales. On Bosworth Field, the two armies met; and Richard, looking along Henry's ranks, and seeing them crowded with the English nobles who had abandoned him, turned pale when he beheld the powerful Lord Stanley and his son (whom he had tried hard to retain) among them. But, he was as brave as he was wicked, and plunged into the thickest of the fight. He was riding hither and thither, laying about him in all directions, when he observed the Earl of Northumberland — one of his few great allies — to stand inactive, and the main body of his troops to hesitate. At the same moment, his desperate glance caught Henry of Richmond among a little group of his knights. Riding hard at him, and crying "Treason!" he killed his standard-bearer, fiercely unhorsed another gentleman, and aimed a powerful stroke at Henry

himself, to cut him down. But, Sir William Stanley parried it as it fell, and before Richard could raise his arm again, he was borne down in a press of numbers, unhorsed, and killed. Lord Stanley picked up his crown, all bruised and trampled, and stained with blood, and put it upon Richmond's head, amid loud and rejoicing cries of "Long live King Henry!"

That night, a horse was led up to the church of the Grey Friars at Leicester: across whose back was tied, like some worthless sack, a naked body, brought there for burial. It was the body of the last of the Plantagenet line, King Richard the Third, usurper and murderer, slain at the battle of Bosworth Field in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of two years.

THE IRISH UNION.

THERE was a time — even until very lately — when almost any child in Ireland would understand the parable of the house built upon the sand better than an English reader of the New Testament; for, until lately, houses as fragile as any mud dwelling in Palestine, and far more wretched than Jew or Arab ever lives in, were exceedingly common in Ireland. There are some now, but so few that travellers point them out to one another as they pass. I do not mean — I wish I did — that wretched dwellings are few in Ire-

land. They are fearfully common still; but that particular sort of house — the mud hovel of the lowest order — has nearly disappeared. Wrecks and ruins of such huts, not quite melted away, remain, as mournful objects in the landscape; and it is but too well known what would be found under the rubbish of some of them, the bones of families who died in the famine, and who were buried — no other burial being possible — by tumbling down the roof upon them. But to scores of these there may be only one such now tenanted. I remember one in Connemara made with very little trouble. In a bank or dyke a passage was cut; a bit more bank was heaped up at the further end, and some sticks and straw were laid over the top for a roof. It was in a heavy rain that we saw this, and the shower was washing the yellow mud of the bank smoothly down into the dwelling, almost quenching the peat sods, which sent their smoke out in front. Another, in Kerry, was scarcely like a house; so many furze bushes were growing straight out from the side-walls, and the roof was so green with weeds, among which the hens were scrabbling: yet there was a family lodged within, with the pig in the midst of them. A third, in Clare, was down in a sort of pit by the roadside, once a little quarry. The inhabitants had to leap and climb down to it and up from it, and had to live in a pond after every shower, for there was no outlet for the gather-

ed waters. A pent-house of straw and rushes leaned from the side of the quarry, and the front was a pile of clay. There was just room for a great chest, and a litter of straw to sleep on; and the mother and her little children, and the pig, were huddled within the enclosure, when they were not dabbling in the puddle of manure and thick water. On the whole, I think this was the worst I ever saw.

Where do the people live who once lived by thousands in hundreds of such hovels?

They live in the handsomest, and certainly the very cleanest abodes in Ireland; so clean that one might eat one's dinner off the floors, and look long for a speck on the window-panes, or a spider in the sleeping-rooms; mansions of greystone, of the domestic-gothic style of architecture, with lofty ceilings, vast kitchens, and some acres of ground round the walls; and usually, a blooming garden in front, with bushes of roses and fuchsias, and plots of balsams, with tall evergreens intermixed.

What can this mean? It means that, set down thickly all over Ireland, there are now refuges for the poor, called Workhouses.

The time is past for all argument as to whether there ever should have been these workhouses in Ireland. There they are: and if they had not been there, the greater part of the poor of Ireland would have gone, long

ago, into the narrowest house of all — underground. No one foresaw the famine when those houses were decreed, planned, and built. They were decreed in 1838; begun in 1839, and first inhabited in 1841; whereas, the famine, as we all know, did not happen till 1846. The houses never were like English workhouses, nor the inmates like English paupers. In Ireland, working for wages never was the rule among the poorer classes, while subsistence upon charity always was encouraged by the old custom of society, and by the popular religion, which makes almsgiving, without stint and without inquiry, a duty and privilege of religion. There were other influences, too, which made destitution something very unlike what it is elsewhere — less of a fault and a disgrace than it is usually esteemed. The workhouse class, therefore, never was an outcast class. If it was not so before the famine, much less could it be so afterwards. When millions of the population were in want of food, and could have it only there, any line of distinction that might have existed before between the people within the workhouses and those outside must be at once effaced.

At first, the people objected vehemently to go into the house. The large class of roaming beggars, accustomed to whiskey, tobacco, gossip, and idleness, could not bear the confinement to a settled home, where there was work to do, and no pipe or grog; and they cursed the system which

drew off so much charity as to compel them to work for their whiskey and tobacco, if they must have them. One such personage would tell a Poor Law Commissioner that he would not know what to do for business but for such as she; but that she would have nothing to say to his big house. And another would declare that he would never enter those doors on any persuasion;— he would *work* first. Some were sure they could not live upon any diet but potatoes; and all shrank from the necessity of being washed on entering the place. The bath was the grand horror. It was a warm bath; pleasant and comfortable, one would think; but the inmates said — and say to this hour — that the washing is like stripping them of a skin, or a suit of clothes; the feel of the air directly meeting their skins is so new and strange!

All balancing between begging and the workhouse was, however, put an end to when the potatoes failed. In one district, where the workhouse was either unfinished or not large enough for the pressure, there stands a large and lofty mansion near the sea-shore. It is in a part of Ireland where two or three ancient families have lived in feudal pride, for centuries. The mansion belonged to the representative of one of those ancient families. Encumbered before, this gentleman could not pay the rates required from him in famine time. He offered his mansion for a workhouse. It was

hired for the purpose; and it is an auxiliary workhouse still. He could not touch the rent, for it was the due of his creditors.

He petitioned to be made the master of the workhouse and the office was given to him, and in that capacity he presided in that old family mansion. No one can wonder that he died very soon; and it is a sort of relief that his widow and daughters are not now in the house. I saw a crowd of boys' faces at the windows, and a son of his was there; but I saw also a cottage—a common labourer's cottage—where his widow and daughters live. They have the rent of the house, and some earnings of their own; and, humble as is their home, it is a comfort to think that they have one to themselves. In such a state of things, it is evident that the Irish workhouses are not a depôt for an out-cast class, but a home for those who have been stripped of everything by a calamity which has swept over the length and breadth of their country.

Everywhere in Ireland there are landmarks of different kinds which notify to the traveller what kind of neighbourhood he is in. In one place, he sees a mast with its tackle on a hill, and he knows that he shall presently encounter the coast-guard station and the men—some cleaning their arms, some looking out to sea, and some busy about the boats on the beach. Elsewhere, in the wildest places, on the moorlands, beside some little lake—or on a knoll in a

valley — glittering white amidst the landscape, is the police-barrack; and there may be seen some of the constabulary looking out from behind the grating of the windows; and others lolling over the walls, gossiping, or eating, or smoking — and others, again, stalking about, with their soldierly bearing, as if to show their broad chests and flat backs, and how well they can hold up their heads. When the traveller sees a palace of grey stone, which might be a college, or a national museum — with an edifice in front, and another at hand or behind, of the same stone, connected with the larger building by walls — he knows that he is not far from a town; for this is a Union Workhouse. He feels some wish to explore the interior of this vast mansion; and he probably employs his first leisure hour — if he is stopping at the town — in walking up to it. At least, I did; and, finding a ready and ever eager admission everywhere, I inspected a good many, and found each more interesting than the last.

What a pleasant flower-garden this is! gay and bright with flowers. Everybody in the house has access to this garden; and it is plain that nobody does any harm. Ring the bell. The porter opens to us; and when we ask whether we can see the house, replies eagerly, "O yes, to be sure!" He takes our cards to the Master, but intimates that we are welcome any way; and that perhaps we will write our names in

the Visitors' Book before we leave. On one side of the entrance-hall is a room where applicants are received and first spoken to; and on the other, is the room where the surgeon examines them, to ascertain their state of health; and especially, whether they have any infectious disease. If they are healthy, they have only to cleanse themselves thoroughly in the warm bath in the next room, and put on the dress of the house; and then they are ready for admission. Their clothes are seldom worth preserving — being mere strings or bundles of tatters, hung upon them in some incomprehensible way. They could not be taken off and put on in the ordinary way; hence the puzzle about how the poor Irish get into their clothes. The fact is, they are not taken off at all — day nor night. Being off now, they will never be on any shoulders again. They are too flimsy and too filthy to be done anything with even as rags; so they are burnt in the yard. If really garments, and not mere tatters, they are cleansed and laid by, to be claimed by the owner on leaving the house. If he be in any way diseased, he goes no further at present, but is lodged in a ward at hand, which opens into an airy yard; and there he stays till he is well.

The Master appearing, we exchange greetings, and ask him how he is satisfied with the state of the house now. He tells us that it is a very different affair now from what it was. There are not,

at present, many more inmates than the house was built for, and two out of five auxiliary houses are closed. In two of the wards, they are still obliged to put two in a bed; but it will be not be for long. At one time, when all the auxiliary houses were open, and the deaths were twenty-five in a day, it yet was necessary to put three into a bed; and, in regard to the children, even four.

Twenty-five deaths in a day! They took place in the infirmary, of course?

Why yes, the greater number did; but it was no uncommon thing to find corpses among the sleepers when they were called in the morning; and several died where we are now standing — died almost before they had entered the doors; and several dropped and died on the gravel walk between this entrance-hall and the house. Some had waited too long before applying, hoping that potatoes would rise up from somewhere or other.

It was observable that these poor creatures had always kept one article of property, through their uttermost destitution. They all had their pot, wherein to boil their hoped-for potatoes. If evicted, the peasant goes out with his pot upon his arm. If the family huddle under a hedge for warmth, their pot is in the midst. When they come to the workhouse, they deposit their pot with their dearest friend, looking forward to the day when they shall once more boil potatoes of

their own. Some of those who died thus immediately had applied a week or two before, and had received relief while waiting until room could be made for them; but they were too far sunk to bear the removal; and a place had to be made for them in the dead-house, instead of beside the fire. Too many of them had fancied that they could not live on the diet of the house, and had held out until they sank for want of any kind of food whatever. Those who thus died, actually within the walls of the house, were usually adults, and chiefly elderly people. The children remained, orphaned at the moment of their delivery into the care of society at large. In 1849, there were eight hundred girls in one workhouse — that at Cavan.

They are the girls and boys that we see next — the boys on the right hand, and the girls on the left, as we proceed to the house. How healthy they look! Their hair, how glossy; their eyes, how clear and bright! But there are several who have lost an eye. That was from the ophthalmia of last year. Alas! it is even worse this year.

How comes that? Nobody seems to know very well; but it spreads most among those who have lived in a crowded and dirty state, and have sunk into a bad bodily condition. Of the girls, as they walk in the sun or sit together in the shade of the wall, some are knitting, but more are doing crochet-work. That sort

of work is a good maintenance for a woman in Ireland now. It is an excellent resource, no doubt; but the fashion is hardly likely to last very long; and it is to be supposed that the greater number of these girls will emigrate. Their art will not be of much use to them in an American wood, or on an Australian sheep-walk. I hope they are taught cooking, and washing, and plain-sewing too. Yes! — and spinning and weaving? Good! — and the boys? The little ones are romping, as the younger girls are — and as both should, at their years. Some of the lads are gardening; and we shall see others in the house. There is no pauper appearance about any of these children. Children could not be more clean and wholesome.

Mounting the steps of the house, we see on the right hand a pleasant parlour, with the remains of dinner on the table. These are the apartments of the master and mistress. Their rooms open into the school-rooms — the lofty, light, spacious apartments, with their rows of benches, and the platform at one end for the teacher, and the great black board, with its bit of chalk lying ready at hand. These schools are under the system of the National Board, and here may be seen the pleasant sight of Catholic and Protestant children sitting side by side, without any thought of quarrelling on theological subjects. However it may be hereafter, one cannot but suppose that

they will be the happier and the more amiable for having thus sat together now.

At an angle of the boy's school-room is the work-room. A steady-looking man is walking about, from loom to loom, seeing how his pupils get on. That little fellow, who is leaning so anxiously over his web, has learned weaving only four days.

The women and girls bring their crochet-work up to the likeness of point-lace with very little teaching; finding out for themselves how to execute any pattern that may have met their eye. One of these girls, who had puzzled over such a pattern, saw in a dream how to do it, and got up in the night to put it down, that she might not lose it again. And these novices are weaving — rather slowly, perhaps — but without fault, as far as we can see.

What is this furthest room? Oh! here are the aged men sitting in a room which is not a thoroughfare, and where there is no draught. They cower over the fire, even in warm weather. But, these are only a few of them; more are out in the sun, and some are in bed upstairs. The aged women are in a corresponding apartment at the other end; and we go to see them. On our way we find the nursery. It answers to the boys' work-room. What a strange sight it is — such a crowd of infants. Some can run alone; and they play bo-peep behind the old women's aprons. Some sit on the floor sucking

their thumbs; two or three dozens are in cradles, asleep, or staring wide awake. What is the age of that wonderfully flexible infant, sitting up, and looking all red and brown? About eleven hours! Do children sit up at eleven hours old in Ireland? We never heard of such a thing before, and we cannot fancy that it can be right; but it is to be sure a very fine child. It is a pleasant thing for the old women to have the infants so near at hand. The infirm need not be troubled with them, but the hardier ones seem to enjoy playing granny, and having a rosy cheek pillowed on their withered arms, or watching beside the cradle, or letting bo-peep be played behind their aprons.

We have now seen the whole width of this ground-floor. Next, we must see the length. We pass through a yard, and glance into the wash-house, where women and girls are busy and merry among the suds, and managing the great boilers. In the adjoining laundry, there are large hot closets, where heaps of clothes are drying in a trice. Answering to these places are the kitchen and shed. In the kitchen, there are large boilers to manage, and a girl, mounted on a stool, is wielding — not the washing staff — but a kind of oar. That is soup she is stirring, with such an exertion of strength. It is the soup that the people have every day for dinner. No — there is no meat in it. They have never been meat eaters. Milk is their only animal food — now, as al-

ways. The soup is made of meal, with a variety of vegetables shredded in, and salt and pepper. This, with a loaf of bread made of mixed Indian meal and rye, is their dinner. It is near four o'clock now; and we may see them at dinner presently. Four is their dinner hour; and they have nothing more, unless they like to keep some of their bread for supper: but they go to their beds at seven. Their other meal is breakfast, at nine. For this they have porridge made of Indian meal, very thick and nourishing. The delicate ones certainly grow strong upon this diet, however they may be prejudiced against it at first. The Indian meal, that came over when it was first introduced into Ireland was not as good as what we get now; but, if the people now had to live on potatoes alone, there is no doubt they would like to have some meal also. At least, so it has been found, out of the house. They are soon to have potatoes again — just twice a week; and greatly they are reckoning on this: but they may find themselves more fond of the meal than they are aware of. They are now entering the dining-hall. Let us see them take their places.

This room is the chapel as well as the dining-hall. It is spacious and lofty, and the tables and benches standing across the room instead of lengthwise, give a sociable appearance to the dining. This arrangement is necessary for chapel purposes, no doubt; but

it seems an improvement on the old long board. What a change it must be to most of these people to sit down to a clean table, on a clean bench, and with clean hands; instead of huddling round the pot, on a clay floor, half full of stinking puddles.

To us there looks something sad in the uniform meal — the same every day, and for everybody, and served out like the food of domestic animals — the soup poured out from the boiler like wash, and ladled into hundreds of tin pans, all alike. But, besides that this is unavoidable, it is so superior an affair to the former feeding of all this company, and to what they would have, if they were not here, that Sentiment on the subject would be quite misplaced.

This seems a free and easy personage enough; this girl who runs up to us, crying out, in the immediate presence of the matron, "Give me a halfpenny!" She looks uncommonly merry, I must say. The poor thing is crazy. The matron takes her by the shoulders, and makes her sit down to table, where she munches her bread and drinks her soup with great satisfaction, calling to us between every mouthful, "Give me a halfpenny!" That was probably the first thing she was taught to say, and the most earnest prayer she was ever trained to utter. That stout woman of thirty looks merry, too; is she crazy? No, she has not that excuse. She is incorrigibly idle.

She has been set up in life many times; last time she showed such horror of the work-house, that this lady at my elbow collected a little money and set her up with a fruit-stall, with the necessary baskets and stock, and had supposed to this moment that she was doing well. But here she is, stall and stock and baskets all gone, and she laughing at being found out.

What a strange company it is! — what odd infirmities, and what a gradation of ages brought together! Did you ever see a clumsier or shorter dwarf than she who is filling the pans? And the young man without a coat, who has lost his right arm — he is not a pauper, surely — seeing his moustache. No, he is employed in the yards; that is all; though he looks as if he fancied himself the master of all and everybody. Looking along the tables, however, and passing over the cases of personal injury from disease or accident, a fine state of health seems to be the rule.

Let us walk forward, and see the boys at their meal. While standing there, a stifled giggle is heard behind us, and then a clink, which the matron does not hear while talking with that boy. Glancing back, we see the women grinning, the dwarf running as fast as her little legs will carry her after the long-limbed gentleman with the moustache, who is fond of a romp, it seems. She throws a tin pan after him: the clatter rouses the matron; the

youth escapes into the yard, and the dwarf is bidden to sit down to her dinner instantly; in the midst of all which, the crazy girl stands up, and cries after us incessantly, "Give me a half-penny!"

We are to go next to the infirmary — the women's work-room being empty at dinner time. The infirmary is at the further end of this hall, divided from it only by a vestibule, so that the convalescent may attend chapel without going out of doors. At first we see only a sprinkling of sick people; a room where the extremely aged are in their comfortable beds; their palsied heads shaking on their pillows, and their half-closed eyes looking as if the sleep of death were visibly creeping over them: and another room where three or four young mothers are recovering from their confinement. These, we are told, are, like many whom we saw below, "deserted women." Their "desertion," however, turns out to be a smaller affair than the sad word would convey. These women are all wives; and they are, for aught that anybody knows, loved by their husbands. The husbands are gone to earn money for them, and will come back, or send money for their families to follow them. Some who are in England for the harvest, will return, with the funds for winter subsistence: but more will spend the money in going to America, from Liverpool or Bristol, where they will earn more money still, and send for

their wives, after a year or two. Meantime, the women seem to make very light of their "desertion." The whole thing was planned by them and their husbands, no doubt; and they are looking forward to better days, in a home beyond the sea.

And now we come to the strangest suite of rooms of all. At the first glimpse, it is like entering an arbour. The walls are coloured green, and all the window-blinds (which are down, although the windows are open), are green also. There is a green tinge, from the reflection, on all the white pillows and sheets, and on the faces of all the patients, who are lying in precisely the same posture, and as if asleep,—all those scores and hundreds of them, from end to end of all the wards. They are all "down in the ophthalmy." The only difference, except in age, in any ward full of patients is, that some have wet rag laid across their eyes, and others have the rag on the pillow ready to be put on at any moment. It is a very mournful sight. That little boy of four years, admitted into the female ward for convenience — the beautiful child with the long lashes lying on his blooming cheeks, — is he to be blind? Or the delicate-looking girl of twelve, with her bright hair lying all about her head in thick waves; or those mothers who listen for their children's voices from the playground, and will soon have them in their arms, but may never see their faces again—are these likely

to be blind? The medical officer, who approaches our party, makes a sign, to intimate that although all eyes are closed, these people are not asleep. We are not likely to forget that. The thoughtful expression of the patient faces, the hand quietly put up to shift the rag, the slight uneasy movement of the head mutely telling of pain, are all-sufficient signs of wakefulness. As soon as we are in a white light again, the surgeon says that he hopes he has turned the corner now: he is dismissing his patients by fifties at a time, and fewer are falling into the disease.

The proportion of those who lose both eyes is very small. Of the forty-six thousand cases of ophthalmia which occurred in the Irish workhouses last year, only two hundred and sixty-three resulted in total blindness; and above forty thousand were cured. Six hundred and fifty-six lost one eye each. These facts seem to show that there must be a lamentable amount of disease of the eyes out of the workhouses; for the large number of one-eyed persons whom we met in all the towns makes such a number as the above appear a mere trifle among the whole population. The doctor cannot at all explain the prodigious extent of the disease. Dirt, crowding, and foul air will account for a good deal of it. May not the glare of the whitewash in some of the auxiliary workhouses, and in some of the better villages, have something to do with it? This

white dazzling glare may be trying to eyes already weak, perhaps. And the peat smoke in cabins that have no windows or chimney? That may aggravate a tendency. And is it, can it be, true that the people give themselves the disease — rub their eyes with irritating matters, to obtain a berth in the infirmary? Yes: it is true with regard to some of the slighter cases. There are always some who would suffer a good deal to avoid work, or to obtain the superior diet necessary in ophthalmia. It is strange and sad; but we are comforted by hearing from the doctor that the little boy, and the young girl, and those indispensable mothers, are likely to be as well as we are, very soon.

The idiot wards have been taken for these ophthalmic patients. They can be well spared. The three or four idiots in the establishment are quite inoffensive, and may be allowed to bask in the sun, or to cower over the fire. At first, when it was proposed to bring the poor creatures here, the neighbours were shocked, not only at the cruelty, but at the impiety of the notion. Regarding the disease as a sort of sanctity, they could not endure the thought of any confinement — of any “prison” — for these helpless beings who would be sure to pine within stone walls. There is no pining, however; nothing but more warmth and cleanliness, and better air, and greater security of food than elsewhere. Most of them are now cared for, in lunatic

asylums; but in every workhouse, there may be found one or more idiots, as if to complete the character of the place as a refuge.

The Matron produces a key. We are to see the dormitories, which are kept locked after the morning sweeping and airing. They are curious places; long rooms, with an aisle or gangway along the middle, left by platforms on either hand, about ten inches high. On each platform lies a row of bundles, each bundle being a bed for one person — unless a pressure of numbers compels crowding. The mattress is tied in the form of an arch; and resting upon it is a smaller arch, composed of the rug and blankets neatly folded and set up in that form. The beauty of the platform is that it can be kept perfectly and constantly clean, which is more, I believe, than can be said of any bedstead whatever, liable to promiscuous use. The beds being lifted away, the platform can be swept and scoured like a floor, and it everywhere looks like a new deal table. In three hours' time the people below will come up in detachments, be told off into their wards, untie each his or her bedding, and go into a bed as clean as in a gentleman's house. Ah! how unlike the sleeping accommodation I have seen in many a better cabin than these people came from — bedsteads standing in a slough of mud, with potatoes stowed away underneath, the turf-stack within reach, the hens perched on the tattered counter-

pane, and little pigs rubbing their snouts against the rickety head-board!

As we are about to leave the room, somebody bursts in, crying, "Give me a halfpenny!" and is instantly turned out. Nobody — not even the crazy girl — is allowed to enter the dormitories after they have been locked for the day. To divert the girl's attention, we ask her the way to the womens' work-room; which she shows, saying the same thing the whole time, even in the midst of the whirr of the spinning-wheels, and the clack of the looms, where women are singing at their work.

What do I spy on one post of the loom? A horse-shoe nailed on. I saw the same thing on the sink, when we passed through the kitchens. The matron is deaf when I ask what it means; then she says it means nothing; and, finally, that she does not know. I am told, aside, that she knows as well as anybody. The horse-shoe is there for luck — to keep away evil beings. The matron says, also, that she does not know why so many of the girls and women wear rings — of zinc, apparently, and, for the most part, on the middle finger of the right hand: but it is believed that the matron knows that the girls would part with anything rather than these rings, because they have been blessed by the priest. Some of these rings will be worn in places very far away. These girls are petitioning the guardians — tens and twenties of petitioners

at a time — to enable them to emigrate. There is nothing to stay for here; for a workhouse is not a home for life, for anybody who can get a better; and in Australia they are so pressingly wanted — both to spread comfort through existing homes, and to make new homes. The thing will be done. All difficulties will disappear in time, before the reasonableness of the petition.

Before departing, we go to the Board-room, where the guardians meet. It is in the entrance building, over the hall. Here was planned that strange proceeding, the clearing of the workhouse of the able-bodied, or a certain number of them, without distinction of sex, whereby upwards of twenty girls were thrust out into the world without protection or resource. And here were received the indignant rebukes of a nobleman and a clergyman who did not at all approve of such a method of lowering the rates. As if by mutual agreement, the guardians of several unions did this; and all have been visited with such censure from the Poor Law Commissioners, as well as their neighbours, that such a piece of profligate tyranny is not likely to occur again. We look at the very instructive documents which stud the walls of this solemn room, where the fates of so many human beings are decided; we receive the statistical memoranda we petitioned for, and in return write our names, addresses, and a remark or two in the Visitors' Book.

As we go away, we stop a minute to see the boys at work in the sloping fallow which descends to the meadow. That bit of ground — somewhere about two acres — has been all dug by the boys, and now they are trenching it, in a style of thoroughness which one would like to see throughout their country. They are regularly taught by a qualified agricultural instructor; and certainly that field of turnips, and the mangold wurzel beyond, clean and strong, do credit to his teaching. It is incredible that the agriculture of Ireland can long remain in its present disgraceful state, when thousands of boys like these go out into the world as able-bodied labourers; and it is incredible that the many thousands of orphan girls who are brought up in habits of cleanliness, thrift, and industry in these refuges, should not produce some effect upon the comfort and household virtue of the next generation. They may not be having the best possible education, but they are receiving one which is wonderfully good for their original position and circumstances. The impression on my own mind is, that those boys are Ireland's best guarantee against famine, and those girls against fever, in the next generation. If any reader stares at such a saying, let him tell us what better security against these woes he can point out, than a generation of men able and inclined to produce a variety of foods; and of women trained to

make the cheapest abode in the land the cleanest and wholesomest. If there is something going on even better than this, we shall be delighted to hear of it. The training is about external things, we grant; but the evils we speak of—famine and fever—are external in the same degree.

So, this is not a very bad kind of Union that we have visited; and perhaps another Union of which we have heard some angry words, may have its advantages for Ireland after all.

A GUEST FOR THE NIGHT.

THIRTEEN years ago this very month (November)—I am not likely to forget the date of the event I am about to describe—I lived in a quiet respectable street in the Faubourg Schaerbeek, in Brussels, and I was a student of the Hôpital de St. Pierre, attending lectures there, and studying Medicine, with the full conviction that I could never make a surgeon while I lived. A constitutional horror of blood, and a reluctance to approach a dead body, which no amount of use had been able to weaken, were sufficient indications that Nature had not destined me for the profession to which I found myself devoted. Why I continued to listen to lectures from which I scarcely carried away a single fact, and to read books upon which I strove in vain to fix my attention, is not necessary to be told here. It is enough to say

that I saw no escape; that my fate had willed that I should be a surgeon, or nothing. All this made me, after a while, gloomy; then reckless; then gloomy again. I had taken to painting—first as an amusement, and then with the hope of becoming a painter. But what was there left of faces or landscapes unpainted in the land of Teniers—that laborious genius who would sketch and finish a picture betwixt dawn and bed-time. I saw that I was born in too late an age. I had ventured upon literature, and failed. I had devoted myself to chemistry for a while; had almost discovered a new way of staining glass a brilliant ruby; but something balked me in the moment of success. This was the history of all my attempts. I resolved to be careless of the future; took to cultivating geraniums, playing on the pianoforte, and reading Metaphysics.

The house in which I lived, was an old Flemish mansion with two wings, and a wall; a row of trees hiding it from the street. My sitting-room was so wide and lofty, that no number of candles on the table at night would drive the darkness out of the corners. Half the rooms in the house being invariably empty, the lodge-keeper had offered me this, at a rent little exceeding the rent of a garret in England, and my fondness for geraniums contributed to decide me to accept his offer; for the folding window of this room opened on to the flat

leads of the porter's house, and in this space I determined to make a flower-garden.

It was on an afternoon late in the autumn; there had been rain nearly all day; the sky was still dark with clouds, and the air was so cold that I had lighted my fire. I had been out walking upon the leads, plucking the yellow leaves from my geraniums, and enjoying the sweet scent of leaf and blossom washed in the showers. The crimson of their flowers looked brighter than usual, and the silvery drops of rain hung on the hair of their stalks, and on the tips of their leaves. "What need," thought I, "to strive for distinction, when so slight a thing serves to delight me?" But, as I stepped up into my room again, a shadow came over my happy mood; and I thought of all that had been said by poets and others about the man who lives alone and dies unloved. There was my neighbour, Vandermere, who had just bid me "good day" from his window; I used to chat with him sometimes, when out attending to my garden, for one of his rooms opened also on to these leads on the opposite side. He, too, was a painter, and had begun to study, with thoughts of rivalling the greatest masters; had married and got a family; had given up all dreams of fame, content to copy pictures for his customers in the Museum; which to do him justice, were hardly distinguishable from the originals. *He* did not talk of disappointed hopes. If ever there

were a happy man, he was one. "Domestic life," said I, "is the true consolation for the disappointments of ambition. It is a wife that I want." But of all my discoveries this was the most impracticable, for half-a-dozen reasons; all so powerful, that if I could have removed any five of them, the remaining one would have made marriage at that time utterly impossible to me.

I walked to and fro, and then stood at the window; against which a long branch of the vine, blown from the side of the house, was tapping as the wind lifted it up and down. Drops of rain were swept down from the edges of the roof with every gust, and the sky was growing darker. Vandermere, the painter, had gone from his window, and his light had disappeared. Altogether the aspect out of doors was by no means cheering to a solitary man.

Neither was there anything cheerful in the aspect of my great room. My chemical apparatus and my easels reminded me of time thrown away in efforts lost, because abandoned too early. I considered my past career, and found it all unprofitable. Six months previously I had given up some dissipated companions, and determined never again to visit a gaming-table, for which I had begun to feel a kind of inclination. Yet what progress had I made since? My spirit was less; for, my hopes, which

were new then, were now worn out. My future was more aimless than ever. I knew that my mind required employment, but I lacked resolution to apply myself to anything. I could think of no occupation that might serve to amuse me that evening. I took out my case of instruments, polished them for awhile, and then shut them up, and flung them away. Even my old favourite author, the Count Xavier de Maistre, could not help me. I could do nothing but sit in my low elbow-chair before the fire, and dream away the time.

A circumstance which had happened some months before, and of which I had not lately been thinking, coming suddenly into my head without any apparent cause, led me to meditate upon the manner in which ideas are connected in our minds. I strove to trace this idea back, from link to link. But so secret and rapid are the operations of the mind, that I could in no way trace the recollection to its origin.

Yet remembering that the most trivial circumstances will sometimes give rise to a train of thought, leading us by circuitous ways — though with the swiftness of light — to ideas which have no apparent relation to those from which we started, I fancied that some object near me, some noise, either of the wind or the rain that was beginning to beat again upon the window, or of voices which I might have involuntarily noted — or that the time and situation

in which I found myself, or even the weather — might be in some way connected with this reminiscence; and taking several of these things in succession, I amused myself by diverging from each by every chain of association which my fancy could suggest, in the hope that I should thus discover in what way this circumstance had been brought into my mind.

“But who,” thought I, “shall trace the intricacies of this subject? For, as a flower may remind me of Plato, though it may be impossible to discover by what way my mind has travelled from one to the other; so, a sensation born of the time, or place, or circumstances, in which I find myself, may, through many secret gradations, re-awaken a sensation belonging to some past time, and thus bring before me a scene with which that sensation is allied.”

I had been long absorbed in these solitary reveries, when I became aware of the fact that I had been unconsciously uttering some of my reasonings aloud. The sound of my own voice startled me, as if it had come from another part of the room. The solitude and stillness, to me, awakening from my dreaming mood, impressed me with a strange, uneasy feeling. It was quite dark. I could not distinguish my piano, my easels, or my paintings on the wall; until the log upon the fire, suddenly bubbling and sending out smoke, caught in a jet of flame,

lighted the room a moment, and went out. After that, I sat with my face resting on my hands, looking down into the fire, and wondering at the stillness in the house. I listened for some minutes, and could hear no one speaking or moving in any of the rooms, or any footsteps on the stairs. Once I heard laughter at a distance, where a door had been opened; but the door was shut again instantly, and I heard it no longer. I had but lately recovered from an illness, and my physical weakness made me feel more strongly the loneliness of my situation. Strange notions, such as at other times I should have laughed away, held my mind with the power of realities. I fancied that I heard a stealthy footstep creeping up near me; and, next, that some one was standing close behind my chair. So impressed was I with the latter fancy, that at last I sprang upon my feet; and, turning round, stretched out my hand to assure myself that I was mistaken. Nor was it until I had struck the burning logs with the tongs, and made a flame which lighted the room, that I could entirely banish these notions. Wondering that I could be so moved by such imaginations, and led by my pride to think of moments when I had found myself not wanting in courage in the presence of real danger, I sat down again, and watched the fire — playing on the wood, and gradually diminishing, until only one little flame was left

hovering on the tip of a wreath of smoke — going out and coming in again, until it was finally extinguished, and only thin clouds of smoke and steam were left to trail up the wide chimney. I stirred the logs again until they were burnt through, and watched them until, covered with an ash, the red glow sank into the crevices made by the fire. Then the current of my thoughts seemed to lose itself — absorbed into vacancy, like a rivulet in the sands — and I sat idly looking at the dark hearth.

It was just at this moment that I was aroused by a tapping at the door. I had fancied that I heard it once before; but, having previously heard no footsteps mounting the stairs, I had concluded that I was mistaken. I felt for my lamp upon the table, and hastened to light it before answering the summons. While I was vainly endeavouring to blow the last spark into a flame, the tapping was repeated more loudly, and I proceeded to open the door in the dark.

"Who's there?" I exclaimed, seeing no one on the dark landing.

"It is I," said a voice. "You will scarcely have expected me."

"M. Falck!" I said; for I recognised the voice. "This is very remarkable."

The unexpected visit of this man, connected as he was with the subject of my previous reveries, reminded me of stories of people who have supposed

themselves visited by persons they have known; and have even held long conversations with the objects of their imagination. I had always disliked him. Many months before, I had parted from him in anger, and had not seen him since. He had never visited me at home at any period; and I could not imagine his object in coming to me now.

"You have something to say to me, M. Falck?" I asked.

"Let us have a light," said he, "and I will explain."

Bidding him come in and shut the door, I struck a light, and set my lamp upon the table. My visitor flung himself upon a chair, and threw back his cloak, which was half-saturated with the rain. He was so strangely changed since I had last seen him, that, but for his voice, I should not have felt sure that it was he. His face was thinner and paler; his eyes were rimmed and sunken: a slight baldness had increased so much, that his forehead seemed to have doubled in height. Such hair as he had was closely cropped, and his beard and moustache were shaved off.

"You would not have recognised me in the street?" he said, catching my eye upon him.

"I think not," I answered.

He passed his hand over his forehead, as if at a loss to continue; and then added, abruptly,

"We parted on bad terms, the last time we were together."

"We did."

"You must not think anything

more of that. I have no heart to rake up old quarrels now. I come to you, to ask a shelter to-night, because I have not a friend of whom I care to ask it: and it does not suit me to seek a lodging among strangers. I am not the man you knew me once. I have had a run of misfortune for some time — not in play only, for I never was a thorough gambler — everything has gone wrong. I am a broken man; broken in purse, and broken in spirits, or I would not come here to ask you to shelter me, this rough night. Honorine — you knew Honorine?" —

"Your wife?"

"Aye: you might call her so," he continued. "Never did a man love a wife more tenderly; or treat one with more kindness, while he had means —"

He paused for a moment; then, as if he had forgotten what he was about to say, applied his hand to his forehead again; and sat thus, for a few seconds, looking down.

"You spoke of your wife," I said.

"Yes," he continued. "Never mind now. When, at all hours and times, by night and by day, a certain thing haunts you, it is natural to talk about it, and to forget that your affairs do not interest others as they interest yourself."

"You seem in trouble," I said, as soothingly as I could.

"Yes," he answered, "things were desperate enough before the crowning misfortune came. People

will say it is my own fault. Perhaps it is. But I never saw life as I see it now. Accident set me on the wrong road before I knew the difference between right and wrong; and one thing and another served to push me on the same way. It is hard to get out of old habits. If I had to begin life again, I would act differently. But the lessons of experience come too late to be of any use. And yet there is no mercy for errors; though it is often hard enough, amidst all the hubbub of opinions in the world, to find the right — especially for a young man. He goes on sometimes blundering, and growing familiar with evil, until his sense is blunted, he excuses everything, and cannot bring himself to believe that he is become what the world calls a scoundrel.”

His tone and manner were so utterly abject, that I could not help pitying him. Perhaps my previous loneliness made me feel a satisfaction in any kind of companionship. I saw that he was suffering from some recent misfortune, and I attributed his self-accusations to the tone of despondency thus wrought in his mind. I even reproached myself with my old antipathy to him, and thought how few men would hate each other, perhaps, if the minds of all were laid bare.

“Come,” I said, “let us not look at troubles until we are half-blinded. Turn away from them to-night, and to-morrow you will see your way the clearer.”

“I am worn out, Valentine,” said he. “This is no thing of to-day nor of yesterday. I have held up, and have kept a careless outside, with such things in my heart as would have driven any other man mad: but I cannot hold up any longer. I have been hunted about, like a runaway slave — turning this way and that — and finding myself baulked on every side. I have determined,” he said, rising up suddenly, “to be hunted no more.”

“Well, well,” said I, “no more of this now. Let us make a fire and be cheerful this stormy weather.”

Casting on some additional logs, and fanning the embers until they ignited and began to blaze, I sat down, and bade him also bring a chair up to the fire.

“I am as wet and cold as a dog’s nose,” said he, spreading his hands over the blaze.

“You have been in the country,” I remarked, seeing some clay upon his boots.

“I have walked some ten leagues to-day. This rainy, windy weather is enough to blow and drench a man’s life out of him; and the cloudy sky weighs upon my spirits, as if I were buried alive in lead.”

“You have only just returned to Brussels?”

“I arrived here this afternoon from Paris, and have been walking about the muddy streets ever since, to no purpose. I thought I had a friend or two here; but I find I have not. It is my own

fault. I chose my own acquaintances, and might have known what they would be to me, when such a time as this should arrive. Yet," he continued, looking at the fire, "there was one from whom I hoped something better. Never mind now! After the conduct of Honorine, I need not have looked for honesty in the world. This friend never lived under my roof, as she did, for years — sharing my prosperity, and swearing every day that it was all for love of me. May she die in a hospital!"

Several times I essayed to divert our conversation into new channels, but he invariably returned to the same subject; and at length I let him speak on without interrupting him. After a while, his anger seemed to have spent itself, and he lapsed into a silence, which lasted for some minutes.

"I am poor, Falck," said I, pulling out my purse —

"No," he said, stopping me with a motion of the hand; "it is not money I want. If you will give me a shelter to-night, I will promise never to trouble you any more. This is as much as you, or any man, can do for me now."

I would have asked him more particularly the nature of his troubles, in the hope of being able to advise or assist him; but his abrupt manner and manifest irritability restrained me. I determined to wait and see whether this would pass away. I watched him as he sat with his back turned

to the lamp, and noticed the changes of expression in his features, corresponding to the succession of thoughts in his mind; and, giving way again to my fanciful mood, I interpreted them in my own way, until I had built up a theory of his misfortunes, satisfactory to myself. At length, the singularity of his manner, and his long silence, took so strong a hold upon my mind, that I began to feel his presence irksome and to repent of having admitted him. The recollection that I had been unaccountably led to think of him, when sitting alone; and to call to mind the manner in which we had last parted; the words he had used, and how in the height of my passion I had threatened him in a public room; coupled with the fact of his being now actually sitting before me; perplexed me anew. Wilder fancies than any I had had before followed each other swiftly through my mind like the blood globules in the veins. He seemed to my imagination, after looking intently at him for some time, to begin to grow taller, and then gradually to shrink to his original form again, like the Afrite before the fisherman. The fire-light beginning to flicker, gave to his features the appearance of a succession of strange grimaces, which annoyed me. I would gladly have invented some means of getting rid of him — but it was already late, and I could hear the rain still falling out of doors.

"Will you eat anything, Falck?"

said I, seeking a pretext for breaking the silence.

"If you have a glass of Schiedam," he said, "or anything that would raise a man's spirits —"

"A bottle of Rhine wine?" I said, rising from my chair to fetch it.

My visitor nodded assent; and I set the bottle before him. Hastily filling a goblet, he drained it off. "You will drink with me?" said he. "Let us have another glass. This has a good rough smack with it that feels honest. Drink! I think I will take your advice, and ponder no more on troubles to-night. Let us be merry. Play me some of the lively melodies of 'Le Nozze,' or 'Il Barbieri.' Yet no," he added abruptly, "music makes me thoughtful, no matter how lively. Have you a set of dice?"

"I have determined never to gamble?" said I.

"So have I. You cannot have better reason to hate a dice-box than I have. Don't think I want to gamble. Let our stakes be pebbles, if you will. I want to pass an hour or two lightly."

Yielding to his explanation, I searched for and found my dice; and my visitor and I seated ourselves facing each other at the table in the middle of the room, and began to play.

"Did ever gamester have such luck!" he exclaimed, after several throws. "I might have won a fortune to-night. Strange! I knew a man — a Russian — in Darmstadt, who would play for

nothing, and beat all the world; and yet if he staked a kreutzer, anybody might win it from him. Again! Tell me; for you have a turn for thinking — do you fancy I might have gone elsewhere and thrown the same casts?"

"Numberless minute things contribute to the result of every throw," I answered; "as, for example, the position of your arm, the number of times you have shaken the box, the force with which you cast the dice, the roughness or smoothness of their edges, the angles at which they strike the table. Any one of these things might have been modified at any other moment. The simplest result is connected with a chain of causes running back to all eternity; and the slightest derangement in any link of them might have prevented it."

"True," replied my visitor. "Let us drink another glass, and throw again."

"The game does not interest me," I said.

"Very well: I will play against myself, for an experiment. See, my luck holds nearly the same. And yet I have sometimes been 'throwing out' a whole night. Diable! I could knock my head against the wall."

My visitor, at this point, cast down the dice-box violently; walked to and fro muttering; then returned to the table, and began to throw again. Sitting facing him, in an easy chair, I watched his movements, listening to his exclamations, and the quick rattle

and click of the dice, until I began to feel sleepy. I resisted my drowsiness, however, for some time; for I felt a kind of fear of falling asleep while he sat there. But the influence of the wine I had drunk, and the monotony of sounds, drew me gradually into slumber: the light of the lamp began to glimmer, the face of my companion became like many faces, the rattle of the dice-box followed me as I sank into wild and painful dreams, and became wholly oblivious of time and place.

I have since so often recalled the events of that evening, that no single circumstance or shade of thought then passing over my mind had faded from my memory, after thirteen years. I slept for several hours, and remember distinctly what I was dreaming of when the chillness of the room began to awaken me. A sensation of coldness penetrated into my dreams; I became conscious of some external power gradually drawing me out of my slumber; and I instinctively resisted it, clinging to sleep to the last. But the recollection of where I was slowly returned, with a comfortless sense of a dark fireless room, and a depression of spirits. My eyes opened gradually; and, although the lamp was extinguished, I saw, by the faint light of the window, the countenance of my companion staring intently at me from the opposite side of the table. His arms were lying upon the table, and his chin resting upon them; his eyes were almost

on a level with mine, as I sat in the low chair. The idea that he had been about to attack me, and that, while closely scrutinising my features to see if I were asleep, he had been suddenly arrested by my eyes opening, struck me in an instant, and I started to my feet.

"What!" I said, "sitting awake, without fire or light?"

My companion did not answer.

"Brooding over troubles again?" I continued, in an assumed tone of raillery. "Forgetting that you are in the dark, and how cold it is?"

He still kept silent, and without making the slightest movement.

I stooped down to the hearth, and raked the embers with a match; they were mere ashes. Taking my lamp from the table, I struck a light, and endeavoured to ignite it; but the wick was burnt away, and the oil exhausted. The match going out, left me again in darkness. I called my companion by name, without arousing him. With a dread of going nearer to him, I stood undecided. "He is in a fit: it may save his life to bleed him," said I, temporising with myself, "I will search for my lancets," and I groped my way about, and felt among my apparatus for some time, before I remembered having left my case upon the table when cleaning them.

Then came a conviction that my visitor had destroyed himself. I hastened to arouse the house; but stopped suddenly, and closed the door again, for the idea that I might be accused of murder oc-

curred to me. Under different circumstances I might at once have rejected such an apprehension; but, weakened by long illness, depressed by previous excitement, and overwrought by superstitious fancies, I saw it almost as a certainty. I knew how ingeniously the law will sometimes turn the slightest evidence against the accused, and I recollected the unlucky circumstance of my having threatened him with vengeance, in the presence of many who, no doubt, remembered the fact.

I approached the table again. There was just sufficient light to distinguish an object quite close; and as I went near to him upon the side next the window, I saw immediately the truth of my suspicion. He had inflicted upon himself a deep wound in the side of the neck; and his arms sinking on the table, his chin had fallen upon them, in the attitude in which I had first seen him. I found my instrument-case upon the table; and raising him slightly, I discovered one of my lancets open in his hand. His face and hands were cold. Setting him up in the chair, I felt for his pulse, and found it stopped.

In this terrible situation, and while still sustaining him in my arms, the danger which threatened me presented itself so vividly that I became half paralysed. The previous quarrel, the instrument being my property, the wound itself being of an unusual kind, and such as only one acquainted with

surgery would be supposed to inflict — all this seemed to me evidence sufficient to convict me. How many murders have been committed from apparently weaker motives? A murder is in itself a monstrosity in the history of humanity, and supposes in its author a man not governed by common principles of reason. Is the folly of the act ever taken as an argument of innocence? Most men judging from their own natures, as they are accustomed to do in ordinary matters, would decide every murder to be improbable; but they know, notwithstanding, that such crimes are frequent, and will readily believe them, however unnatural. These were my thoughts as I stood there at that moment. But I had unconsciously added a sign of guilt still more to be feared than any I had considered: in my agitation I had taken no care to avoid contact with blood; and I now discovered that one of my cuffs was wet, and I did not doubt that there were traces of blood on other parts of my clothes.

To give an alarm now; and, agitated as I was, to maintain the truth of my strange story, seemed in my imagination to be certain destruction. My fear urged me irresistibly to fly. I did not know what was the hour: the glimmer of light might be the first indication of dawn, or the light of the moon behind the clouds. My wild intention was to select as many necessary articles as I could carry, to lock my door, and to depart at

once, in the hope of reaching the frontier on foot, and getting next perhaps to England, where I could learn the result of the discovery of the body.

But, in that moment, as I stood hesitating, I suddenly felt that the window was darkened; and, looking round, I saw with terror, at only a few yards distance, the figure of a man, intently watching me through the glass. I could not be mistaken; for the sky behind made his outline distinctly visible. He remained still for a moment, then moved from one side to the other, as if trying to ascertain what object I concealed behind me; but, in spite of my alarm, I moved slightly each time to right and left, in order to intercept his view. I suspected that it was my opposite neighbour, the painter; but the figure seemed taller than his; and I could not imagine any reason he could have for looking through my window at that hour. Whoever it might be, I could scarcely doubt that his suspicions were aroused by something that had attracted his notice. He might have been there some minutes before I observed him: perhaps he had seen me leaning over the body, with the instrument in my hand. I knew that it was difficult, from without, to distinguish anything in a dark room; but, if he had seen nothing, how could I account for the evident eagerness of his scrutiny?

The figure stood still again; then, I saw it apparently listening; lastly, I heard it tap sharply with

its nails upon the glass. With the faint hope that I had not been seen, I determined to remain still. The tapping was repeated after a minute or two; but soon after, to my great relief, I saw the figure disappear down the steps leading to the leads.

The idea that the man was gone to give an alarm, and to have me arrested, struck me with the force and the suddenness of a musket bullet. I went to the window and looked out, but I could see no one, nor any light at the opposite house. Finding that the sash was unfastened, I drove in the pin-bolt that hung at the side, and pulled down the blind. Then I changed my coat for another, and seizing a stick only, I went out, fastened the door of my room, took the key away, and crept down stairs. Crossing the square yard, I called, in a voice as unlike my own as I could make it, to the porter to pull the string of the gate; which the inhabitants of the house were accustomed to do, sometimes at late hours. The door opened, and, without looking behind me, I closed it after me and hurried away.

The clocks were striking three as I hurried along the Boulevards. A man at the Barrière de Hal asked me where I was going. I said I was a surgeon, and that I was called to attend a patient outside the Barrière; and he let me pass. I hoped to reach Valenciennes across the frontier. I walked all night, and rested in the morning at a little village near

Bramè. After this, I was compelled to avoid the high-road, and to lose much time by circuitous routes; for I knew that my flight had increased my danger tenfold. What story could I tell now, if I were taken; when, to the supposed evidences of guilt which fate had accumulated against me, were added the facts that I had precipitately quitted my lodging in the night, leaving all my property behind; that I had given a false story at the Barrière; and that I had since been hastening, on foot, towards the frontier? It was of no use regretting, then, my indecision in not at once avowing the truth, and trusting to my innocence. I knew that I had staked all upon the chances of escape, and that that was now my only hope of safety.

I had lost so much time in going out of my way, that it was not until the third day that I crossed the frontier, and passed Valenciennes, without going through the town. On the fourth day, having arrived at Arras, much wearied with my day's walk, and tempted by curiosity to see some newspaper, and ascertain if it contained any allusion to my flight and its cause, I decided to abandon my usual prudence, and to enter the town. It was dusk, and I kept in narrow streets until I found a small cabaret. I entered and asked for some refreshments. A noisy party of men in blouses were playing at dominoes as I came in; but they ceased their game, and regarded me with a

scrutiny that made me repent of my rashness. I took my seat in a corner alone; and afterwards timidly asked for the latest newspaper — glancing over at the men in blouses to mark if my request attracted their notice; but they were all intent upon their game. The paper was the *Gazette du Nord*, a French journal. Keeping it beside me, for a moment, with a dread of betraying my intense curiosity, I unfolded it at length, and ran my eye quickly down its columns.

Glancing at the items entitled "Various Facts," I stopped immediately at a paragraph headed "Suicide et disparition mystérieuse," and tremblingly read as follows:

"On Friday last the *Sieur Louis Claës*, Concierge of the house No. 6, Rue Renaix, Faubourg Schaerbeek, Brussels, knocking at the door of a lodger named Valentine, residing on the first floor, was surprised to find that he had not yet risen, although it was past mid-day. At a later hour, he became alarmed, and procured a false key to open the door. On entering the room, a terrible spectacle presented itself. Seated on a chair near the table was the dead body of a stranger covered with blood from a wound in the neck. A sharp surgical instrument, spotted with blood, was upon the table. Searching in the pockets of the deceased, it was ascertained that his name was Falck, and other clues to his identity were obtained. Nothing else remarkable was

found. There were no evidences of a struggle; but from the mysterious absence of the lodger, suspicion fastened upon him. The Concierge remembered the deceased's inquiring for M. Valentine on the previous evening, and having directed him to his room. He also remembered letting out some one at a late hour, whom he supposed to be the same person, but who was now imagined to have been the lodger. M. Vandermere, an artist residing in the next house, stated that he was a friend of M. Valentine; that he had seen him at his window on the evening in question; that he had observed a light in his room after midnight; and that his (M. Vandermere's) daughter happening afterwards to complain of illness, he crossed the leads leading to the chamber of M. Valentine (who was a medical student), for the purpose of asking his assistance; that he then found the light gone, and could distinguish nothing in the room; that he next tapped at the window, and receiving no answer, concluded that his friend was absent. This was at half-past two o'clock in the morning. The supposition of murder has, however, since been disproved, by the discovery that the deceased had addressed a letter to a friend in Brussels, on Thursday, informing him of his intention to commit suicide that night. Losses at the gaming-table, and the dread of apprehension for a forgery committed in Paris, are supposed to have led to the act. The cause

of the disappearance of M. Valentine, however, is still enveloped in mystery."

It was not enveloped in mystery long, I thank Heaven; for, with my heart lightened of its enormous load, I returned and made my statement. But I never more ate, drank, or slept, in that terrible room.

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.

WE were friends when our childish natures

Cared little for rank, I ween,
The wealth of their reaching tendrils
Twined over the gulf between;
When love, to our crowded school-room,
A bower from Eden brought,
Where we, as two hermits living,
Did feed on each other's thought.

Her clear eyes became her childhood,
Mine had shed womanly tears;
E'en then had grief made me older
Than since she has grown from years.
Yet Friendship is so transforming,
That few could ever divine
If the grief or the gushing laughter
Was most of it hers or mine.

That time, how it comes before me!
The lessons our love made light —
The seat in the large old garden —
The walk on the summer night.
The game, the song, and the reading
One page, till the twilight fell.
Ah! then we but laughed when the shadow
Came o'er what we loved so well.

And oh! how my heart, whenever
Hers was the triumph and prize,
Danced to the tune of her praises,
Or glowed to her lighting eyes!
And her warm friendship not only
In me could no fault espy,
But exacted from those who loved not
That charm of the loving eye.

Alas! for the pleasant visions
With the dear school-days that fled;

For she was to be a lady,
 And I was to earn my bread.
 They loosed, as a tie degrading,
 The bond which our childhood wove,
 And fashion too soon froze over
 The streams of that early love.

As seems the moon, at its rising,
 To hang in some lowly tree
 O'erlaying its leaves with silver —
 Her love was that moon to me.
 But, when she climbeth the heavens,
 The tree is in shade alone;
 Alas! from the life it brightened
 E'en so hath my moonlight gone.

I've stood in the darkened doorway
 While she passed in to the ball.
 My beauty! I longed to see her
 The pride and the queen of all;
 And heard how her friends could envy,
 And wished I might but command
 A moment of rank, to give her
 One pressure from one true hand.

They said she was sick. So often
 We had nursed each other of yore,
 That, spite of the formal message,
 And spite of the closing door,
 I lingered, expecting vainly;
 "Some touch of old fondness, now,
 May wish for the hand familiar
 To rest on the aching brow."

She was wooed, 'and by one above her —
 A noble of wealth and fame;
 I was glad, for her sake, his fondness
 Could stoop, and not call it shame.
 To look on her wedding only
 I put my mourning away;
 I would not that aught too sombre
 Should cross her that happy day.

And so she is gone; but no one
 Her place in my heart can fill;
 It is the heart's darkened chamber,
 The dead friend lying there still.
 So I sit in my window lonely,
 And long, as she passes by,
 For a turn of the old affection,
 A glance from a softening eye.

And to Heaven I still look forward —
 Heaven, where the lost are found;
 Where the shackles of earthly grandeur
 Fall off on the holy ground;
 Where the spirit at last enfranchised
 May smile at its broken chain;
 Where love is intense as holy —
 To give me my friend again.

MILTON'S GOLDEN LANE.

AN old Lincolnshire clergyman, who used to visit Milton, has preserved a pleasing picture of the blind poet sitting in the summer evening to enjoy the fresh air at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, "where he would sometimes receive the visits of people of quality or distinguished parts." At that time the Artillery Ground was not shut in with houses. There were the grounds next to it planted by the City with shady walks for the recreation of the citizens. There were gardens and a windmill or two. Bunhill Fields *were* fields then; so were Spitalfields; so were Moorfields; so were Spafields. Hereabouts, from old times, was the favourite resort of the citizens of London. In Henry the Eighth's reign, the people — jealous of an attempt to stop pastimes in the fields on the north side of the city wall by digging deep trenches in various parts — sallied forth in a mass, and filled them up again.

I had been thinking of these things one day not long ago; of "the flowery rivulets and noise of water-wheels," which an old writer describes, "on the north side of the city wall;" of certain springs about the neighbourhood once bubbling up clear and bright in the midst of fields, and credited with many cures. I had been wandering on the north side of the city wall, or rather of the site on which that wall formerly stood. I had bidden the streets with the

carts and coaches and the busy crowd all vanish, and the meadows come again. I had replanted vineyards, restored trees, gardens, and public walks. I had particularly restored three windmills which stood close together on a certain mount near here. Dirty sewers I had turned again into the flowery rivulets of the old writer, and with my mind's ear I had listened for the drowsy murmuring of water-wheels.

Over this ground — hallowed by the memory of Milton — I had been idly wandering, in short, upon a summer's day; and, setting aside what I had fancied, I wrote down, when I got home, exactly what I had seen. Here it is:

Within ten minutes walk from the Post-office I turned, in the first place, down Golden Lane. It is a thoroughfare which serves as a High Street to the neighbourhood of which I am about to record my experience. Most people know Golden Lane. It is a thoroughfare with gin-shops at each end; and, generally, a few strangers passing through it — except when the fever is unusually busy there — and then a barrier is placed at the entrance, with policemen stationed by it to warn off the public; as I remember once to have observed. Whether the residents of Golden Lane, and its vicinity, were also warned to stay at home, and keep the fever to themselves, I don't know.

The thermometer being at seventy-five degrees in the shade, I found the Red Bull at the corner

doing a roaring trade. Within five minutes fifteen persons went in, and only six came out. I do not reckon those who carried beer away in their own jugs; I only noticed the bar customers. I observed that few seemed to go in by predetermination. I did not see anybody make a short cut from the opposite side of the way direct to the doors.

A bricklayer's labourer, for example, had no thought of working, that hot afternoon; but, on the other hand, he had no thought of getting drunk; he was merely lounging with his hands in his pockets. He suddenly stopped short — a touch at the doors, so easy to push open with their leathern band and nicely balanced weights behind, and in a second he found himself before the shining taps! Two women coming up the lane, talking loud and fast, had little baskets, and came out no doubt to buy small quantities of grocery. But the noisiest of them — still talking under the bonnet of her friend — knew instinctively that she was abreast of the Red Bull. Without turning her head she also pushed at the door, and drew in her companion — not unwilling. Then again the sallow little cabinet-maker. He was going to the timber yard to buy a bit of veneer; he certainly didn't come out to stay at the Red Bull. He passed it, he had reached the utmost extremity of its attraction before he was sensible of its influence. He wavered. I fancy that he carried with him just

enough money to pay for the veneer he wanted, and no more; he turned back and was sucked in by the Red Bull.

In the lane, right and left, for a quarter of a mile each way, the inhabitants get all their wants supplied. On each side dark entrances to courts and alleys look like rat-holes, through which dwellers in the rotten maze creep in and out, like rats, in quest of such food and fresh air as Golden Lane affords. Amusement might be found there also. In Golden Lane there is a good dry skittle-ground; in Golden Lane there was to be a raffle for a handkerchief, and at the same house, after the raffle, the proprietor and the winner were each to contribute something in order that dancing might commence at nine o'clock; in Golden Lane there is the Hall of Harmony, where Mr. Quivers, the celebrated patter singer, proposed, on Saturday evening week, to commence his miscellaneous entertainment of singing, dancing, and other novelties; and to this pleasure, the charge for admission was one penny only. The Hall devoted now to harmony has seen some changes in its day. It was a chapel once. On an old board — which the harmonist has not gone to the expense of removing from the wall — I read, in half-obiterated letters, "Star Coffee-house." Then, on the door there was still a slit, with the words "letters and bills for acceptance" legible above it, although I can't imagine, just now, any capitalist

who would care to have a business residence in Golden Lane. It is a place for pleasure now. In Golden Lane there is the Temple of Arts, divided by a thin screen from the poor man's confectioner's, the baked potatoe shop. Certain nights are devoted otherwise to rational amusement. The friends of dancing were invited to attend that evening, when a live pig and a silver snuff-box would be given away. There was a printed declaration in the window, in which the undersigned John Sullivan begged to state, that, having been the holder of the prize ticket for the sow and litter lately announced to be given away; and, having omitted, for three days, to call for them, the proprietor had disposed of the same; but that, upon application, he had been compensated to the utmost of his expectation. After this, who could refuse faith in the live pig and silver snuff-box? Golden Lane blends charity with pleasure. If a tale of human suffering could prompt a man to dance, let him come forward and dance, like a man, on Tuesday next at the Hit or Miss beershop, for the benefit of "Thomas Tibbs, alias Deaf One, who has lost his license;" or on Thursday, for the benefit of Emma Hill and Sarah Bunney, who were pithily said to be "in trouble;" or, if suffering begets a love of song, Saturday next, at the same house, there will be singing for all who sympathise with Jerry Allen, better known as Swivel. He states, without punctuation, and with all the incohe-

rence of real trouble, that "having been out of plaice for sum time his landlord is going to distress him of his home if some asistans cannot be obtaned through the median of this trial he hopes to retain it the convivial meetin will be under the direction of Thomas Sculley and Ned the Nummer and the cheer will be taken at eight o'clock."

If an inhabitant of that neighbourhood desired to be shaved — the desire was not common there, if I might judge from the faces I met — it would be done with ease for him in Golden Lane at the charge of one halfpenny; a red and blue pole stands forth to proclaim it. Did he want his hair cut? Hear Mr. Frizz, his verses: —

"I cut you hair, and brus it too,
A halpenny is all i chardge to you."

Was he scrupulous about his personal appearance? Hear Mr. Frizz, again: —

"To cleen you shoos; brus coat and hat,
A halpenny is all i chardge for that."

The rag-shop keeper illustrated his lesson upon wasting nothing, with a picture of plum-pudding, and of ribs of beef. The chimney-sweep — whose house had a bright brass knocker, and is quite the cleanest in the lane — was a patron of both these fine arts; he spoke both by poetry and painting. He it was who,

"— by desire,
Extinguishes chimleys when on fire,"
as his picture witnessed, in which a man and a boy, in a very well-

paved, but deserted street, were hastening to a tremendous fire in the chimney of number seven. There was boldness in his conception of the relative sizes of man, boy, and house: the man and boy, being the heroes of the scene, were represented in a massive and colossal way; the perspective of the back-ground was pre-Raphaelite. With the name of a modern pre-Raphaelite against its number in the catalogue, this picture, I think, would equal some that I have seen hung in Trafalgar Square, and would fetch (I dare say) a mint of money.

Sun Court. Premature twilight came upon me as I passed under the roofed way into Sun Court; with its inky pools; its rag-stuffed windows; its four miserable beanstalks, whose leaves ran up, hunting for the sky, from that high window-sill; its long rows of yellow stockings and unmended shirts stretched out upon a pole from a garret window over me. They were all damp, cold, and cheerless. Could they speak they would all swear that never could a blessed ray fall, slant or perpendicular, into Sun Court, to produce a shadow of justification for its name.

Sun Court! Gloom Court, Filth Court, Cholera Court; its pavement never knew the taste of sun. If those rills and puddles in between the stones, whose odour hurt my nostrils, were not dried up in the summer weather, could I think that they were ever dry? I might have heard the truth of

them from a child, or man (I don't know which), who — in the cast-off trousers of a giant held to him by one brace, and tucked up to his knees — was amusing himself by stamping in the biggest and the foulest pool until its contents flew against doors and windows right and left; but what intelligible answer to a question could I have got from him? I might as well have catechised his friend the hungry-looking hen, whose skin was bare in many places; and who, since her eyes always bent upon the sickly ground, must have a very bad opinion of this world of ours. Here was another court; and there, another beyond that. Two or three branching out of them; and all alike — all with rills and puddles, heaps of oyster-shells and putrid cabbage-leaves scattered in defiance of boards at every corner, threatening with penalties, in the name of the church-wardens and in pursuance of acts of Parliament, any one who should deposit any nuisance upon any part of those roadways. Each court had its own rotten water-butt and single dust-hole, &c., for general use — while in all the open doors and windows swarmed with men, women, and children, gasping after air.

Presently I came to something different. A place, not less, but rather more bestrewn with oyster-shells, and cabbage-leaves; not less watered with filthy puddles. A square — a yard, of which I could not learn the name — belonging to a class. In Belgrave

Square dwell lords and ladies; in this square dwell costermongers only. Their wares of every kind — shell-fish, or fruit, or vegetables, or the traces of the refuse of these — were at every door. Here was to be heard such a braying of donkeys! Some costermongers with hand-barrows, and some with donkey carts were, with replenished stores, preparing to go forth. In one barrow there was a brown mass of confectionary, like a Christmas pudding, decked out with flags of blue and yellow calico. At one halfpenny a slice, a miserable creature was prepared to vend Jamaica pine-apples.

The houses had all been white-washed once, although I think not within the memory of anybody here. Every door was opened back into the single ground-floor room, where man, wife, children, donkey, and vegetables, were at night shut up together. Through every window I could see the same unwholesome colour of the faces, the same turn-up bedstead with the patchwork quilt, the same ricketty deal table and chair, the same kind of glaring coloured prints upon the walls. At one door, a donkey harnessed to a long board upon wheels, was waiting while his master was employed in peeling off the withered leaves to give a livelier appearance to a pile of yellow cabbages. The withered leaves were dropped at his own door-way, where they would lie and rot. At some windows there

were men in shirt-sleeves smoking, and looking on with an air of lazy satisfaction. The donkey took advantage of his opportunity to munch the outside of a cabbage that had just been trimmed; and, being unluckily caught in the act, was checked by a sharp jerk of the bit, and three hard blows over the head. Not the log which Giant Blunderbore belaboured in the bed, could have been more patient under blows than that unhappy animal. Only a faint twitch of one ear betokened that he was a living donkey. His master, irritated, no doubt, with what looked like a defiance of authority, cried "Er-r-r-r-h, you brute!" and giving it an extra kick in the ribs, watched for the effect with a stern eye.

There were three outlets to this square. It mattered not which I took. It was my whim to wander in this labyrinth, asking no one to direct me, until I should emerge once more into the light of day. I got into long passages between high walls of houses without any windows to them, except here and there a hole; and here and there, I passed under a narrow archway, leading into other courts and rookeries interminable. Strange beings met me here. A shuffling woman passed me, with a face that was born miserable, in clothes as jagged as a saw, carrying a bundle of rushes to be knotted and plaited for the wicks of night-lights. It was the time for coming home from work. A tiny boy — so set in shape that

any one might see that he would never grow bigger, ragged of course, and covered with bits of flock and feather — was on his way home from the bedding factory at which he worked. Shouting out the last cant phrase, of which he did not know the meaning, and stamping as he went to keep alive a constant ring and echo of his steps between the walls, he did not seem to grumble at his lot, or to think it hard. Then, I met a man with long, black, greasy ringlets, in an old-fashioned great-coat that had a marvellously greasy collar; he was looking downward, hurrying on with a strange nervous step, as though he had been used to pick his way bare-foot over sharp flints. Next, I met an old man, with thin grey hair — so old, that I think he must have lived, when he was young, in some more wholesome place — thin, tall, hollow-chested, but not decrepid, with his skin so tightly stretched upon his face and forehead, that it seemed a very death's head that peeped out above his shoulders. He carried leaves of deal, cut in wafery thinness, to make bonnet-boxes.

It was an awkward corner into which I had got myself. I had to go back. Everybody wondered why I ever came. I noticed that they called the place "Leech's Rents;" and in my heart I did not bless Leech, or envy his rents. But less cause to bless him had that bricklayer's labourer who had been laid up for six months,

and unfit for work. His complaint was in the lungs. He had been very bad lately, he said, and was now getting better. I should not like to tell him so, but I feared those loosely-hanging clothes of his would never fit him properly again. They were all labouring men like himself up here, he said. He agreed with me that it was a filthy hole, not fit for a dog to live in, and then his bit of energy set him coughing: when the cough ceased, he went on to say — "Lord bless you, Sir! what you see now is nothing." He didn't know why they lived up here, except that it was cheap; perhaps they might get cleaner places as cheap, if they tried; but they didn't think about it. "Most of 'em don't mind it, Sir." He couldn't say who Leech was. "The place belongs now to Skinner, the builder."

There were not many shops. Now and then there was a dingy beer-shop, with doors from which the paint had been rubbed off by dirty hands — the haunt of myriads of flies, who got intoxicated on the sloppy counter, and then staggered against the sticky fly-papers about the walls. There were no shining taps; no cabinet work; no vats; no portraits in the window of an enormous fat man explaining to lean blue teetotallers, how he too was lean and blue-visaged before the happy day when he discovered that establishment, and drank of its pure malt and hops; no programme of a goose-club, showing the mem-

bers of a discontented family at dinner, who, having bought their goose at a poulterer's were forced to carve it with a saw; and side by side with them the cheerful family, congratulating each other upon having joined a goose-club; there was no judge and jury club; no harmonic meeting, admission free; there were no vans to start to Hampton Court or High Beech at two and threepence each person, to be paid for beforehand by weekly instalments. Nothing was there to allure the passer-by, or to tell him what cheer might be found within; but, a short red curtain, and a row of beer-barrels inside, from which the beer was drawn direct. No wonder that the "Educational Institute," seeing the enemy so weak just here, should stick up a bill over the way offering for trifling sums to instruct young men and women every evening in "Tonic Sol Fa Singing," as well as in French, and Model Drawing! But who that could sing (tonically, or otherwise), talk French and draw, had fixed his miserable habitation there?

The burial-ground, whose iron grate I accidentally discovered in a corner of a yard, had an active, business-like appearance. A list of very moderate fees, and an attempt to claim relationship with the famous Barebone Burial Ground, at Stepney, by calling this the City Barebone Burial Ground, showed an eye wide awake to worldly interest. Peeping in, I saw, in the midst of a rank

garden full of large sunflowers, and parted off with a railing from the grave-yard, a little house, with the word "Office" over the door, and at the door, a man in faded black and with a white neck-cloth — obviously the head clerk if not the manager of the concern. The grave-yard itself was full of crevices, and was, in most places, worn quite bare and bald of grass, with frequent digging up. Nowhere did I see the faintest trace of care and neatness. I saw seven graves open; and, at one of them, a gravedigger — his hands and clothes covered with clay — talking with a woman who had brought him bread and butter, and some tea in a tin bottle. Around the walls, numbers from one to ninety odd were painted in white upon a black ground, and beyond, in every way, the overhanging roofs of wooden houses close around the dismal sickly spot.

Pursuing my walk, I passed many more courts like Leech's Rents; more colonies of costermongers; more dark and filthy reproductions of Sun Court. Alleys, where women, sitting of a row on door-steps, were all stitching braces; black nooks, where sweeps lived together and kept stores of soot; noisome sheds, where butchers, not disposed to cleanliness, were slaughtering their sheep while boys looked on with greedy interest. Afterwards, I passed along a narrow way of antique gabled houses, having stuccoed fronts; these, once were

the dwellings of a better class; although there is no pane of glass in all their leaden-framed windows bigger than my hand. Now, these houses are let out in single rooms; their outer doors are gone; they are filthy and dilapidated. Through one of the windows I saw, in a great room, some cobblers at their work; table and stools were all the furniture; but I noticed behind them a high mantelpiece, curiously carved. One of these houses once upon a time was the abode of old Sir Simon Curll; who, from a poor barber's apprentice, became Lord Mayor of London and eke a liveryman of the Wig Maker's Company. He it was who bequeathed a kilderkin of ale and a bushel of oaten biscuit, "such as mariners do eat," to be distributed annually amongst twelve poor toothless old men and women (not being Arians), who could repeat the creed of St. Athanasius; which charitable bequest the Wig Maker's Company (having five hundred pounds per annum for that purpose), with a pious respect for the wishes of the testator, do, to this day, upon the afore-said conditions regularly offer. I wondered what this place might have been like, in those days when the builder, bearing in mind the rule that no sentence can be complete without a verb, caused the words, "This is Figtree Row," to be cut in a tablet over one of the doorways.

I wondered, too, how all that part would look from the car of

a balloon, hovering not far above the housetops. One or two brighter spots would strike the eye amidst the dark jumble of roofs; spots where there are purer homes, and purer natures, too, if there be truth in the old proverb which makes cleanliness and goodness to dwell together. In one of those clean spots I noticed a poor mangling-woman's home, her hearthstoned doorstep, and her tidy room. She might well have excused herself if she had been dirty, having to work for that poor crippled boy, sitting in a chair beside the doorway, and another younger child within. I stopped to ask of her my way back into Golden Lane. The woman, who had not caught my question, rebuked her child — not the poor cripple — with "Quiet, Bill! I can't hear my own voice for you;" and then, turning to me, said, "I beg your pardon, Sir?" I asked again, and she directed me to "go straight on. Golden Lane's close by." — "Is the boy ill, Ma'am?" — "No, Sir. He's been lame from his birth." — "How old is he?" — "Fifteen, Sir." — "Fifteen! I thought him younger. Can he walk at all?" The woman had turned to count some clothes just taken from the mangle, and the cripple answered for himself.

"No. I never shall now, Sir, as long as I live." The mother, still counting the clothes, "Six, seven, eight, nine," stopped, and caught at his words eagerly, as if great weight were due to the

sufferer's own opinion of himself; and repeated,

"You think you'll never walk, dear?"

The boy, afraid he had disheartened her, said, "It will be a long time first, I think, mother, if I do at all." The woman answered, "Never mind. He sorts the clothes, and does many little things for me. He's very useful to me, Sir, though you wouldn't think it." No, indeed! I should need a mother's love and tenderness to think that!

Dusk came on while I was loitering about. There was a strange change in the aspect of Golden Lane as I issued into it again. Where, in the hot day-time, I had scarcely met a soul, I found now crowds of people: women sitting on the pavement, men smoking, and standing in groups. At all the beer-shops and public-houses there were lights in the windows, and sounds of singing and dancing. From every hole and corner round about, the inhabitants seemed to have crept out into Golden Lane for a pleasant change.

Threading my way through the crowd until I found myself once more in a purer atmosphere, I thought again of the time when all the neighbourhood was a sweet rural place, and when the harvest-moon I saw shining down upon it, could glitter on its brooks and cast a shadow from the form of Milton on its paths among the pleasant grass.

POISONOUS SERPENTS.

ON the morning of Wednesday, the twenty-first of October, one of the keepers of the well-known and attractive collection of living reptiles in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, was bitten by a Cobra-de-Capello, and died.

An animal devoid of limbs, no bigger than a common eel, did, with a tooth inflicting a wound like a needle-prick, slay a man in full health and in the prime and vigour of life.

This, when one comes to think of it, is an astounding instance of the potency of the compensations awarded by Nature to the weak and seemingly defenceless, and least finished of her creatures; yet the self-styled lord of creation has so often fallen a victim to similar insidious assaults, that he has come to regard the whole race of serpents with an instinctive fear and disgust.

What is the weapon that in so small a compass hides such deadly force? The comparative anatomists give the following analysis of it. It consists of the instrument that pierces, viz., the tooth, or "poison-fang;" the moveable stock or handle in which the piercer is fixed, called the jaw; the muscles, or moving powers of the jaw; the bag containing the lethal ammunition, called the "poison-sac;" the pipe which carries the venom into the tooth, or "poison-duct;" and the squeezer or muscle that drives the venom from the bag, along

the duct, through the tooth, into the wound which it inflicts. The poison-fang, in order to be adapted to perform its share in the complex machinery, differs much from ordinary teeth and well merits its special name. If the reader be familiar with the form of a simple piercing tooth, as, for example, the long fang in a dog, whence, indeed, the name canine given to such teeth — a tooth, that is to say, which consists of a hard, pointed, long and slender cone, with a hollow base — and if he were to suppose such a slender and partly hollow cone to be rolled out flat, the edges then bent towards each other, and soldered together, so as to form a canal open at both ends, he would have a good idea of the general form and structure of a poison-fang. The edges of the flattened tooth, which we have supposed to be so approximated, are bent round the end of the poison-duct, which closely adheres to and lines the canal, and the line of union of the two edges runs along the front and convex side of the slightly curved fang. The basal aperture of the poison-canal is oblique, and its opposite or terminal outlet is still more so; presenting the form of a narrow elliptical longitudinal fissure at a short distance from the fang's point: that is left solid, and entire, and fit for the purpose of perforation. A fine hair can be passed through the canal of the poison-fang of the cobra. The tooth, so modified in the

venomous serpents, is not implanted in a socket like ordinary teeth, but is firmly soldered — so to speak — to the jaw-bone, which commonly has no other tooth to support, and is singularly modified in size and shape to allow of the movements requisite for the deep plunge of the tooth into the object aimed at. It is only the upper jaw that is so armed; and this, instead of being wedged immoveably, as in most other animals, between other bones of the face or muzzle, is attached by one small part of its surface to a bone above and behind it, the joint being that hinge-like interlocking one that anatomists call “ginglymoid,” which restricts the motion to one plane, but allows the part freely to move in that direction: so the upper jaw of the venomous serpent plays or rotates backwards and forwards, having special muscles for those movements, which, when they push forward the jaw bring the tooth attached to it into a vertical position ready for action, and, when they draw back the jaw, replace the tooth in a horizontal position, where it rests, with the point backwards, hidden in a bed of soft and slimy gum.

The poison-glands and bags occupy the sides of the hinder half of the head, and in many snakes give a swollen appearance to that part, characteristic of such venomous species. Each gland consists of a number of long and narrow strips, called lobes, extending from the main bag,

or beginning of the duct, which runs along the lower border of the gland; and each lobe gives off lobules, which are again subdivided into little cells, where the poison is first elaborated or extracted from the blood that circulates over the cells in myriads of little capillary channels. The whole gland is surrounded by a kind of canvas-bag, or *aponeurosis*, as the anatomists call such firm membrane, and this membrane is in connexion with the muscles, by whose contraction the several cells and lobes of the gland are compressed and emptied of their secretion. The poison is conveyed by the duct to the basal aperture of the canal in the fang; and, as the salivary glands in other animals are most active during particular emotions — as, when they are hungry, by the sight of favourite food — so, the rage which stimulates the snake to use its envenomed deadly weapon, doubtless excites an active secretion and great distension of the poison-glands. The wound is inflicted by a blow rather than by a bite: the poison-fangs when erected are struck like daggers into the part aimed at: and, as the action of the compressing muscles of the bag is contemporaneous with the blow by which the wound is inflicted, the poison is at the same moment injected with force into the wound from the apical or terminal outlet of the perforated fang.

The poison acts with more or less speed and effect according to

the species of serpent, the vigour of the individual serpent, the season of the year, and, also, the part wounded. The subtle fluid mixes with the blood, and is conveyed with the rapidity of the circulation to the brain, upon which its specific properties operate. It is a direct palsier of nervous action. No sooner does it begin to operate than the inlets of the senses begin to close upon the outer world; the eyes are dimmed, the ears stopped, the tongue falters; the torpid brain then reacts upon the heart, whose firm pulsations are reduced to feeble flutterings; the breath gets scantier, the limbs grow cold, and death supervenes, it may be in ten minutes, in half an hour, in an hour — as in the case of the recent accident — or at a later period; the chances of recovery being in the ratio of the slowness of the operation of the poison.

What is this strange and subtle fluid, one drop or less than a drop of which can quell the force of the active brain and nervous system of a man? To sight, smell, and taste, it seems a mere harmless saliva. Chemical analysis detects in it a little mucus, much water, and some of the salts of saliva; from which it differs, mainly, in the slight predominance of an animal acid. There is nothing in all this that could suggest, beforehand, the specific properties of the secretion. It is not poisonous when taken into the stomach. The readiest and perhaps the most efficient remedy, that of sucking the

wound, may be performed with scarcely any risk. This has been known of old. "Whoever," writes Celsus, "will suck the wound, will be both safe himself and save the sufferer." The only danger in swallowing the venom of the viper, cobra, or rattle-snake, arises from the possibility of some blister or scar, or any lesion of the scarf-skin of the mouth, throat, or gullet, which might allow the poison to enter the circulating blood.

The nervous system of a poison-snake is proof against the specific action of its own poison, but not against that of another species. Dr. Patrick Russell, in his *History of Indian Serpents*, affirms that cobras bite each other without fatal consequences, but kill other snakes. The larger and more formidable hamadryas of India prey upon other serpents; killing them by their envenomed bite, and then swallowing them. The naja, of Africa, in like manner kills and gorges the puff-adder; and the rattle-snake will strike and slay the poisonous moccasin snake, and afterwards seize and swallow it.

As to remedies; when our own species has been the subject of attack, the first indication is to remove the inoculated venom, either by suction or excision; but this, to be effective, must be done promptly, almost instantly, after the bite. Olive oil should be freely applied to the wound; and the same taken inwardly with ammonia, in as great quantity as the

constitution will bear. If harts-horn be not at hand, and "eau de luce" is, the latter forms a good substitute. Certain plants have been vaunted as specifics, as *e. g.*, the *Aristolochia serpentaria* and *Hieraceum venosum* against the poison of the rattle-snake, and the *Libama Cedron* against that of the cobra; but their merits have not been established by due and successful trial. It appears that the unfortunate victim of the bite of the cobra had some of the *Libama Cedron* in his possession, but it was not used.

To revert to the melancholy occurrence which has led us to pen the present article. Perhaps the most grievous features of the case are those revealed at the searching and exact inquiry into all the particulars of it, which led to the verdict of the Coroner's Inquest, recorded in the Times of Saturday, October twenty-third, and cited at the end of this article. It appears that this accident — as such occurrences are termed — by which an apparently steady man, who had previously performed his duties in the main satisfactorily, has been hurried to an untimely grave, leaving, at the age of thirty, a widow and young family bereaved of their natural protector and provider — is one of the countless calamities befalling the weekly-wage classes plainly referable to intoxication. Gurling had left his home, in company with another keeper, on the evening before the accident, and, as his poor widow deposed, "She never saw him

afterwards alive." According to the evidence of his companion, they had spent the night at a leave-taking party of a friend going to Australia. On returning to their duties at the Zoological Gardens, "they had a quartern of gin at the public-house in Shoe Lane, another afterwards, and again another at eight o'clock." The gin-laden blood circulated through the brain; and reason, prudence, the plainest sense of imminent hazard, were overpowered. The exhibition, during the previous year (1851), of the Egyptian snake-charmers, who acted their parts with cobras deprived of their poison fangs, had left a vivid impression on the man's mind; this impression came uppermost when he entered on the scene of his daily duties, and he must needs try to emulate the Egyptians. A newly arrived Morocco poison-snake was first selected. It was taken out of its cage, was grasped by its middle, flourished aloft, and thrown like a lasso round the neck of the younger performer; fortunately for him it was not roused to bite. An assistant-keeper, who happened to enter the room at this juncture, begged Gurling, "for God's sake, to put back the snake." The infatuated man replied, "I am inspired," and laughed at the warning!

Having replaced the Morocco venom-snake in its cage, Gurling then cried, "Now for the cobra!" and, lifting up the glass front of the cage, removed it as he had done the other. The cobra was

somewhat torpid from the cold of the preceding night, and the man placed it in his bosom; it there revived and glided downward round his waist, its head emerging from beneath the back part of his waist-coat. The man grasped the cobra by the body about a foot from the head, with one hand; drew it out; seized it lower down with the other hand, and was in the act of flourishing it aloft, as he had flourished the other snake, when, as he held it up in front of his face, the cobra — suddenly expanding its hood — struck him like lightning between the eyes, plunging the poison-fangs into the skin of one side of the bridge of the nose, and scratching the opposite side with the teeth of the lower jaw. The man was staggered by the blow; the blood streamed down his face; he called for help, and his companion fled; but “how long he was away he could not tell, being in a maze.”

When assistance arrived, Gurling was found seated in a chair; having restored the cobra to its cage and closed down the front glass. This return to a sense of duty, and this performance (perhaps instinctive) of the prudent act which was his last on earth, are not the least remarkable of the circumstances attending the case. He was still sensible and collected, when placed in the cab that conveyed him to the hospital; and expressed, but in already palsied speech, his conviction of speedy death. When received into the hospital, he “appeared,” reports

the house-surgeon, “almost, if not quite, unconscious, and unable to support his head. His face was livid, and his respiration very imperfect, he moved himself uneasily, pointed to his throat and moaned.” The power of utterance was the first lost, then that of vision, lastly, that of hearing. The pulse gradually sank, the extremities became cold and torpid, and he died without a convulsion or struggle, about one hour after receiving the wound. The heart’s action was renewed by mechanical inflation of the lungs, and artificial respiration, which at one time raised the pulse to seventy-five beats in a minute, was kept up, half an hour after the natural breathing had ceased and when the nervous system was dead. Galvanism was tried but “had no effect.”

Strange reports of this very plain occurrence have been circulated through some channels of popular information. A purveyor of marvels to *THE MORNING ADVERTISER*, assuming that all the serpents in the Zoological Gardens are kept, like the happy family in Trafalgar Square, in one large case, describes Gurling as, in the ordinary course of his duty, entering bodily therein, “with a view of stirring up some birds which had been placed there for the food of the serpents, the time having arrived when some of them had recovered from their torpid state consequent on a previous meal.” The cobra is made, by this intelligent and accurate informant of

the public, to dart at the unfortunate keeper, as he was stooping to pick up one of the birds. The screams of the victim to the hazardous duty "attracted the instant attention of William Cockridge, another keeper, who thereupon rushed to the serpent-case and drew his companion out."

This ridiculous report has found its way, uncontradicted, into other papers, including a respectable medical journal.

Now, as regards the mode adopted for preserving the live reptiles: The Inquest jury proceeded to the Zoological Gardens to inspect the arrangements. They found the poisonous serpents kept in small cages, or compartments, double-wired, and "fitted up in such a manner as, with the most ordinary precautions, to insure perfect safety from casualties of the kind. By means of an iron rod, hooked at the end, and inserted through the small aperture at the top of each compartment, the reptiles are easily removed into the compartment next their own, and made secure there, while the keepers place food in and clean out the empty one. Visitors are enabled to see the serpents in perfect security through the thick glass fronts of the cages." So says the Times report of the Inquest, and any one who knows the reptile-house knows perfectly well that these cages are, in appearance, like cases in which stuffed birds are kept — or like the larger sort of glass-cases at any great jeweller's establishment.

The Secretary of the Zoological Society deposed, on oath, that "the keepers in charge of the snakes were instructed on no account, at any time, to do anything to the different cages when the snakes were in them," and that on one occasion he had severely rebuked Gurling "for lifting the glass and putting in food for the snake inside without removing it."

The report aforesaid states "The reptile had immediately after its bite relinquished its hold, but the effect was such, that it instantly swelled up the face of the poor fellow Garlin." The house-surgeon at the inquest states that "the right eyelid was swollen, but the left not at all," and the jury on inspecting the body found that it "presented no very unusual appearance, not being swollen or otherwise disfigured." According to the same preposterous account, Gurling "was fortunately unmarried." His widow gives evidence before the Coroner. And, true to his hypothesis of the accident, the reporter expresses his conviction, that "the jury will order the immediate destruction of the venomous reptile." Their verdict was (of course) to the effect, "That the deceased had lost his life by the bite of a serpent, known as the cobra de capello, when in a state of intoxication, and in consequence of his own rashness and indiscretion."

CHIPS.

THE CRIMES OF COTTON.

Now that scarcely a civilised individual exists in any part of the world who does not wear cotton in some form or other, we may well wonder when we are told of the inveterate opposition with which its first introduction and use in England was met. Under pretence of encouraging the English woollen manufactures, laws were enacted to forbid cotton being worn by gentle or simple upon pain of fine or imprisonment. Cotton, associated with Protectionist principles, has, among other enormities, been the occasion of riot and bloodshed. Whenever distress fell upon the labouring population it was the fashion, not much more than a century ago, to attribute it to cotton. In the old time the ruin of the country, and the irretrievable misery of "millions yet unborn," was predicted, over and over again, from the spinning and weaving of cotton.

The most remarkable of these prophecies was delivered by a criminal from the scaffold on the eve of execution. He traced all his crimes and misfortunes simply to cotton. In the Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer for 1734 we find, under date of May 3rd, the following letter:—

"From Cork in Ireland."

"This Day one Michael Carmody was executed here for Felony; upon which the Journey-men Weavers of this City (who

labour under great Difficulties by reason of the Deadness of Trade; occasioned by the pernicious Practice of wearing Cottons,) assembled in a Body, and dress'd the Criminal, Hangman, and Gallows in Cottons, in order to discourage the wearing thereof: And at the Place of Execution the Criminal made the following remarkable Speech:

"Give Ear, O good People, to the Words of a dying Sinner: I confess I have been guilty of many Crimes that Necessity compelled me to commit, which starving Condition I was in, I am well assured, was occasioned by the Scarcity of Money, that has proceeded from the great Discouragement of our Woollen Manufactures.

"Therefore, good Christians, consider, that if you go on to suppress your own Goods, by wearing such Cottons as I am now cloathed in, you will bring your Country into Misery, which will consequently swarm with such unhappy Malefactors as your present Object is; and the Blood of every miserable Felon that will hang, after this Warning from the Gallows, will lie at your Doors.

"And if you have any Regard for the Prayers of an expiring Mortal, I beg you will not buy of the Hangman the Cotton Garments that now adorn the Gallows, because I can't rest quiet in my Grave if I should see the very Things wore that brought me to Misery, Thievery, and this untimely End; all which I pray of

the Gentry to hinder their Children and Servants for their own Character's Sake, tho' they have no Tenderness for their Country, because none will hereafter wear Cottons, but Oyster-Women, Criminals, Hucksters, and common Hangmen."

The "pernicious practice of wearing cottons," at present sustains one-sixth of the population of this country, and gives comfort to every nation under the sun.

YOURSELF AT TURIN.

A VIOLENT English exodus — all the one hundred and fifty-one bells of the Hotel Fedor ringing at once, and the Anglo-Saxon tongue in full swing adapting itself with more or less success to the exigencies of the French and Italian languages, demanding boots, hot water, soap, *garçons*, *bottega*, *voitures*, breakfasts, *veturini*, couriers, and bills, up and down all the staircases and galleries — doors banging like feeble thunder — a savoury vapour rising from floor to floor — college men perambulating the passages with *alpenstock* and knapsack, and dodging about for bed-rooms — excited waiters, charging madly through the living masses on the stairs, armed with the terrors of hot-water jugs and boiling coffee — a clattering in the court-yard of carriages rolling in and out, with stately milords in fur caps

inside, and 'brigades of *corrieri* raging madly among the heaps of struggling porters, who are always intent on carrying off the wrong luggage. The whole of the peripatetic portion of the British race, in fact, on the rush for home, for Rome, for Jerusalem, Venice, Genoa, Sicily, Albania, America, or the Temple, filtering through the gateway of the portly mansion into all sorts of conveyances, and with all sorts of noises; and the coppersmith — who always lives hard by every Italian hostelry — banging away next door. It being quite impossible to get a wink of sleep more, you get up out of the comfortable bed of maize leaves wherein you have sunk into a little sort of coffin, you trip gingerly over the cold tile floor of the huge barrack-like room and look out of the window.

You are on the fourth story; but what with *entresols* and high rooms, when you peep down you are impressed with the belief that you have taken up your quarters, for the time, in the top of the most lofty building in the world. In the streets below, a gaily dressed crowd of foreshortened mannikins and womannikins are drifting up and down on the shady side with great vivacity — the tall white houses opposite have, already, their outside wooden blinds closed against the glare of the sun — overhead is a sheet of purple-blue, just set off by the streaks of one fleecy little cloud. The street is cut off abruptly at

each end by the houses of other thoroughfares, for Turin is built with great regularity in squares, composed of gigantic mansions; and so, having nothing more to see up here, you dress and creep down the tiled and marbled staircases, which descend in great rectangles to the ground, taking care to hold on by the bannisters to guard against the treacherous smoothness of the footing. Pass across the yard by the river god — who is watching over his empty urn and the fountain filled with stones — to the *salle à manger*, and in a moment you are engaged in all the confusion of a crowded *table d'hôte* breakfast. At one end of the table are four or five officers, smart-looking stout young men buttoned up in their grey, blue, and drab coats, busily employed in dipping their warlike moustaches into basins of coffee, with decanters of Italian ordinary wine before them, heaps of co-telettes, potatoes, grapes, green figs, melons, and Chamounix honey; then come a sprinkling of foreigners — one or two Poles, of course; some goggle-eyed, spectacled, æsthetical-looking German students; a man who looks like a shaved Frenchman, but who turns out to be a Yankee; a vivacious specimen of the real Gaul, in beard, imperial, and moustache; some Italians, deep in dishes half oil half garlic; and a strong detachment of our own countrymen, women, and children, regarding each other with that aversion which a true Briton

always exhibits to a fellow-subject when on foreign travel.

Breakfast over — and in spite of tumult and imperfect grammar, you can make a very comfortable one at this same *table d'hôte*, always supposing tobacco smoke is not offensive to you, for each man takes a cigar out of the box on the table, and lights one the instant he is done eating — plunge out into the streets, and taking the first turn to the left from the Fedor Inn, you are at once in a comfortable arcade, safe from wind, rain, or sun. It is sure to traverse the sides of a great square with some statue or fountain in the centre. To my eyes, the shops in these *galeries* or arcades are more interesting, as they are certainly more novel, than those of the Palais Royal. The arcade is filled with them on both sides; that which is towards the square being pierced here and there with passages for the people, and through these you can see the houses on the other side of the rectangle, rising above the arcade — which only reaches to the drawing-room window — and rearing their stone and stuccoed fronts to an amazing height. The people, who pass you on foot, are mostly of the lower order; the men dressed very much like French mechanics; whom they resemble, only that they are more powerful and muscular-looking men — indeed, there is an annual migration of Piedmontese to Paris, where they act as porters — some of them indulging, how-

ever, in full suits of blue velvet; the women with gaudily-coloured handkerchiefs tied round their heads, and with red, yellow, and pea-green umbrellas under their arms, and gowns and cloaks of equally dazzling and forcible hues. But you soon lose all thought of them in staring at the priests.

Surely, if ever there was a city in which holiness should flourish, it is Turin. The enemy of mankind must have but little footing there, and on the whole must lead a hard life of it. The bells never cease; and, as there are about one hundred churches in the city, if there is the smallest efficacy in their ringing (as was supposed in old times), evil spirits ought to regard the capital of Sardinia with great disfavour. The attendant priests in these numerous churches — conjoined with padres, who are their friends or who want to get berths, or who are acting as family confessors — make up a most formidable body. At every ten paces you meet, without the smallest exaggeration, at least two priests. The clerical costume is here in its greatest splendour. Nowhere else is the three-cornered shovel hat of such tremendous dimensions. In no other city are cassocks so flowing and eccentric in their cut; or coats so severe in architecture; or silver shoe-buckles and black silk stockings in such size and perfection. Of course, the size of the stocking depends on the size of the legs; and, I am bound to say, there is

a great choice of neatly-turned limbs among the church militant of Turin. Wherever you look you see a padre: he is crossing the street, and coming out of the confectioner's, and looking in at the workshop, and standing at the corner, and bowing out of that carriage-window, and staring at that *trattoria* doorway, and buying snuff at the tobacconist's counter, and inspecting the tinman at work, and holding conversations with his own duplicates in all variety of attitudes in every sort of perspective. Gliding along, less frequently, come friars, Cordeliers, and Dominicans, with their ugly shaven crowns, and sandalled feet, for the most part as dirty as extreme sanctity can make them; perspiring profusely in their long woollen robes, and glancing uneasily at the passers-by out of the corner of a sensual and suspicious eye. These gentlemen do not seem on very good terms with the secular clergy; and, it is said, the latter would be by no means displeased by an order for the suppression of their brethren — the regulars.

Hark! The crash of a band — out of the way, quickly; for here the military take the wall of the civilians very unceremoniously, and you would find the great leathern *caliga* of these Piedmontese braves a very unpleasant plaster for corns. Here they come at a rattling pace, equal to our double-quick march; bunches of long cock's feathers, dyed green, in their shakos, close-fitting green

frocks, long and heavy-looking rifles, and the tight trousers gathered at the end inside the gaiter; a corps of riflemen, all fine square-built active mountaineers. Then follow some light cavalry on foot, with blue feathers, powder-blue coats, and red trousers slashed with leather. A regiment of the line bring up the rear in their long grey coats, all marching for their morning's exercise outside the town, where there is a grand review every day. Many of these are soldierly-looking men, whose decorations evince that they served in the last disastrous campaign against the Austrians, or in its glorious precursor. When they have tramped by, let us turn and examine the shops.

What a number of libraries! The works exhibited in the windows and at the doors are, for the most part, theological; and the itinerant print merchant, who sits outside across the pavement, is certain to show a rich stock of saints and miracle-workers, as well as a stray copy or so in oil of some *chef d'œuvre* of the old masters. But there are also books of more extended interest than Dissertations on Interdicts, Excommunications, and Comments on the Fathers; particularly those which refer to political questions. In every place there are striking proofs that the Piedmontese believe as strongly as ever in a united and independent Italy. Not one of these book or picture-shops which does not contain portraits

of Charles Albert, executed in different styles to meet the purses of all classes. "*Carlo Alberto — Il vittima illustrimmo de l'Indipendenza Italiana*" — gazes out of those fine, thoughtful, but over-speculative eyes from every second window, as with arms folded across his massive breast, he seems to ponder over the fate of his beloved Italy; or, again, his giant form is seen towering among his staff, as he dashes on toward the squares of the ill-looking Tedeschi. The love for the father extends to the son, and almost equally numerous are the portraits of the young Victor Emmanuel, doing full justice to his eminently Celtic face, his high cheek-bones, nose up-turned, and enormous moustache and goat-like beard and tuft. *Apropos*, of this said beard and tuft — the Emperor of Austria lately, by royal ordinance, forbade any servant of the Crown to let grow imperial or beard; and as the King of Sardinia is distinguished for the development of these hirsute ornaments, it was immediately taken for granted that the order was directed against Piedmont, and every Young Italy man, and every Sardinian, to show their contempt for Austria, immediately began to let tuft and beard grow, and to very much suspect those who use a razor on their chins. The King — his right name is Victor Emmanuel Marie Albert Eugène Ferdinand Thomas! — is most generally represented sitting on a rock, smiling defiantly on the

Russian Bear, the Austrian Eagle, and the French Cock, which are trying to assail him; while the waves which break upon his seat are explained in some bad verses below, to mean the Powers of Darkness, which are broken against his unconquerable resolve; but, in reality, he lives in a very snug little palace, and is said to be on better terms with some of the hostile menagerie than his subjects would like, if they knew the truth.

There are other portraits of popular heroes, less known to fame. Much does it shame and grieve me to think, that of one of them I never heard before. Ugo Bassi must have been a patriot of a very high order, however, for if his history, as rendered by the Marionette Company, was true, his life was passed in making flying leaps at the King of Naples, till that irritated potentate had him summarily executed by an army of pendulous soldiers. Ugo Bassi's likeness was everywhere, and flourished much in the *Café del Italia*, or *della Mazzini*, and the number of pipe-heads his visage adorned must diffuse his name, in time, all over Europe. After poking about the book-shops — filled too, I regret to say, with the worst literature of France, comfortably placed 'twixt works of divinity — and inspecting some of the old vellum-covered tomes of middle-aged history, or of good classics (and what glorious typography some of the sixteenth and seventeenth century Italian printers turned out!) — you pass a tobacco-shop, offering nothing remarkable, but a good collection of meerschaums and tobacco-bags, with monks' heads as tops, the body of the bag being made to represent those of ecclesiastics on the largest scale of aldermanic development; a banker's, the proprietor of which, according to the mysterious law ruling such matters, being always the hairiest man in the neighbourhood; an eating-house festooned with strings of coloured sausages, grey, red, and bright yellow, while within you see the proprietor enveloped in a savoury steam, busily superintending a battery of tin saucepans; an *albergo*, with its attendant coppersmith next door, working for the bare life; a boot-maker's, where the whole operations of the trade are carried on before your eyes by a set of owl-like cordonniers; then a whole batch of jewellers' shops in a row, rich with cameos and lava ornaments, but so wildly profuse in church ornaments as to show that most of their trade is derived from that source; then a chocolate-shop, decorated by a full length of the proprietor, represented in the act of making a very hard-looking bargain with a negro merchant; a baker's shop, with such delicate white rolls and fancy rolls in the window, and a tremendous crop of *grissin* bread — a sort of crisp biscuity edible, made in lengths of a yard, and about the thickness of your finger; then — run past it for your life, if

you would not be saturated with garlic to the very core — a *vetturini* eating-house, where the wild-looking, wide-hatted, silver-buttoned drivers are busily engaged disposing of the unsavoury messes of a very dirty-handed Phillis; next, several milliners' and ready-made clothes' shops, which have a family resemblance all over the world; though I was rather astonished at seeing a light pea-green dress-coat, with velvet collar and cuffs, and cut steel buttons, announced as "The mode of London," not remembering that I had ever seen such a garment in Moses' shop, or in the fancy costumes displayed in tailors' windows as fashions for 1852; more pipe-shops, *cafés*, cook-shops, book-sellers, book-stalls, print-shops; then some cheap bazaars — mere off-shoots of the Lowther — with specimens of English cutlery that would astonish the worst workman in Sheffield — and then the arcade recommences again. But there is such a variety in the different shops of the same species, that you are insensibly led on through street after street, always under cover, piercing through the shifting crowd of priests, soldiers, women, and workmen, and getting glimpses of the upper classes as they fly past in broughams and coupés.

At every corner you turn there is a shoeblack eagerly watching as you approach, and if there is a patch of dirt on your shoe, mind lest you should be taken off your legs; for he will instantly pounce

upon you, and transfer the sole from the ground to his blacking-stand in that fraction of time popularly known as a jiffy. Come out into the square to avoid him.

Why, it is just in front of the market-place. Heavens, what a gay place! Iris herself seems to have come down here and thrown her cloak over the whole population. What piles of fruit! Great loggerheaded pumpkins lying on the ground like decapitated common-councilmen; rich, pulpy, luscious melons, split open, with the sweet juice flowing round in clammy streams; walnuts heaped up by the barrel; chestnuts roasted on a scale that would drive the old woman with the iron plate at Temple Bar mad with envy; apples by cart-loads; pears, like stumpy cucumbers, by the wagon-full; peaches — such hard fellows — and apricots, and pomegranates, welling over great wicker-work hampers and baskets; mounds of ripe figs; rich, brown, black, and green. And then the grapes! — can there be any left for making wine this year?

We had heard much of the grape-rot, and had seen some specimens of it by the roadside along the Val d'Aorta, but here men and big women moved up to the middle through walls of the glorious clusters, with the silky velvet blush of full health upon them. Then here are groups of the country people buying and selling at the tents and stalls all kinds of strange stuffs and articles, while the bullocks, with

their mild suffering faces, stride through the midst of the uproar, carting along blocks of stone or marble for building, rearing aloft the great horned yoke-collar of wood, which seems so picturesque but so absurd an addition to their harness. They are an early people, and most of the fruit-sellers are at dinner — simple enough, but odorous. They are all devouring vermicelli or macaroni boiled down with garlic and vegetables into a sort of soup over their little portable stoves, which serve beside for stewing pears and apples, and roasting chestnuts. Here is a strange oriental-looking dame, almost buried behind her fruit-stall — a bright yellow handkerchief struggling in vain to confine the masses of her wild black ringlets, and her dark eyes flashing with energy, as with mouth wide open she yells through a fence of snow-white teeth all sorts of Italian Billingsgate at an awkward droner who has just emerged from a whole heap of her pumpkins and melons. Approach with an outstretched franc, and see the bright smile into which that angry face breaks from chin to temple, welcoming the *forestiere* purchaser. And lo! she raises a ponderous scale with a yard or sliding weight, and flings in pounds of grapes, and then you cram all your pockets with peaches and pears, and having filled your hat besides, staggering away with great balloons of fruit in paper bags, you imagine she must be a maniac, for she has given you in

change a whole waistcoat-pocketful of coins that, at the lowest calculation, ought to be worth twice what you gave her. So distribute your treasures among the chocolate-coloured half-naked little boys, who are rushing about like a settlement of young Ojibbeways, and who will infallibly reject your first advances, believing them a gigantic swindle, and that when they stretch out their hands for the offering it will be immediately transferred to the bag again — and then turn into a *café*, for the heat is almost intolerable, and — pondering over a great dish of chocolate — look out on the restless changing kaleidoscope effect, as the crowd turns, and twirls, and shouts before you in all the energy of idle life.

It is a relief from all this glare and bustle to step into a quiet chapel for a moment. The heavy red cloth curtain that hangs at the door drops behind with a dead flop, as if to shut out the world, and the stranger is in comparative solitude for a moment. There is sure to be a blind beggar at the door, but a little practice enables one to evade him by a rapid rush among the pillars. The chapel appears filled with a soft crimson light, mingled with the pale but gorgeous hue of the wax lights — for there are red silk curtains to all the windows. The ceiling is all blue and gold mouldings, with paintings highly coloured and badly drawn of saints and angels in the compartments, and through the whole dreary waste of the

building — dreary in spite of its battalions of gold and silver candlesticks, and its new lines of altars all splendidly decorated. You see but some half-dozen of persons dotting the pavement as they pray before the different shrines. A marionette performance and a *café* conclude the day; and it is with a confused head you retire to rest to dream of priests and soldiers putting you to death under cart-loads of grapes and figs.

DISCOVERY OF A TREASURE NEAR CHEAPSIDE.

FORTUNATUS had only a life interest in his purse; and we all know too well that when he died, it vanished with him. Sinbad the Sailor, a munificent merchant in his way, gave the porter of Bagdad only a poor one hundred sequins every day after dinner. Aladdin sent his mother to propose for the Sultan's daughter, with a tolerable present of jewels, but still with no more than could be spread forth on a china dish and tied up in a napkin. The Genie of the Lamp considered it a reasonable exercise of his supernatural power, to serve refreshments on a "large silver tray holding twelve covered dishes of the same metal, two flagons of wine, and two silver cups." Ali Baba beheld in the robbers' cavern what his limited ideas conceived to be a pretty large amount of ready money in gold coin; yet

he thought it a wonderful thing to carry off no more than his three asses could bear, under an outer load of wood and green boughs; and there was not so much of it but that his wife borrowed "a small measure" — about the size of a banker's shovel, say — to measure it out. Prince Camaralzaman (not to be learned, and call him Kummir al Zummaun) found, in the cave he accidentally opened on the gardener's ground, fifty brass urns, each with a cover on it, all full of gold dust. But, his share of gold dust, when he divided it with the gardener, was not such a great share after all, for it only half filled fifty olive pots; and *that's* not much — in these times. Candide and Camambo, when they came to the land of the red sheep, found the common children (in very ragged clothes of golden brocade) playing at quoits with pretty large pieces of gold. But, they might find the common men in Australia and California playing a variety of games with the same bright metal, at the present hour. The double and treble-headed giants whom courageous Jack destroyed, were believed in their pastoral days to be gigantically rich, although they had only stored up exhaustible amounts of gold. Nay, the very gods of classical antiquity were represented as celestial in the possession of services of golden plate, and the lounging upon golden couches.

In all these golden fables there was never gold enough for me.

I always wanted more. I saw no reason why there should not be mountains and rivers of gold, instead of paltry little caverns and olive pots; why JASON and his men should not have sailed in search of flocks of golden fleeces rather than one. For, when imagination does begin to deal with what is so hard of attainment in reality, it might at least get out of bounds for once in a way, and let us have enough.

Now, it might be supposed that what I am going to relate, had its foundation in this old sense of injury. But I shall relate it, to the letter, precisely as it happened to me.

At the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, London, there is a tree. I suppose it has not the least business to be there, but it is pleasant there. It is a far better thing than a statue, to my thinking, as statues go. I have the greatest admiration for King George the Fourth, but I should prefer an elm tree in Trafalgar Square. A pigtail in any material, but especially in stone, strikes me as a pretty object; still, I think a poplar would be on the whole more ornamental in Pall Mall East. And anybody will concede that, in place of the frightful abortion on the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, the commonest cabbage-stalk ever grown would be a blessed substitution.

I stood under the tree at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, at ten of the clock in the morning, on the first of the

gloomy month of November in the present year of grace. I was a little dazed, as the tree itself may be for anything I know, by the roar of traffic in that busy place; but I am quite certain I was not asleep. I had been reading the Times, and had walked up the Strand and Fleet Street. The polite black-bordered announcements in the shops, concerning seats to let, "To view the funeral procession," coupled with the morning's advertisements relative to the prices of seats, and to the number of ladies and gentlemen wanted to make up little lively parties, and to the available accommodation in the articles of provisions, fruit, wine, plate, linen, glass, china, and good fires, "on this national though melancholy occasion," had set me thinking whether, in these days, a State Funeral (however congenial to the Herald's College, or convenient to a Ministry,) is a very worthy means of doing honour to the memory of an illustrious man, by nature modest, manly, unaffected, unspoilt, and retiring. My conclusions on this subject I reserve for another occasion. All I mean at present, is, that I am sure I was not asleep. I was considering the subject under the tree, with my eyes open, when a friend of mine, known on 'Change, clapped me on the shoulder, and said triumphantly:

"Well, old boy, I hope there is gold enough for you *now*!"

Coming out of my reverie on the subject of the State Funeral,

I looked about me, and said "Where?"

"Where?" cries he, quite boisterously, "Everywhere!"

"Except," says I, in my quiet way, "in Cheapside, I suppose."

"Except in Cheapside?" says he. "Why, there are sometimes three tons of gold a day passing through one house close by here."

Three tons of gold a day! — Tons! I should have staggered against the tree, if the iron railings would have admitted of it.

"Except in Cheapside?" says he again. "Why, one customer of that house has dealings with it to the extent of a million a month! What the business of that house will be, passes human calculation. There are ships on the sea now, sailing away for England as fast as they can carry on, with millions stowed away in their holds! The gold they bring from Australia is so pure that Nature has thrown the Refiners here out of the refining branch of their business, and all they have to do, is, to cast it into golden ingots, value eight hundred pounds sterling each. It is one carat and three quarters above the standard, which is twenty-two carats! While the value of standard gold is three pound seventeen and tenpence half-penny an ounce, and the value of Californian gold is below it, the value of Australian gold is from four pound one and sixpence to four pound two an ounce! Whooroop, whooroop!"

I should observe that my friend

is not of Irish extraction. His excitement alarmed me.

"Whooroop!" says he again, in defiance of me; and I am at a loss to express how very inconsistent the exclamation appeared with his neat white cravat, and his gold watch-chain. "When the house close by here, sent the first two bars of Australian gold to the Bank of England, the Bank of England sent them back, supposing from their purity that there must be some mistake. When the house close by here, was first established, gold was calculated in their accounts by the pound; it is calculated now by the ton. Then, their premises were thought much too large; now they are far too small. Then, gold lace was in fashion, and the making of gold wire was a most important section of the business. Now, the making of gold wire has been abandoned as a waste of time." And again he concluded with "Whooroop!"

I have the reputation, and I hope I deserve it, of being naturally polite; but, all this being a little too much for me, I plainly said "I don't believe it."

Says he, immediately, "Seeing is believing. Come and see it."

After hearing of those tons of gold, I should not have been very much surprised if he had proceeded according to the precedents in the thousand and one nights; if he had desired me to collect a few dried sticks and leaves in Cheapside; if I had done so; if he had made a fire, cast in some powder from his vest,

caused the earth to shake and open, a trap-door with a ring in it to appear, and had taken me down into "the house close by," which I should have found, with no particular astonishment, to be a cave, as light as day from excess of gold and silver, supported by golden statues, and guarded by submissive Genii. He did nothing of all this. He merely took me by the arm — in Cheapside, London — on the first of November eighteen hundred and fifty-two — under the very shadow of the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council, in whom there is no enchantment whatever, but quite the contrary — and turned me straight down Wood Street, among the bales, and waggons, and business men, of a busy street not wider than many a dining-room, with a pavement no wider than many a dinner-table: we threatened with the descent of great woollen bales upon our heads, and saving ourselves by a leap from being crushed under an avalanche of empty hampers tumbling down a mountain of waggon.

So we came, or I dreamed it (which I am sure I did not) to certain premises having a certain number. The number was our only guide; no name of firm, or notification of the business done within, caused us to pass under an archway, which led into a little court, with a pump of mere mortal construction in the middle. There was a private house on one side, business-house on the other

side, entrance at the centre by a large door into a lowering stone hall like a brewery. Everything quiet, dingy, common-place, with a few carboys of aquafortis scattered about. Directed by a housemaid, who was scrubbing down some stairs on one side of the court — she made no mysterious appearance or disappearance, and pronounced no cabalistic words — we crossed over to a common counting-house, and not a very clean one either.

But, not to mention the Treasure-Room within, where a jet of gas kept watch and ward upon trucks of silver and gold, here, in this counting-house, were uncountable scoops set forth, containing Australian gold, weighed out ready to be cast, and looking exactly like the kernels of golden walnuts, irregularly broken up into various-sized pieces: some very small and fine. Upon a sturdy little carriage hard by, stood a number of such heavy little boxes that it gave me a pain over the eyes to look at them, brim full of Australian gold; thousands of such boxes, tightly wedged down and brim full too, being then upon the sea, and being yet to be upon the sea, and being, as it would seem now, never for centuries to leave off coming over the sea, to supply the scoops. All this treasure, lying, like any common merchandise, quite familiarly in a big uncomfortable counting-house open to the yard, the fog, and rain; and nobody appearing to look particularly after it, no-

body appearing to be at all uneasy about it!

"To cook Australian gold," says my friend, imparting his golden wisdom in the form of a recipe. "Get your furnace fire well up. Fill your pot from your scoop. Boil for twenty minutes. Pour off in hand mould, to the weight of nearly eighteen pounds troy, and the value of eight hundred pounds sterling. Strew a little ivory-black on the top; cool; and serve up for the Bank of England."

But, the treasure in this counting-house was not all Australian gold. There was gold from the coast of Africa in dust, with here and there among the dust pieces of ear-ring, and of other ornaments obtained by commerce from the natives. There was other gold in plenty, from Diggings and washings, waiting its turn to go into the refiner's pot. In one part of the room, were carefully constructed scales, of size and strength suited for the weight of heavy matter in immense quantities. In another part of the room were smaller scales, ingeniously formed to combine strength and delicacy, for the weighing of the ingots of gold as they passed from the refiner's hands. The beam of these scales was fashioned from one piece of metal by a former partner in the firm, who did his work so well, that when the beam was hung, before its final adjustment, the two sides were found to differ by only ten grains.

From the counting-house, we

passed into a place where half-a-dozen strong men, who relieved each other every ten minutes, were with sledge-hammers forcing a chisel through a great lump of silver. The silver was bright and crystalline: the chisel, a wedge of iron with a piece of steel inserted to give hardness to the point. More than strength was needed in the swinging of one of the great hammers. It must not only make a wide sweep and fall heavily, but it must fall at the right moment, so that a rapid round of blows might be kept up without intermission, and no hammer fall at the wrong time. A lump of silver scarcely cold out of one furnace, was being beaten and sliced by the hammers into pieces of a fit size to go into another melting pot. Fortunate that silver has no sense of pain, for it has great afflictions to endure on a refiner's premises!

So said my friend. He had no more sounding name for this wonderful place, then, than "a refiner's premises." I looked at the master-refiners with awe. Very pleasant gentlemen; crisp, wholesome, extremely intelligent, and freely communicative. I remembered to have heard that the celebrated Tenth Regiment, after exhausting all other means and appliances of expense, took to wearing gold straps. Nothing of the kind about the master-refiners — ordinary pantaloons and boots, and no straps at all!

In the midst of so much gold, it seemed quite an affability in

the refiners not to despise silver. There was a good deal of silver: some of it, the various processes completed, lying about on the dark floors, in glittering bars like fish — precious herrings or whittings. But it had a good deal to go through, before it came to that. We stepped into another room and saw a blast furnace in the corner. Lead, and whatever dross had silver in it, was here melted; the blast was contrived to fall upon the scum and blew it off as, in the world of ordinary dust (not gold dust) one blows froth from porter. Under the furnace, was a trough of artificial stone — porous lime-stone made of pounded bones; when the molten silver, still with lead in combination, flowed upon this, the lead sunk into it and left the silver nearly pure. On the premises of the refiner nothing must be wasted. The smooth iron floors must be perpetually swept, and all the sweepings made to yield whatever they contain of value. With the silver there is often a little gold in combination, that will be worth getting out. The actual charge of the refiner, for his operation on the gold committed to him, is not great; on a small quantity it is very inconsiderable, though on the whole year's operations it is, of course, important; but, a great deal of profit comes from the habit among refiners of allowing nothing to be lost; they have the right of getting any silver that may be with gold that passes

through their pots, or getting any gold that may be had from silver.

We passed into a large and well-built hall, with a light iron roof and ventilator, a floor paved with iron, and a row, all round the walls, of furnaces or ovens. Through these ovens was a fierce draught. One of the oven doors was opened and revealed a pot, bright as the fire itself, among the glowing coals; within the pot, was liquid silver in full boil. It was taken out, cooled in a lump, and dragged across the iron floor to the sledge-hammers. Silver cools rapidly, beginning to cool at the edges of the vessel, and then throwing up from under the hardened crust a little heap of miniature mountains through the liquid centre. A piece of the great mass came to be again tormented in the fire. It was put into another pot — the pots used in the furnaces were crucibles made of a mixture of black lead and a certain kind of clay — and there was then added to the silver one-third of its weight of the gold dust, or of the gold in any other form to be refined. An oven door was opened, and, with a pair of tongs constructed for the purpose, this new pot was put upon the fire, and coke was raked about it. A mixture must be made, of two-thirds silver and one-third gold. If there were less than this proportion of silver in the mixture, there would be a failure in the next and chief stage of the refiner's process.

I left the furnaces to glow unseen, and watched the cooking of one little mess of gold and silver, worth may be a thousand pounds. The furnace door was opened by a man, who stirred the broth, and threw a little borax into it by way of flux, just as a cook might sprinkle salt by way of flavour. The door was again shut, impurities were burnt off in the fire, and meanwhile I still abided the serving up of this particular kettle of gold and silver upon which I had set my fancy. A workman with a thick padded gauntlet, like a baby's glove from Brobdignag, upon the hand and arm nearest the fire, took out a little in a spoon, and let it cool into a button: it was very good. Then, with his tongs he grasped the pot upon the fire, and his glove blackened and smoked furiously as he did so; a tub of water was in readiness; and, lifting up at arm's length his glowing mess of broth, he poured it by a slender stream into the water. There it cooled in a granulated form, and glittered very beautifully.

The gold and silver, thus united, were next taken to a smaller chamber, in which large cans hung over an apparatus which applied under them the heat of a gas fire. The cans looked very much like large tin oil-cans that would scarcely be worth cartage home if the firm should say to a visitor, "Sir, we will give them to you." They were, however, made of platinum, and had cost from seven hundred to a thousand pounds a-piece. Into one of these large cans, and newly-married pair were put, and, horrible to relate! strong nitric acid was poured over them, and in the nitric acid they were put over the gas fire and barbarously boiled. Silver was again the sufferer. Gold does not care for nitric acid, nor for the mere warmth of a gas fire. Silver, however, was absolutely delivered over to the power of the acid, its whole system was disturbed, it was dragged out of its bright metallic state, and swam dissolved in the bubbling liquid, while the gold dropped quietly to the bottom of the vessel, and remained quite unconcerned. The nitrous oxide vapour disengaged within the can, ascended through a tube which twisted and wriggled its way up through the roof; and, climbing the tiles, we saw this pipe twisting in the open air, and offering plenty of cool surface for the re-condensation of as much nitric acid as could be made to return into the can; the remaining gas getting out by a high chimney. Then, came the scene of the divorce between the gold and silver. The silver dissolved in the hot nitric acid, had been poured off from the sediment of gold into a jar placed ready under the spout of the can, the can itself being so hung as to be tilted easily. The gold was washed with some more nitric acid, which was again poured off, and had then only to be carried once more to the furnace, melted by itself

in a pot, and cast into ingots. But the silver still had a great deal of persecution to endure. I will complete at once its tale of sorrow.

Having been drawn, after separation from the gold — dissolved as it was in hot nitric acid — out of the cans into an open jar, it was there left to cool, and, as the liquid cooled, part of the silver rested upon the sides of the jar in large and handsome crystals. It was not metallic silver then, for it was bond slave to the nitric acid, and could exist only as a nitrate. It was in the next place thrown into large tubs, crystals or no crystals, and dissolved in a great deal of water. Plates of copper were then placed in the liquid, and the rest was left to time. Nitric acid loving to enslave copper rather than silver, sets the silver free, while it attacks the copper. A quantity of copper is eaten away, becomes nitrate of copper, and wanders dissolved about the tub, colouring the water blue. The nitrate of silver, having slipped its chain, falls as pure silver to the bottom of the tub. Nevertheless, it is in a state of miserable freedom. Some of it was scooped up from the bottom of the tub for my inspection, and looked exactly like mortar: in which condition it was put into a kind of bottomless washing-trough, and beat with a pestle to squeeze the water out; but this pounding was nothing to what followed, for it was packed into

a thick cylinder, open at both ends, and put to be squeezed under a powerful hydraulic press. The Bramah forced out all the water, but at the same time pressed the silver so firmly into the cylinder, that no power less than that which squeezed it in, could knock it out again. Therefore, by another action of the press, the mass of silver, having been pushed out into freedom, was presented to its owner in a hard lump, like a piece cut transversely from some large bough of a silver tree. Its final destination was the melting-pot. The blue water in which the copper had been dissolved, ran off into vats erected in a range of picturesque vaults below, thence to be drawn off in barrels. "It was once bought for the manufacture of verditer," said my friend; "and, though that use of it is now superseded, it still finds purchasers."

Some of the gold deposited from nitric acid was, by this time, being melted in the furnace house, and was almost ready to be cast. Whatever purification had not been achieved by the nitric acid, was now to be completed by the fire. The gold was ready to be poured into small moulds with long handles. It poured with a rich colour, and cooled quickly with an even surface: not boiling up into central mountains as the silver had done. To hasten its cooling, and to clear every impurity from the surface, the gold was dipped into a solu-

tion of oil of vitriol, and then turned out of its mould in a bright yellow bar, about eight inches long and very heavy in the hand. This was artificially refined gold, and would be sent to its destination at the Bank, or elsewhere, after the due calculations had been made of comparison with the amount of the original material, and of its present weight and quality. Its present weight was ascertained in the counting-house at the before-mentioned scales. That done, it was stamped at an adjoining window by the punching in of certain letters and figures, whereby it could be at all times described and identified in invoices and elsewhere. A piece was then cut from a corner of an ingot, representing each batch of refined gold, was marked and registered, and sent to the assayer; who would return with every such piece, a ticket, printed in a certain form, and filled up in a brief technical way, with a report of the nature and amount of any slight alloy which the gold still might contain. This statement would be delivered with the finished gold, and would be of course an element in the ensuing debtor and creditor account.

The workmen were, with very few exceptions, Welshmen. Nobody seemed to know why. They all earned high wages, and looked handsome, portly, and jovial. There had never been an instance, within the memory of the firm, of any workman endeavouring to pilfer either silver or gold. They

were not necessarily bred to the business. Some of them had been employed at Barclay and Perkins's before coming there; and, again, nobody knew the process of transition from strong beer to precious metals. Accidents very rarely happened. Only one could be remembered. A man upset some molten gold in the process of casting, and severely burnt his legs and feet; but, he was a thorough workman and a hero, and said nothing about it until he had finished his job; then he mentioned, incidentally, that he thought they had better take him to the hospital. The wind-up of my information was, that a gold and silver refiner's was always a ready-money business. Heaven and earth, I should think so!

Thus, I came out from among the treasure, all among the dirty streets, and houses, and waggons, and bales, and felt like the man who found his charmed money changed into leaves. At the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, I took leave of my friend known on 'Change, and he left me once more standing under the tree. Much as Gulliver on coming home from Brobdignag despised the ordinary stature of mankind, so I took a sovereign out of my waistcoat pocket and thought it ridiculously small, and regarded the gold watches at the jewellers' shops over the way as in the last degree insignificant. I am constantly thinking of the treasure as I walk along the streets, and repeating, "Three tons of gold a day — one

customer to the extent of a million a month — what it will be, passes human calculation!" If the gentle reader should at any time observe a wayfarer of interesting appearance, incoherently repeating those words, that wayfarer will be the writer of the present article.

FRANCIS MOORE, PHYSICIAN.

WHATEVER may have been done by our fathers, certainly it is not we who are disposed to stone the prophets. Such prophets as we have, we hear. Francis Moore, Physician, has grown old among us, no man hindering; Partridge has picked up corn; Zadkiel Pao Sze has taken to himself in our own days the prophet's mantle, and it has kept him tolerably warm.

Moore's Almanack for many years lies now before us, and should tell us the world's history in whispers from the stars. The sharp look-out kept by those little eyes that peer over the world, enables them, of course, to look ahead, like a bright throng of Sister Annes, and tell the curious astrologer what they see coming. Here, for a string of years, is the connected chronicle of things to come; and here, for ten years, lies behind them, in that strict record the Annual Register, the dogged chronicle of things that came.

That is all very stern, if we propose in a cold way to say, here is

the chaff and there are living coals; now let us put them side by side and make comparisons. But we cannot look upon the face of Old Moore and be altogether stern. Red-letter days come back upon the memory from the red letters of his *Vox Stellarum*. Who is without a picture on his memory of some old lady who may have been stout or thin, ugly or handsome, great aunt or grandmother, but for whom in his childhood he has run through Moore's Almanack on many an errand lovingly fulfilled? Some dear old patron down in the country whom it was joy to visit, whose hands were to the little ones of her heart's love the never-failing sources of a stream of oranges, cakes, six-pences, rocking-horses, Robinson Crusoes, thimbles, tops, dolls, and silver pencil-cases; who looked forward to his holidays as holidays to her; who planned delightfully absurd games and laughed with triumphing affection while he played them; who based picnic parties upon Francis Moore's opinion of the weather; who sighed when her pet child sat upon a little stool beside her, reading the Almanack's moralities upon the wicked world; and, who shared all the child's wonder at the hieroglyphic, and his struggle to discover the interpretation of its mysteries.

So old errors cling to us and we to them, because they are half hallowed by association with the memories of those who died when we were young, in firm possession

of our freshest love and reverence. Nevertheless they have to be put off. We are too proud, in spite of all our sentiment, to wear upon our bodies worn-out clothes belonging to our ancestors; we ought to be too wise to clothe our minds in their worn-out opinions.

Then we will take up a volume which contains the numbers of Moore's Almanack for several years, ranging between thirty and forty years ago, bound up together. It happens to have annotations in it, out of which we deduce the fact, that these numbers belonged to a lady who enriched the pages of her Almanack with a few facts out of the life about her. She has inserted the dates of the marriages, deaths, and interments that took place among her acquaintance; she has carefully noted, every year, on what days the bees swarmed; she was evidently — as we see by her entries — housekeeper in the country seat of a noble lord, who came down occasionally with his noble lady and received guests and went away again, leaving the Almanack-keeper and bee-keeper in charge. She could not have been young nor popular among the household, since we find among her events such chronicles as "This day John Bunter told me I was an old trump, and that half what I said was lies." No doubt she registered the insult in her Almanack promising herself not to scratch it out until she was avenged. Against another date she writes, "This day William Jones

went: a good journey to him, and now I shall have no more of his impudence." The impudence of Jones, and certain things that passed between her and my lord concerning it, had also been chronicled, but are unhappily obliterated by the binder.

On certain pages there occur mysterious entries, which consist of the simple phrase, "Lord Coal's Fidler," or "Lord Coal's Mr. Wilkins," with a written date annexed, from which we might conclude that the old lady had a tender feeling for a musical gentleman attached to a neighbouring establishment and registered the days on which he came to take tea in her parlour. This theory, however, is overturned by the still better-founded theory that a certain Mr. Micks, who makes irregular appearances, coming and going like a comet, and whose coming and going are always set down in the Almanack, is the husband of the housekeeper. Whenever his arrival is entered, there follow always on the next succeeding dates, thick and fast, such entries as "A mixture," "A journey," "A plature," "This day a seaton was put in Mr. Micks's back;" from which we conclude either that Mr. Micks was an unhealthy subject, or that his wife had a design upon his life, and called the apothecary to her aid, keeping at the same time, however, an account of what poison she got from him, as a prudent check upon his Christmas bill. The Almanack does not,

however, go on to inform us that Mr. Micks died, to add the date of his interment, or to say afterwards whether on any day Mrs. Micks was married to Lord Coal his fiddler.

Now we must quit the subject of these personal associations and be stern. Here is the year 1815. O thou dull Moore, or are the stars dull, that they don't exult in the "æstival or summer quarter," over an event worthy to be boded in the skies? — if skies bode anything at all beyond immediate probabilities of fine or rainy weather. For the æstival quarter of the year 1815, Moore's Almanack predicts that "A certain emperor seems gaining ground, and in favour with the French nation or French Government, to the mortification of a certain exalted family. The arms of England will be mostly successful or victorious, notwithstanding Britannia has been, and may be still, in mourning for many sons," &c. For October, 1815, the astrologer saw "Some glimmering hope of bettering our Misfortunes, and converting our Fears into more peaceful and better days." For November he suggested "Expectation of better things, but perhaps not the things themselves." O Francis Moore, in what November fog were future things enveloped when you strained forward to catch sight of the great deeds of 1815 — the fall of Napoleon, the close of war, and the commencement of another epoch in the story of the world — and yet could do no more than all your neighbours did, expect better things, or rather not the things themselves, whatever they might be, but you expected expectation of them.

Now let us be methodical; and, beginning with the year 1840, follow the prophet through the ways of history so far as he adverts to them, and we have leisure to apply a test to his fore-knowledge. We are soon perplexed by finding that our Moore is by no means of a free and open nature. He certainly takes pains not to commit himself. After the usual moralities (might we venture to say, Moore-alties) by way of preface, the great Astrologer informs us solemnly, as his judgment for the year 1840, that "On taking a prospective review of the various motions and relative positions of the heavenly bodies, together with the probable effects deduced therefrom, there is reason to anticipate —" breathless expectation hurries to read on, — "that the year 1840 will be chequered with many events, both as respects nations and individuals." Certainly, different things happened in the year 1840, and it is true that events occurred to individuals as well as nations. The relative positions of the heavenly bodies did not, up to that point, mislead the sagacity of Francis More, Physician. There will be wars, he says, and rumours of wars, which "relate at this time to Russia, poor Poland, fine but brutalised Spain, Portugal, Holland, and Egypt."

Well, there was Beyrout bombarded in that year, and Saint Jean d'Acre fell; the war in Syria — which country the stars did not name — related certainly to Egypt. The other countries, so far as war was concerned, went on in their usual way; but the King of Holland abdicated. The stars did not mention that. The King of Prussia also died without a warning from the stars; though Francis Moore had ventured to ask on his own account, "How long will the old king last?" Our Queen married in February; the marriage in high life was not announced, however, in the high quarters which Moore consults; nor did the Almanack foretell the birth of the Princess Royal. These were the events most prominent in the year 1840 to the minds of Englishmen. Moore mentioned none of them, but, he said, "Unfortunately if our statesmen, whether Whig or Tory or neither, continue to neglect year after year my warnings, the evil will not be redressed till they see their mistake and rue it. It is my duty, however, to persevere, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." So Francis Moore, Physician, did persevere — in talking most about the places from which we receive least news, and upon which he could dilate most safely. "Look at Persia. The stars tell something of Persia; but then, the inhabitants of that country are so stupid, so vain, so unfaithful, and so ignorant, that benevolent Britons leave her to her fate." We

are very happy to look at Persia; but we see no event that happened there of any note in the year 1840. Well, Mr. Moore, we have looked at Persia. "Look, again, at Iceland, at which the stars here glance." What of Iceland? "Happy Iceland! beyond the reach of European squabbles, quiet, harmless, inoffensive, cultivating thy fields, admiring thy Geysers." Yes, a very beautiful apostrophe; but we cannot imagine what the stars saw that was likely to be interesting to us when they glanced at Iceland. They saw Iceland admiring its Geysers. In fairness we must add that, in this year, during the life of O'Connell, Mr. Moore was bold enough to state, on the authority of the stars, that "Ireland is likely to be somewhat agitated."

In the year 1841 Moore's Almanack appeared with a prophecy almost distinct. The prophet evidently had a notion. In his hieroglyphic, which he never explains but leaves always "to the ingenuity of the reader," there was something that would serve very well for Walmar Castle, and on the sad November page we were told that "A great general stoops to fate; death alone convinces us that all men are vanity." In the prophecy on the æstival quarter it said that "The grim king of terrors is stretching forth his gigantic arms; *he strikes down one of the greatest.*" Moore went into italics on the subject, but the stars were out again, though they luckily could save their credit by

asserting (through Francis Moore, Physician) that they meant General Harrison, President of the United States, who died early in the spring. The Annual Register tells us of the dissolution of Parliament and fall of a ministry upon its reassembling in the autumn — a fact which the prophet might in common kindness have hinted to a nation of electors. Great events also were taking place in India and China, about which the prophet might have surely told us something. On the other hand it was polite in him to state that “The position of the presiding star of my fair readers both in this and the preceding ingress requires them to be more than usually cautious against wet feet and evening dews.”

For the year 1842 Moore's Almanack, taking the usual sweep, prophesied ferment and agitation in India, Mexico, Greece, Russia, Saxony, &c. “France, Italy, and Greece,” he said, “are uneasy.” Except this casual mention of India, with Mexico, Saxony, and so on, among agitated places, there was not a ray from the stars to warn us of the terrible disasters in Affghanistan, and there was no hint whatever on the Chinese war, although it was in the year 1842 that our squadron entered the Yang-tse-Kiang, and the terms of a treaty of peace were settled. If the prophet had looked far enough abroad to mention in his Almanack for 1842 Otaheite in the place of Iceland, he would have hauled a prize in the affair

of Queen Pomare. In that year there were in England the Corn-law debates, and Sir Robert Peel was burnt in effigy in our manufacturing towns. That was the year of the tariff and the income tax. That was the year of two attempts on the Queen's life. That was the year of a great earthquake in St. Domingo, by which ten thousand lives were lost. That was the year of the great fire of Hamburgh. Not a syllable was in the Almanack to touch in the remotest way on any one of these great facts, unless it be the prophecy made for the autumn quarter that “Many things will turn up which will lead the thoughtful mind to serious reflection.” Many things did turn up which lead us to the serious reflection that Francis Moore knew nothing of events to come.

We have seen that Francis Moore did not predict what happened. In the same year there were one or two things which the wise man did predict; they of course did not happen. “The fate of Turkey,” the stars cried, “is already sealed.” “Turkey is in a tottering condition.” Turkey stands where it did even to this day. “The system of Louis Philippe seems now wound up to its stretch; and therefore some great change may shortly be experienced.” Astrologers have always safely predicted change in France, agitation in Ireland, discontent in Italy, and so on. But in this case “the system of Louis Philippe” had five years to run

and Mr. Moore was very much deceived by some too hasty planet.

For the year 1843 Francis Moore predicted, with his usual courage, that "From the whole I should infer that we shall have some good intermixed with the evil, which will soothe the minds of many," &c.; he predicted, with an ambiguity most creditable to him as an oracle, that there might or might not be some atrocious murders at the close of the spring. The planets left the matter doubtful, he said. "The dark cloud which I named in 1841 as hanging over Turkey, is now rapidly increasing in opacity, and must shortly burst on its devoted head." The prophets wage incessant war with Turkey; nothing, however, comes of it. For the same year — 1843 — Francis Moore predicted a deficiency in the flood of the Nile, which did not happen, and claimed (upon no better ground than we have already examined) to have predicted the disasters in India in his last Almanack; at the same time, however, he did not make good his case by predicting, or even hinting at the important affairs in India which were to follow, and belong to the history of the year 1843: — the battles of Meeanee & Hyderabad, the victory at Maharajpore.

For the year 1844 the prophet acutely suggested that "Something seems to be hatching in France," — (a prediction rendered very remarkable by the notorious fact that Change so seldom hatches

any thing in that country) — "and Spain is far from tranquil." Mr. Cobden being hard at work while he wrote, and the important affairs of India and China filling the papers, the prophet fetched news from the stars for 1844, that "The Corn Laws and Free Trade will be brought upon the carpet; also our affairs in India, China, and other remote regions, will be the subjects of long speeches." What follows must have also been valuable information to the country, "Important news from distant shores will frequently arrive." But what news? The noisiest event of that year was the French war with Morocco, a matter one might think specially concerning a Moore's Almanack, but there is not the remotest hint of such an event.

For 1845 Francis Moore — still carrying on his private war with Turkey — said (and again was wrong in saying) that "The final overthrow of the Mahometan despot at Constantinople may ere long be expected, when a better form of Government will be established in that empire." "Jupiter at the end of spring" the Astrologer said — in 1845, be it remembered — "passes over to the ascendant of Ireland, and will benefit that country; which, I hope, is on the eve of experiencing better things." This was the astrologer's prediction of the terrible potato famine! For the winter quarter, which commenced on the 21st of December, 1845, Francis Moore — thoroughly assured by the stars

— said, "It is clear that there will not be much of novelty as to matters of state, at least in this country." In that quarter Sir Robert Peel startled the world by his great change of policy, dissolved his government, opposed the Corn Laws and completed the great act of statesmanship that made his name immortal.

The stars that misled Mr. Moore in these matters were not likely to inform him on the subject of the savage warfare in Algeria, the Sikh war, the battle of Moodkee, or the burning of two-thirds of Quebec. There is no hint of these, the other prominent events of that important year. Certainly, if the stars have anything to foretell to men,

"That Moore's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow;"

and he had better run no more risks. Or if the stars be trustworthy, "the Moore himself's at sea," and still we would advise him to travel over less uncertain ground.

For the year 1846, Moore's Almanack did little in the way of prophecy.

The year 1847 was marked, according to the Annual Register, by the dreadful condition of Ireland, great excitement in Italy, and civil war in Switzerland. Moore, however, who, when he is not belabouring Turkey, generally gives Russia a thrashing, prophesied nothing about Ireland, Italy, or Switzerland, but said,

"Something unpleasant is hatching in Russia." He prophesied also, safely as he thought, judging from the past, danger of war with America "about a piece of land." Of course, nothing of the kind happened. Judging again by experience of the past, and again most unluckily, the conjuror announced, for the year 1847, that "Some momentous intelligence arrives from India." India, however, perverse stumbling-block to guess masters, again disturbed Mr. Moore's credit. The affairs of India for 1847 are characterised in the Index to the Annual Register by these words, "Profound tranquillity throughout the year." Basing his calculation on a planetary Abracadabra, Mr. Moore succeeded better, we have no doubt, in warning some of the old maids among his readers against the duplicity and spite of maiden friends who would ensnare and devour them at their tea-parties. "Old ♀ in ♂ to ♀ promises us good: let me advise unwary virgins to be cautious, for there are yet those of their own sex seeking to ensnare them, and are indeed wolves in sheep's clothing."

For the year 1848, the Almanack really prophesied, so far as everybody foresaw at the end of 1847, that "certain great changes are likely to take place affecting some of the crowned heads of Europe." These changes, however, were to "bring about a congenial state of things;" we don't think that the Heavens — meaning the stars — themselves know whether they

may be considered to have done so. For the same year it was said, "There is some warlike feeling brewing in France and Italy, but which will not, I trust, be exhibited in any serious point of view." So far were the stars from hinting to the prophet the real truth, that he was led to predict for October "Much bustle of a friendly and benevolent nature." The true history of 1848 is quite fresh in all memories. "Ireland," said the prophet, "is getting over her difficulties;" and "I shall not wonder if we hear of some lady in high life greatly annoyed by her unfaithful lover." As we are not favoured with a large confidential correspondence among ladies in high life, we cannot say which lady was annoyed, or whether all had lovers who were faithful.

For the year 1849, Francis Moore, Physician, did not venture to commit himself to very much more than the safe prophecy that "Our cabinet will be frequently engaged in matters relative to the great struggle and contention" (or, the bustle of a friendly and benevolent nature?) "in European states."

When the time really came for a safe hit at Russia, the stars missed fire. Mr. Francis Moore, in wandering about the world after a far-fetched prognostic, did not stumble upon California or Australia; the gold discoveries, which promise to effect a small revolution of their own, came

heralded by not a breath of portent in the Almanack.

Serious inquiry of this kind may seem very absurd to the thousands who know well what ground there is for astrological pretensions; but, there are many in this country, and there may possibly be some among our readers, to whose profit it will be, to see distinctly that even Francis Moore, the safest of astrologers, who sticks to generalities as much as possible, and feels his way and takes great pains never to get out of his depth, errs as grossly as it is possible for a man to err whenever he attempts to tell what lies behind the blanket of the dark. Other prophets who attempt to tell more, err more, and would appear even more ridiculous if brought to the same test by which we have now tried ten years of Moore's Almanack.

UMBRELLAS.

WOULD M. Garnerin have astonished the denizens of St. Pancras, by alighting among them in a parachute liberated from a balloon, half a century ago?—would he have had many imitators, successful and unsuccessful, at all sorts of Eagles and Rosemary Branches and Hippodromes?—and, lastly, would Madame Poitevin, the only real, genuine Europa of modern times, have dropped down from the clouds on an evening visit to Clapham Common?—would all these events

have occurred if umbrellas had never been invented? What should induce the aëronaut to think of such an expedient, unless he had seen how nicely and suddenly the cloth of an umbrella expands into its curved form by the sliding action of the stretchers? When M. Blanchard lowered his little dog in a parachute over Liège, in 1785, he had studied an umbrella well beforehand. Our umbrellas usually have eight ribs or meridians on their spherical surface, and, of course, eight gores of cotton, or silk, or alpaca, to connect and cover them; but M. Garnerin's umbrella-parachute had no less than thirty-two gores, and expanded to twenty-three feet in diameter — surely a sufficient shield against two showers of rain rolled into one, or two suns burning at once with double July power.

But it is with umbrellas proper, and not umbrella-parachutes, that we are here dealing. And, in touching upon umbrellas, we must perforce include parasols; for they are so nearly related by family ties, that, although in European countries the parasol is generally the lady sister of the umbrella, yet in the East they are one and indivisible. Or rather, the umbrella, in its character as a rain-guard, is very little known in the East, for no one with his wits about him thinks of stirring abroad in the rainy season.

Great is the honour of holding

an umbrella, or rather parasol, over an Oriental potentate. Among the sculptures at Persepolis is a bas-relief of a king or chief, over whose head an umbrella is held by an attendant. At Takht-i-Bostau, another spot in Persia, is a bas-relief representing a chief witnessing a boar hunt, with an attendant umbrella-bearer. Dr. Layard has met with umbrellas among his bas-reliefs at Nineveh, which seem to have been very smart productions. "It" (the Nineveh sun-shade) "resembled in shape very closely those now in common use, but it is always seen open in the sculptures. It was edged with tassels, and was usually adorned at the top by a flower, or some other ornament. On the later bas-reliefs a long piece of embroidered linen or silk, falling from one side like a curtain, appears to screen the king completely from the sun. The parasol was reserved exclusively for the monarch, and is never represented as borne over any other person." The Sangsters of Nineveh, therefore, six-and-twenty centuries ago, must have had rather a limited circle of customers. In ancient Egypt, as in ancient Assyria, these sun-shields appear to have been used; for Sir J. G. Wilkinson has copied from one of the Theban pictures a delineation of an Ethiopian princess travelling in a car, to which is attached an umbrella or sun-shade, bearing a strong resemblance to the chaise umbrella which Mr. and Mrs. Smith take

out with them on their Sunday's ride to Epping Forest.

The parasol is still an appendage of ceremonials in the East. Among the numerous titles of the King of Ava is that of "lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." In Siam, the chief officers of state use umbrellas nearly resembling those of Europe; but the king — Loubere tells us — has an umbrella three or four tiers in height; and the umbrellas which he presents to ambassadors and his favourites indicate the degree of his favour by the kind of hangings or trimmings. Among the Mahratta tribes in India, the *chatrapati* or "lord of the umbrella," is an officer of very high rank; and Sir John Malcolm is of opinion that the Persian title of *satrap* is derived from the same word. Besides the favoured holder of the umbrella over the sacred head of the Chinese emperor, the officers of state in China have each his umbrella-holder; and in Chinese drawings it is very customary to see ladies attended by servants similarly provided with umbrellas. Ali Bey, in describing the entrance of the Emperor of Morocco into Fez, says, that by the side of the monarch rode an officer holding an umbrella over the Emperor's head. Niebuhr tells us that, when in the south of Arabia, he saw the Imaum of Saná going to mosque in great state, with an umbrella over him.

In Europe we find the distinction between the umbrella and the parasol more marked. The

French have their *parapluie* and their *parasol*; the Italians their *ombrélllo* and their *parasole*; the Germans their *regenschirm* and their *sonnenschirm* — all "rain-guards" or "sun-guards." It is probable that Italy was the first European country to adopt these conveniences, originally as a sun-shade only, but afterwards as a rain-shade likewise. Horsemen sometimes carried with them ombrellos made of leather, hooped in the inside, so as to expand to a pretty large size. Robinson Crusoe's umbrella was, as we all know, made of skins, with the hair outwards; and Defoe probably derived his idea of it from the sun-shades used at that time in South America.

The umbrella as a sun-shield was certainly known and used in England more than two centuries ago, for it is mentioned in that capacity by Ben Jonson and by Beaumont and Fletcher; but its use as a wet weather companion commenced much later. Gay, writing his "Trivia," about 1712, speaks thus: —

"Good housewives all the winter's rage
despise,
Defended by the riding hood's disguise;
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet in clinking pattens
tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs
display
To guard their beauties from the sunny
ray;
Or sweating slaves support their shady
load,
When Eastern monarchs show their
state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilling showers the
walking maid."

But, alas! for Gay's theory, the "walking maid" has become more afraid of the sun's beams; not only does the well-to-do lady carry a parasol, but the damsel of low degree now looks out among "Tremendous Sacrifices," for parasols at thirteen-pence halfpenny each. And the oily shed of which Gay speaks seems to denote a kind of sou'wester material, less dainty than the neat gingham or the soft silk.

Jonas Hanway, celebrated for much more important things, has the celebrity of being the first *man* to use an umbrella in England. With respect to Scotland, Creech tells us that "in 1763 there was no such thing known or used as an umbrella: but an eminent surgeon of Edinburgh, who had occasion to walk a good deal in the course of his business, used one about the year 1780; and in 1783 umbrellas were much used." Glasgow seems also, from the "Statistical Account" of that city, to have become possessed of its first umbrella about the same time, much to the astonishment of the citizens. All very well, this, for the abundant rains in the *touns* of Scotland; but it is difficult to admire a full-dressed kilted Highlander walking under an umbrella, a sight which Queen Victoria has more than once witnessed. Before umbrellas were used by pedestrians in England, it became customary to provide one in the halls of genteel mansions, to hold over persons when entering or leaving their car-

riages. In those days umbrellas were weighed by the pound, and not by the ounce, as at present.

The making of umbrellas and parasols is a very curious art, as we learn abundantly from that same Exhibition Jury which has told the world more about walking-sticks than the world ever knew before. It appears that in forty years there have been no fewer than eighty patents taken out in France alone for improvements in umbrella making. An umbrella consists, as a slight examination will show, of a large number of distinct parts, and there has been room for untiring ingenuity in devising means of fastening these several pieces together; so that those which are to be fixed may be firm in their fixedness, and those which are to move may move smoothly and quietly. And there has been no want of change in the materials employed — cane, for whalebone; iron, for wood; and alpaca for silk or gingham.

The putting together of umbrella and parasol frames with cane and whalebone ribs is, it seems, chiefly done by small masters in London, who employ lads to assist them; the covering with woven material is the work of women and girls at their own humble homes; while the fixing of the handles and ferules is often done at the warehouses. There are thus no umbrella factories, properly so called; the system resembles that of the Clerkenwell watch trade, in which the com-

ponent elements of a watch travel about from one small master to another, before being finally put together. The metal work, however — the Birmingham portion — especially since the increased use of iron in the frames, is conducted much more on the factory system; the number of persons so employed is very large, and the manufacture is an important element in Birmingham industry.

The amount of work which the putter-together performs for three farthings is scarcely credible, were it not stated on authority beyond all dispute. The workman receives stick, ribs, stretchers, and runners from the warehouse; he provides iron wire and sheet brass; his workshop is supplied at his own charge with lathes, saws, rose-cutters, drills, paring-knives, a vice, pliers, and other tools; and he and his lads — two to four in number — set to work. First, the stick goes through its prescribed ordeal; it is usually of beech, and was formerly stained; it is now *singed* to any desired tint. There is a portable fire-place with a hole in the chimney. The stick is thrust into that hole, and is passed rapidly over the top of a flame; being dexterously twisted about the while. It comes out of a dark or light colour according to the time of its exposure to, or its distance from, the flame. The workers taper one end for receiving the ferule; they cut two grooves for receiving the two springs which respectively keep the umbrella

closed and open; they insert the springs in these grooves, they add just a stopper of wire to prevent the slides from going too far, and they fix a cross wire with a staple at each end of it. Thus much for the stick; and now for the ribs. The workman and his staff of boys roughly taper the slip of whale-bone which is to form a rib; they shape it, and smooth it, and varnish its tip; they drill a hole in it, to facilitate the fastening to the cover; they shape and smooth the head, lap sheet brass round it, and drill a hole through it for the bit of wire which is afterwards to form a hinge; they similarly drill and shield it at the middle point where the stretcher is to be fastened, and they attach it to the stretcher by means of a little axis of wire. When all the eight ribs have been doctored in this way, they are separately weighed or weighted; that is, they are tested in respect to strength and flexibility, in order that the eight for any one umbrella may be selected as nearly equal as possible: a necessary condition for the symmetrical set of the umbrella when open. Thus far done, the busy workers proceed to thread the ribs; they insert a bit of wire in a drilled hole in each stretcher; they fasten the stretcher to a notch in the slides by means of this wire, and they fasten the ribs to their meeting point by other pieces of wire.

Now what, in the name of all that is cheap, does the reader imagine to be the rate of wages

paid for this labour and these bits of iron wire and sheet brass? In the first place, look at the movements, the separate operations. The stick passes through the hand nineteen times during its fashioning and adjustment; each rib passes through the hand thirteen times in preparing, once in weighing, and four times in threading; and thus, for an umbrella of eight ribs, there have been one hundred and sixty-three successive operations, performed by the workman and his three or four boys. For this he receives from a halfpenny to three farthings in the case of parasols, and from three farthings to one penny in the case of umbrellas, if the manufacture be of the commonest kind, and the ribs made of cane; but a whalebone-ribbed umbrella brings him about twopence halfpenny. In respect to the number of operations, we may say that the Jury reporter makes it one hundred and thirty-five; but as his sum total does not quite agree with his items, we have taken the liberty to introduce a little arithmetic of our own. A workman and four boys can, notwithstanding this complexity of movements and operations, put together nearly six hundred common umbrellas in a week; but out of the six hundred pence which he may receive for this labour, his iron wire and sheet brass will have cost him eight shillings. When the next shower of rain impels us to open an umbrella, let us look at its skeleton, and

ponder on the amount of labour rendered for a penny or twopence.

The womens' and girls' work, in covering the umbrellas and parasols, is paid for at the rate of from a penny to fourpence each, according to the quality and the amount of labour.

The iron or (so called) steel frames now made at Birmingham, are produced in enormous quantities. The stick, ribs, stretchers, and ferule, are all made of iron, and can be supplied complete so low as sevenpence each. The small compass into which an iron-frame umbrella will pack, is a great source of the favour in which it is held. France excels us in the costly and beautiful umbrellas and parasols; but we outvie all the world in the humbler kinds. Several of our large City houses are said to sell from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dozens of umbrellas and parasols weekly. The wholesale prices have now reached such a low degree of cheapness that a child's gingham parasol may be had for fourpence, a woman's for tenpence-halfpenny, a small silk parasol for the same, and a gingham umbrella for sevenpence. That the manufacture of these goods must be very large in England, is shown by the fact that the whalebone fins imported, and used principally for umbrella-ribs, amount to eight or nine thousand hundredweights annually.

The pursuit of lightness has been one of the aims of modern

umbrella makers, insomuch that we are becoming lighter and lighter every generation. The umbrella of 1645 is recorded to have been a weighty affair of three pounds and a half, from which we have travelled downwards to about half a pound. One inventor has ingeniously shown how to make the ribs of hollow steel tubing, combining much strength with extraordinary lightness; and another has a contrivance for opening the umbrella by merely touching a spring near the handle; a third shows you how to draw out the stick, and use it as a walking-stick; while another enables you to fold up your umbrella and stow it away in your great-coat pocket. The Alpaca is a favourite just now; it is covered with cloth made from the undyed wool of the South American sheep; it fades neither in the sunshine nor with the touch of salt-water, and it is strong and durable. No less than twenty-five thousand pounds' worth of Alpaca cloth was used in England for covering umbrellas in 1851. In Paris there are something like seventeen hundred persons employed in making umbrellas and parasols, producing three hundred thousand pounds' worth in a year — no trifling item in the productive industry of a great city.

If we mistake not, the newspapers described, a few years ago, a most gorgeous umbrella made in London for an Oriental potentate, with a hollow stick

containing all sorts of golden and be-jewelled knick-knacks, and an external adornment of most costly character. Yet is the seven-penny gingham umbrella a more important commercial article, after all.

A CHILD'S FIRST LETTER.

To write to papa, 't is an enterprise bold
For the fairy-like maiden scarce seven
years old,
And see! what excitement the purpose
hath wrought
In eyes that when gravest seem playing
at thought!

The light little figure surprised into
rest —
The smiles that *will* come so demurely
repressed —
The long-pausing hand on the paper that
lies —
The sweet puzzled look in the pretty blue
eyes.

'Tis a beautiful picture of childhood in
calm,
One cheek swelling soft o'er the white
dimpled palm
Sunk deep in its crimson, and just the
clear tip
Of an ivory tooth on the full under lip.

How the smooth forehead knits! With
her arm round his neck,
It were easier far than on paper to speak;
We must loop up those ringlets: their
rich falling gold
Would blot out the story as fast as 't was
told.

And she meant to have made it in bed,
but it seems
Sleep melted too soon all her thoughts
into dreams:
But hush! by that sudden expansion of
brow,
Some fairy familiar has whispered it
now.

How she labours exactly each letter to
sign,
Goes over the whole at the end of each
line,
And lays down the pen to clap hands with
delight
When she finds an idea especially bright.

At last the small fingers have crept to an
end:

No statesman his letter 'twixt nations
hath penned

With more sense of its serious impor-
tance, and few

In a spirit so loving, so earnest, and true.

She smiles at, a feat so unwonted and
grand,

Draws a very long breath, rubs the
cramped little hand:

May we read it? Oh yes; my sweet
maiden, may be

One day you will write what *one only*
must see.

"But no one must change it!" No, truly,
it ought

To keep the fresh bloom on each natural
thought.

Who would shake off the dew to the rose-
leaf that clings? —

Or the delicate dust from the butterfly's
wings?

Is it surely a letter? So bashfully lies
Uncertainty yet in those beautiful eyes,
And the parted lips' coral is deepening in
glow,

And the eager flush mounts to the fore-
head of snow.

'Tis informal and slightly discursive, we
fear;

Not a line without love, but the love is
sincere.

Unchanged, papa said he would have it
depart,

Like a bright leaf dropped out of her
innocent heart.

Great news of her garden, her lamb, and
her bird,

Of mamma, and of baby's last wonderful
word;

With an ardent assurance — they neither
can play,

Nor learn, nor be happy, while *he* is
away.

Will he like it? Ay, will he! what letter
could seem,

Though an angel indited, so charming to
him?

How the fortunate *poem* to honour would
rise

That should never be read by more criti-
cal eyes!

Ah, would for poor rhymsters such favour
could be

As waits, my fair child, on thy letter and
thee!

JUSTICE TO CHICORY.

BECAUSE we do not like to re-
ceive chicory under the name of
coffee, it by no means follows that
we object to receive chicory in its
own name, or that we consider it
wrong to marry chicory and coffee
to each other; the alliance may
be advantageous, only let it not
be secret. Secret marriages can
scarcely lead to any good. On
the third of August last — three
months ago — an order was is-
sued from the Treasury to take
effect among the grocers three
months after date, by which it is
forbidden to sell coffee and chi-
cory in combination, or to sell
chicory by itself in packages con-
taining less than two ounces,
thus: —

"That, in future, Licensed
Dealers in Coffee be allowed to
keep and sell chicory, or other
vegetable substances prepared to
resemble coffee, provided that
they be sold, unmixed with coffee,
in packages sealed or otherwise
secured, containing respectively
not less than two ounces, and
having pasted thereon a printed
label, with the name or firm of

the seller, the exact weight and true description of the article contained therein; and provided that no such article be kept in a loose state, or otherwise than in such packages as aforesaid, in any room entered for the storage or sale of coffee."

Any stranger reading an order of this kind, and knowing how many poisonous adulterations are familiarly tolerated in this country, would suppose chicory, which must not be kept in a loose state under the same roof with coffee, to be some very dreadful thing, some dietetic gunpowder that grocers use for the undermining of the constitution in this country. In truth it is, however, one of the most harmless substances that ever have been used for the purpose of adulteration, not excepting even water — as it is obtained in London. In the case of all low-priced coffee — of all coffee purchased by the poor — adulteration with chicory yields profit to the grocer, simply because it yields pleasure to the customer. Good chicory and middling coffee dexterously mixed can be sold at the price of bad coffee, and will make a beverage at least twice as good, and possibly more, certainly not less, wholesome. Coffee that chicory would spoil is bought by none of the poor, and by a portion only of the middle classes. We do not advocate secret adulteration, but we would have the adulteration to be made open, and all people to understand distinctly, that

since chicory is altogether wholesome, it is a matter that depends upon the taste and the pocket, whether they will buy coffee pure or mixed. Take away all fraud from the use of chicory, and we shall be glad to see its use fairly promoted. Let us look a little more closely into the subject.

Chicory is better known to many of us when growing wild in many parts of England on dry chalky soils under the name of the wild endive; it belongs to a tribe of composite plants, called "the Cichoraceæ," in which are included, also, dandelion, and the garden lettuce. It shoots above the soil a tuft of leaves, and when it runs to flower, sends up a stem from one to three feet high, rigid, rough, branched, clothed with leaves and blue flowers. It has a long root like that of a carrot, which becomes enlarged by proper cultivation, and is the part used for the manufacture of a substitute for coffee. Every part of the plant is perfectly wholesome — the root when fresh is tonic, and in large doses slightly aperient. Chicory is cultivated extensively in Belgium, Holland, and Germany. It is cultivated in France for its leaves, as herbage and pasturage; in Germany and Flanders for its roots. It was first cultivated in England about 1780, by the well-known agriculturist, Arthur Young. It is a most valuable article of farm produce. On blowing poor and sandy land, it yields more sheep-food than any plant in cultivation; it will

thrive on fen and bog and peat; it is good fodder for cattle, it is good for pigs. It grows only too readily, if that be an objection, for if not carefully extirpated, it is apt to become a vivacious weed. For herbage chicory is sown precisely in the same way as clover; for the roots it is sown and thinned in the same way as carrots, and taken up, as carrots are, in the first autumn after sowing.

The removal of the restrictions on the use of chicory, by the minute recently rescinded, stimulated its cultivation in this country, and the memorial of the home-growers, who appeal against re-imposition of restrictions, does not go a syllable beyond the truth in representing, that "the great demand for chicory, which has arisen in consequence of this minute, has led to its very extensive cultivation in this country; considerable sums of money have been expended on the kilns and machinery required to prepare it for the markets, and a large amount of capital is at the present time profitably employed upon this new branch of English agriculture. It is not unimportant to notice that the cultivation of chicory requires and remunerates the use of land worth from five pounds to eight pounds per acre; that so far from exhausting the soil, wheat may be grown upon it after chicory with the greatest advantage; that it furnishes occupation for a very large number of labourers, including women and children, and at a time of

year when the fields afford but little other employment; and that, consequently, in some parishes, the poor's rate has been diminished by one half since chicory was introduced."

The blanched leaves of chicory are sometimes used as a substitute for endive, and are commonly sold as an early salad in the Netherlands. If the roots, after being taken up, be packed in sand, in a dark cellar, with their crowns exposed, they will push out shoots, and provide through the winter a very delicate blanched salad, known in France as *Barbe de Capucin*. When chicory is to be used for coffee, the roots taken up by the grower are partly dried, and then sold to the manufacturer, by whom they are cut into slices, roasted, and ground. The ground chicory thus made is used by many poor upon the continent as a substitute for coffee by itself. It has not of course the true coffee flavour, but it makes a rich and wholesome vegetable infusion of a dark colour, with a bitterish sweet taste, which would probably be preferred by a rude palate to the comparatively thin and weak, and at the same time not very palatable infusion of pure coffee of the second or third quality.

By the combination of a little chicory with coffee the flavour of the coffee is not destroyed, but there is added to the infusion a richness of flavour, and a depth of colour — a body, which renders it to very many people much more

welcome as a beverage. The cheapness of chicory enables a grocer, by the combination of chicory powder with good coffee, to sell a compound which will yield a cup of infinitely better stuff than any pure coffee that can be had at the same price. Any one with a sensitive taste, and a sufficient purse, would of course buy coffee of the finest quality, and never think of bettering with chicory the enjoyment of its delicate aroma. The majority of the people, however, are by no means in this position, and the state of the case as it concerns them we quote from the evidence of one of the leading retail grocery firms in the City. "We have carried on business," they say, "in our present premises for more than fifteen years: for the first ten years we adhered scrupulously to the principle of selling coffee in its pure state. We can truly say that we met with little encouragement from the public; complaints that our coffee was weak compared with that of other dealers were frequent; but, acting on a conscientious principle, we persevered till 1846. At this period our premises were enlarged, and we made an effort to extend our business. The state of the market enabling us to reduce the price of coffee, we commenced selling that article in its pure state at the very low price of a shilling a pound. This had the effect of attracting a great number of purchasers; but, in the course of a few weeks, remarks began to be made, such as —

'That shilling coffee of yours is very well-flavoured, but we are obliged to use much more of it than of that to which we have been accustomed.' But more frequently the comparison would be drawn between our coffee and that of some other dealer, such as — 'Your coffee is not so ill-flavoured, but it is not near so strong as Mr. So-and-so's.' After hearing many repetitions of those observations, we thought there must be some ground for them, and as we felt that no one could supply a better article at the price, we investigated the matter a little. We sent to Mr. So-and-so's for a pound of his ground coffee; we liquored it against our own, and found that it gave a much richer-looking infusion than ours, having also greater fulness in the mouth. We examined the sample carefully, and found it to contain chicory. We then procured samples from other dealers (all doing large trades), which, on examination, gave the same result. We found thus, that the advantage of selling pure coffee was very questionable as to ourselves, and was certainly not appreciated by the public. Why, then, should we continue to decline the use of chicory? The public taste demanded it; the legislature sanctioned or permitted it; we had no reason to think that chicory was deleterious, but, on the contrary, it possessed tonic properties, and was decidedly wholesome and nutritive. These reflections gradually brought us to the determination to gratify the public

taste, and we found that an immense increase in our coffee trade was the result; thus demonstrating, beyond the slightest doubt, that coffee, with an admixture of genuine chicory (which we take care to procure by purchasing the article in its raw state, and having it roasted the same as coffee), was preferred to coffee in its pure state. The reason of this we can clearly understand, and will explicitly state. We can afford to sell, and do sell a finer coffee when mixed with chicory than we can sell in its pure state at the same price; and the superiority of the coffee in conjunction with the fulness of the chicory, in our opinion, decidedly gives greater satisfaction to the public."

The history of the legislation upon chicory, so far as it is necessary to an understanding of the order of last August, may be very briefly told. It was provided by an act, the 43d George III., c. 129, s. 5, that if any vegetable substance shall be called by the vendor thereof British, or any other name of coffee or cocoa, the article shall be forfeited, and the owner shall be fined one hundred pounds.

On the 10th of April, 1832, a report having been read before the Lords of the Treasury from the Commissioners of Excise touching the necessity of prosecuting certain grocers on an information which had been exhibited against them for mixing chicory powder with coffee, the following minute was set down — "Write to the Commissioners of

Excise, and inform them, that as my lords contemplate an alteration in the law with respect to the sale of chicory powder, my lords do not consider it expedient that this information should be proceeded with." Four months afterwards, the Commissioners of Excise being urgent to know what my lords meant to do, the note was to "inform the Commissioners of Excise that my lords are of opinion that the sale of chicory powder unmixed should not be interfered with, but that the sellers of coffee should be informed that they must abide the consequences, if, after a notice of two months, they shall continue to sell coffee mixed with any other ingredient contrary to law."

On the 4th of August, 1840, a report from the Board of Excise was again read at the Treasury, touching the prosecution of certain grocers for mixing chicory with their coffee. The Lords of the Treasury then considered "that the law was altered with the view of admitting the admixture of chicory with coffee." This alteration they believed to have been made by implication in an act 6 and 7 William IV., cap. 60, which imposed a Customs duty in these terms: —

"Chicory, or any other vegetable matter applicable to the uses of chicory or coffee,

Raw, or kiln-dried,	per cwt.	20s.
Roasted or ground,	" "	56s."

This seems to have been the alteration of the law to which the Treasury alluded, and the minute goes on to say, "My lords, there-

fore, do not consider that any measure should be enforced to prevent the sale of coffee mixed with chicory, and are of opinion that the prosecutions in question should be dropped.

“My lords do not consider such admixture will be a fraud on the revenue, so long as the chicory pays the proper duty; and as between the seller and the consumer, my lords desire that government should interfere as little as possible.”

This is the minute which remained untouched until the 3d of August, 1852, when it was rescinded to make room for the new regulation before-mentioned, to be put in force three months after that date.

It seems to us that if any interference of the law be required to prevent the sale of chicory in coffee, it should tend only to prevent its dishonest admixture. If it be thought fit, let the grocer be compelled to call his mixed coffee chicory-coffee, or to distinguish it by some other name, and make him liable to penalty for chicory sold as pure coffee — in the present state of knowledge it is very easy to detect any concealed adulteration. It is, however, a rule that will bear harshly on the comforts of the poor if coffee is to be sold only in its pure state, and chicory cannot be obtained in any less quantity than a two-ounce packet. Two ounces of chicory would go in mixture to about a pound of coffee, and there are thousands who buy coffee

itself by ounces. Moreover the chicory coffee sold by the grocer is made with coffee of a higher price and better quality than the poor man would dare to give for coffee bought pure, when he has to make another outlay upon chicory for mixing. The necessity of two purchases would suggest the idea of greater cost, lead to a desire for more economy; so in the buying the poor man would be a loser. Certainly also he would lose by having to make at home, in his own clumsy way, the mixture which it had been before the interest of the grocer so to proportion that he might bring custom to his shop by issuing an article as good and palatable as any that could be contrived by his competing neighbours.

In the edict against chicory there is no doubt some element of protection to coffee-growers, which a political chemist would detect. That, however, is an adulteration against which it is not worth while to protest. We content ourselves with expressing a desire that justice shall be done to chicory, that its good services shall be acknowledged, and that after having really added innocently to the comfort of a large number of people, it shall not be forbidden to go loose and hedged about with labels and the names of the responsible sellers, so that its name may become a household terror — like Mad Dog or Poison.

CHIP S.

AN ORIENTAL FIRMAN.

THE readers of Eastern tales are aware that next to the supernatural power of the genii — next to a supernatural carpet, a wonderful lamp, or a magic ring — there is nothing so potent as the “firman” of the Shah or the Sultan. Many may, therefore, wish to see, in plain translated prose, the contents of an instrument which enters so frequently into the poetical machinery of the Eastern story-teller. The firman issued by His Majesty the Shah of Persia, conferring upon Captain Ford, commander of a British steam-vessel, the order of the Lion and Sun of the first class of Lieutenant-Colonels, has been kindly lent to us for publication:—

“Whereas Captain Ford, the exalted in station, the endowed with sagacity and understanding, the companion of wisdom and superiority, the chosen amongst the elect of the Christians, the cream of the wise among the followers of Christ, the superintendent of the steamers belonging to the great English nation at Constantinople, — having, on all occasions treated with due mark of respect and consideration the merchants of the sublime kingdom of Persia: and whereas the nature of these services have been acceptable in the sight of the ministers of this victorious government: His Majesty the Shah, out of consideration and favour for the above-named high in rank,

and for the sake of the friendship and unity subsisting between the two great and powerful kingdoms of Persia and Great Britain, has, in this auspicious year of the Lamb, measured the height of his ability, and ornamented and adorned his person by bestowing upon him the decoration of Lieutenant-Colonel of the first class, that he may make this order, brilliant as the rays of the sun, the boast and glory of his own exalted breast.

“Be it known to him that the excellencies of his services have found favour in the sight of His Majesty the Shah, and that by reason of them, and the fulness of the King’s bounty, the servants of the Shah’s court, the centre of equity and justice, are commanded to be diligent in paying the above-named high in rank every tribute of distinction and respect.

“The Secretaries of State have received orders to register this in our everlasting archives.

“Given in the month of Seffer, in the year of Hejira 1264 (January, 1848).”

THE FAMINE TIME.

I WAS looking, with some amusement, into a back-yard in a little Irish town, from the window of a house next to that to which the yard belonged, when my hostess explained to me that the beggarman whom I was watching was irremoveable. He had been turned out by the shoulders again

and again, and always came back, refusing to work, and preferring to lean against the corner of the wall, to beg. There was in the yard a more active beggar; — the pig. Two stout, merry girls, bare-legged and untidy, were sitting on the ground, before a great heap of potatoes and a mighty iron pot. They were sorting potatoes; the better sort for human eaters, the worse for the black pig. The pig was in a hurry, poked in his nose, and had to be driven away. There was a third girl sitting on some steps with her arms crossed, looking idle, and provoking the others — one of whom got into a passion, and showed it, as Irish people do when they get angry.

“Ah!” said my hostess, “we see strange people and strange doings in that yard; and it is not the pleasantest place to overlook. But we are glad enough to see anything like those potatoes and that pig, and people who can laugh, after what we saw in the famine time. For months together that yard was crowded — so crowded, that you could not have thrust in a hand among them — with people groaning and wailing day and night; some dying, and others bringing their dead, till our hearts were almost broken.”

“I wonder how you lived through it,” said I.

“So do we. But we had to rouse ourselves, and do our duty. There were only my husband and Mr. Zachariah (the clergyman) to give out the relief by which the

whole country side was kept alive. I was often at home, with that yard full of people before my eyes, while my husband was absent — gone to see to the landing of the meal — and I uneasy about him — the people grew so violent! There was always an escort of constabulary to guard the meal from the ship hither; but the people were ready to tear them to pieces to get at the meal. It was bad enough at first, when the Government insisted that the men should work on the roads, to earn their share. The poor fellows could no more work on the roads than my baby could; and they were dropping and fainting by the roadside as soon as they tried. We thought that the worst sight we had ever seen till we saw worse. We knew that the Government could not be aware of the real need, if they could make such a condition; and we were afraid to look forward. It was just then that Mr. Yarding — a gentleman of one of the most ancient families in Ireland — brought home his bride to his estate, close by the town. He drove her through the town in as pretty a turn-out as you could see; and a neighbour said to my husband, when he looked from the carriage to the people in the street, ‘Mr. Yarding will repent that pair of horses before six months are over.’ And so, no doubt, he did. The value of his land sank to nothing: he could not meet the calls upon him, nor pay his rates; and now he is shut up in his own place, the gates

locked day and night (Sundays and all), and he dares not look through the bars into the road."

"And how did you get food for yourselves?" I asked; "and how did you eat it, with that multitude of groaning people before your window?"

"We never enjoyed a meal during that year. There seemed to be a poison over everything. There was no flour to be had good enough for us to give the children; and the officers, and agents, and servants employed in the distribution, were forbidden to buy any of the meal that was sent. This was hard and unjust, and, in fact, it could not be carried out. They got it by sending their servants and buying for one another; and, paying properly for it, they did not feel it was wrong. There were no vegetables to be had but the black, rotting potatoes. We could get a sheep for five shillings, because there was nothing to feed sheep with; and for that reason the mutton was hardly eatable. Nothing seemed to have its proper taste or to be real food at that time or for long after. You were laughing to-day at the flocks of geese along the road, spreading their wings and straddling away before the car. Well, among all those deserted villages that you passed through, there was not a goose in those days. There was not a pig, not a donkey in all the district, from sea to sea."

"What became of the donkeys? The people did not eat them, I suppose."

"Indeed but they did. My husband saw the meat hanging out of their pockets. And worse creatures than donkeys disappeared in the same way. There was, after a time, not a living creature but human beings to be seen from sea to sea, except the horses that brought the meal from the ships. The second time that we thought we had seen the worst was when the meal was sold at half-a-crown the stone. Think what a price that was! But it was paid as long as there was any money in the district. That yard was as crowded then as afterwards. My husband and his men could not get through the business of serving it, though, to save time, every buyer must tie up his half-crown in the corner of the bag he handed in. It was astonishing the number of bad half-crowns we took in the course of a few weeks: there was no time to look whether the money was good or bad; but my husband had to account for it, of course, as if it was all good. The men would begin at daylight (what a sight it was to open the shutters, and see the people who had been waiting all night!), and they went on kindly all day. Towards evening the men would grow silent, and sigh; and at eleven or twelve o'clock they would say, 'Sir, you can't get more out of me than is in me: I can't do it, Sir. I have had no refreshment all this day, and I'm done up. I am willing to stand by the people as long as I can, but I can't do more than I am equal

to.' Then my husband would say, 'Well, go to your supper, and my wife and I will turn to again for an hour, lest some of these people should die before morning. But we will shut up in an hour: by that time the worst will be served.' We did shut up in an hour, leaving, perhaps, sixty or seventy people outside. But when the men had sat down for awhile, and had had their supper and their pipe, they would cheer up; and then they agreed to what my husband said: 'There are only sixty or seventy. Let us send them away, and then we can perhaps go to sleep, having done our best.' So we opened again, and went on till two or three in the morning. But that, you see, was while people were still able to pay."

"How could things be worse when the money was gone?"

"Why, it was almost worse to know where hunger was, without being told, than to have it come before our eyes. We knew pretty well how matters were with some good many people who ceased to send for meal, and who were never to be seen in the daylight: people who lived in good houses, full of good furniture, which of course they could not sell. My husband mentioned this to the Friends' Relief Committee, and they immediately desired him to do what was necessary for such persons, in the way in which they could receive it. So, when the day's work was done, we used to put up bags of meal, and my husband would have the horse put into the cart,

and he would go round and drop these bags at the proper doors in the dark. A difficulty came out of this, however. They supposed they owed these gifts to my husband; and it was not an easy matter to explain at the time. But — I don't know — perhaps some sights were worse than knowing things that we did not see. People would come to that window with two baskets, one before and one behind, and — and — a dead child in each."

After a pause she went on —

"My husband and I used to think that it was the people's way — they thought it right, of course — to sacrifice one child to give a chance to the rest. We used to observe that one child was particularly petted — always in its mother's arms — and *that* one was always excessively emaciated, and died presently; and we used to think its share was given to the others, and —"

"This is unbearable!" I exclaimed. But in a moment I considered what it must have been to see it, and was ashamed. I asked her to go on. She did. It was a relief to her.

"It was a terrible thing to have to go out at that time, and afterwards, when the fever and cholera followed the famine. The dead and dying used to lie in one's path. One lady, crossing a field through the long grass, found a child — a little girl — hidden there, alive but insensible. She was saved; and so was a little orphan creature of two years old, who had strayed

away by himself to a dung-hill on the road, where a pig seized him, and would have destroyed him but for a car happening to come up at the moment. There were cases every day of little creatures being found among the nettles, or squatted under turf-stacks, or asleep at the door of a cabin where the last of their relations lay dead within. One of those saw the old roof tumbled in on his mother's corpse. Some neighbour who had just strength to do that did it, because there was nobody to bury her."

"Has not the lowest class of cabins disappeared since that time, or nearly so?" I inquired.

"Yes. The unroofed cottages, with their stone gables standing up bare — a sight which you think so sad and forlorn — were houses of a better order than the mud cabins you have read so much about. These stone cottages were inhabited by tenants who have gone to America and elsewhere, as well as by people who died of fever and famine. The mud cabins have melted away. Some which you suppose to be dung-hills or mud heaps, are plainly ruined cabins to our experienced eyes. No doubt many of them are graves of uncoffined corpses. The bones will be turned up by the plough or the spade some day; and then, when they are found, singly or in families, men will say, 'These are people who died in the famine.' There are many children now in the orphan school who, the last survivors of their families, know

that one parent was just hidden in the ground in a bag, and the other without any covering at all, while the brothers and sisters lie under the ruins of the cabin. But, dreadful as is the reason and fearful the way, it is true that the lowest order of dwellings has nearly disappeared: and may they never be seen more."

"Never, indeed!" I replied. "Those that remain are wretched enough. And when you used to shut the shutters at night," said I, "were you able to think at all of other things — to sleep — to cheer one another?"

"Why," replied she, "I cannot say we were, during the worst — the latter — part of that dreadful year. There were reasons why, with our house full of good children, home was worst of all. There was a fine young man — an excellent fellow indeed he was, and very clever — an officer in the commissariat department, who had been for some time engaged to our eldest daughter. She was very young, to be sure — only eighteen that year: but they knew one another very well; and, in short, everything was ready, and we were getting the license — for we did not like to make them wait longer — when he took the fever. Nothing could keep her from him. He was in a lodging in the town, and lay in a close inner room. I did not know which way to turn myself; but her aunt went with her; and there she nursed him, very quietly, saying little to any body. One day Dr. A. came to my hus-

band, and said, if she remained in that inner room with a fever patient, so closely as she nursed him, she would be down in it presently. So her father and I went, and brought her away home to dinner. She made no particular objection when we had once got her away, and we said no more about it, but kept on talking as cheerfully as we could; and she seemed reconciled, and ate some dinner. Soon after, she had disappeared; and we knew where she was. But, by that time, her aunt had taken the fever."

"And did the young man die?"

"O yes, he died. Her father and I were there; and we brought her away—she, in fact, not knowing at the moment that he was dead. She had to pass the bed, too; but we took her between us, and got her past without her looking in. You would hardly think what happened afterwards."

I was in no condition for anything but receiving what I was told.

"At first, she seemed to take it quietly; whether because of her aunt being very bad in the fever, or what, I don't know. But, after a little while, she suddenly went mad—perfectly mad—for nine days. And there were we, with the people in the yard, as usual; and her aunt in the fever at one end of the house, and she mad at the other. That was a time to go through!"

"And did they die too?" I asked.

"They! O no! She is the

daughter who was married, nearly two years ago, to the curate of X. She recovered by degrees, till she was quite well. And her aunt recovered too; but it was a great struggle."

"And how cheerful you look now!"

"O yes. You see, we have always so much to do; that is a great thing for people who have had to go through such a season. The poor creatures who had to die are out of their pain, and buried away; and those who had to emigrate are gone. You observed this morning how healthy the country-people look: and so they do. The women have care-worn faces; some of them thinking of their dead children, perhaps; and if you were to see them in June, before the cropping begins, you would not think quite so well of their looks as you do now. And it is sad to see the grass-grown roads to depopulated villages; and to see brambles choking up the doors where neighbours used to go in and out; and nettles growing tall where many a woman that I knew used to sit and spin, with her children playing round her—half of them now dead, and the rest in the orphan school or the workhouse."

"I saw potatoes growing on the floor of one roofless house, and cabbages in another."

"Very likely. There is no want of heart among the Irish, as I am sure I need not tell you. But, if the hungry can get food out of a dead neighbour's hearthstone,

they must do it, without too much refining. I dare say the cheerfulness of our house may grate a little on your feelings, after all I have told you: the —”

“Do not say a word about that,” I exclaimed; “I am too glad to see it; I know too well how natural it is, to have one critical thought, to presume —”

“It is natural,” replied she, in her sprightly tone. “Our children are going out into the world — marrying, or otherwise settling, very happily. And there is no very pressing misery about us now, though there is more distress than you see, and the prospects of the district are far from being even what they were before the famine. But it is harvest time now; and we are gay at harvest time. My husband and I say, however, now and then, that we hope there will be no more famines while we are here; for we do not think we *could* go through it again.”

THE GHOST OF THE COCK LANE GHOST.

WE were recently invited into the company of the Ghost of the Cock Lane Ghost, by an advertisement in the Times Newspaper, in which a demonstrator or showman, Mr. Stone, begged “leave to inform the nobility and gentry that he has just returned from the United States, accompanied by Mrs. M. B. Hayden for the purpose of Demonstrating the won-

derful Phenomena known in that country as Spiritual Manifestations, and which have created the most intense excitement in all classes of society — Residence, Twenty - six, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square. Hours at home, from Eleven to Two and from Four to Six.” So the announcement ran. We had read something of the Rochester Rappers and of the mystery, if it be a mystery, called “spirit knocking” in the sentimental language of America. We resolved to visit Mrs. Hayden, and knock up an acquaintance with the ghosts who meet in her apartments, No. Twenty - six, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square. We ourselves happened to be out of spirits, therefore perhaps we made a wise resolve.

Yet had we gone for mirth into such company, we should have fared as ill as he who for a midnight jest entered his father’s sepulchre to sup alone among the dead. If it be true, as the believers in the “spirit knockings” tell us, that the spirits of beloved friends whom we have lost speak to us by a noise of rapping, then our most solemn feelings and our tenderest emotions are awakened by the act of positive communion with the dead.

If it be otherwise — if that which is the holiest ground within the human heart be through such exhibitions dug into for gold by coarse impostors — if the simple questioner who with trembling nerves believes that she is brought

into the presence of an angel mother with whom it is a foretaste of Heaven to converse — if she be played upon by cheats who laugh under their sleeves at her credulity and turn her money in their pockets, — then such cheating is no matter for amusement. That is an impiety and wickedness far exceeding the measure of an ordinary fraud, which trades upon our solemn love towards the dead —

“In slight of that forbearance and reserve

Which common human-heartedness inspires,

And mortal ignorance and frailty claim,
Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else.”

There have often been people impelled, out of the ignorance and coarseness of their natures, to the forging of clumsy tales, in which they themselves, together with the Supreme Being, are the chief actors. Not many weeks ago two cowherd's children in France — in consequence of information received direct from the Virgin Mary — became accredited by Infallibility itself as new apostles. Not many months ago a girl in Suffolk dealt divine information through the neighbourhood, attesting her inspiration by total abstinence from food. We may read in pamphlets printed centuries ago, how in some parts of Switzerland and France a divine epidemic seized upon the children, how they preached powerfully in their sleep, and were attended at their bedsides by large congregations; or we may read

of “the German Lazarus” who delivered a long list of messages from Heaven, and attested his mission by professing that he never slept. This Lazarus was constantly caught napping; but he explained the fact to his own honour, by stating that his parents were so much distressed by his incessant wakefulness, that he found it necessary to feign sleep occasionally, for the comfort of their minds.

Knocking or Rapping ghosts are no new imposition. In a relation of facts concerning “spirit-knockings” written in an American pamphlet that is now before us, “by J. Robinson,” we are told much, not only of the knockings of the unseen beings, but also of the imitations of evil spirits, which, “resembled scratching produced with the finger nails.” Now, will any keeper of a knocking ghost, or any lady or gentleman who has taken up the trade of communicating between knocking spirits and the gullible portion of the public (which lady or gentleman is called in the trade a Medium), turn to the Annual Register for the year 1762, and read what is there entitled “A summary account of the proceedings in regard to some strange noises heard the beginning of the year at a house in Cock Lane, West Smithfield.” Having read the said account, let the said ghost-keeper or Medium answer to our catechism on the History of Knockers in a simple way. Q. Who was the first Medium?

A. Little Miss Parsons. Q. Who was she? A. The daughter of the clerk of St. Sepulchre's. Q. How did the spirit-knocking in her case begin? A. Her father, the clerk, had taken as lodgers a gentleman and lady, and in the absence of the gentleman, little Miss Parsons slept with the lady, who has called Miss Fanny. Miss Fanny complained one morning that she and her bedfellow had been disturbed all night by noises. The noises continued, and at length excited much attention, but the lady and gentleman removed into the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell (where Miss Fanny presently died), and then the noise in Parsons' house was discontinued. Q. You have said that the first Medium was little Miss Parsons; in what way do you connect the story of the Cock Lane Ghost with her, and discover the resemblance that exists between that child and yourself? A. Eighteen months after Miss Fanny left the Parsons, and in the beginning of the year 1762, the noises recommenced, and it is recorded of little Miss Parsons, that the child, upon certain knockings and scratchings, which seemed to proceed from beneath her bedstead, was sometimes thrown into violent fits and agitations; and a woman attendant, or the father, Mr. Parsons, put questions to the spirit or ghost, as it was supposed by the credulous to be, and they had also dictated how many knocks should serve for an answer, either in the affirmative or nega-

tive. Now this plan, invented by little Miss Parsons, differs in no material respect from my own. Q. What was the object of Miss Parsons and her friends? A. The ghost declared itself to be the ghost of the deceased Miss Fanny, and its business was to accuse the gentleman of having poisoned her by giving to her arsenic in a glass of purl when she was ill of small-pox. Q. Was not that very wicked? A. It was very capitally done. Little Miss Parsons was removed from house to house, but the noises followed her, the ghost protesting that she would follow her wherever she went, and the exhibition was exceedingly attractive; for, as it is said in the Annual Register, "numbers of persons of fortune and character, and several clergymen, assisted at the vagaries of the invisible knocker and scratcher." Q. Were the pretensions of this girl seriously tested? A. Yes, they were, she was tied up in a hammock with her feet and hands bound apart from one another, but the ghost refused then to make its knockings audible. The spirit had also promised by an affirmative knock, that it would attend three gentlemen into the vault under St. John's church, and knock in their presence upon the coffin (Miss Fanny's) wherein lay her body. Q. I think I remember some lines by Churchill on the subject of this expedition to the vault. Can you repeat some of them? A. I can, for I have found them in the Register. They begin "Dark was

the night," and after exactly a hundred lines of exordium by which the expectation of the reader is prepared, they proceed in ten lines more to disclaim all straining after false effect, and then relate in a single couplet the adventure of the descent to the vault:

"Silent all three went in; about
All three turn'd silent, and came out."

Q. What was the end of the story of the Cock Lane Ghost?

A. The condemnation of poor Mr. Parsons to the pillory. Q. May you not conclude from this, that spirit-knocking is unsuited to the genius of this country? A. I do not know. The people pitied Mr. Parsons, and no egg was lifted up against him.

The Fox family, by whom this ghostly rapping was revived in America not many years ago, were so successful in their venture — retiring very soon upon a little independence — that the spirit trade, as carried on by them, became at once an established business. A ghost in Rhode Island, improving upon the practice of his ancestor in Cock Lane, induced a young woman to give a dose of arsenic to her stepbrother. In Oneida County there sprang up an association of persons who had become, as they said, impressed by the intimacy which was springing up between the world of flesh and the world of spirits. These people, taking the coarse view of things that superstition favours, believed that we were on the point of

realising that state of affairs of which we read in Moore's Loves of the Angels, or in Byron's Heaven and Earth. "Spirits," they said, "are beginning to have power to form friendships and connexions with mortals," and since, as they declared, it would be wicked to form contracts that might interfere with the rights, and defeat the unknown possible desires, of spirits; two hundred men and sixty women — having a few mediums, no doubt, among their number — abolished marriages. Emboldened by the credulity of thousands who believed in the establishment of a direct communication with the spirit world, some blasphemous persons at Auburn, in the State of New York — determined that no dark recess of profanity, out of which gold could be taken, should be left unvisited — published a newspaper, conducted by the Apostles and the Prophets, under the direction of the Lord Supreme! We quote from the prospectus, simply stating that the publication of the newspaper therein announced did really take place, and was, in fact, a very dreary sample of the lucubrations of the Rappers. "This publication," the prospectus said, "is dictated by spirits out of the flesh, and by them edited, superintended, and controlled. Its object is, the disclosure of truth from Heaven, guiding mankind into open visions of Paradise; open communication with spirits redeemed; and proper and pro-

gressive understanding of the Holy Scriptures, and of the merits of Jesus Christ, from whom they originated in inspiration absolute, and of whom they teach, as the only Saviour of a dissevered and bewildered race. The circle of Apostles and Prophets are its conductors from the interior; holding control over its columns, and permitting no article to find place therein unless originated, dictated, or admitted by them; they acting under the direction of the Lord Supreme. James Congdon, Charles Coventry, Andrew L. Wilson, and Lonson Bush are its publishers and proprietor; they having become, in full confidence of mind, disciples of the Lord, and being present external agents of the circle apostolic and prophetic; acting under the direction, while faithful, as instruments for the distribution of truth."

The Fox family, of Rochester, U.S., as we have already said, first revived in America the modern variations on the story of the Cock Lane Ghost. When tested fairly by a perfect stranger, their ghosts rapped out nothing but blunders: however, we are not left even to infer the dishonesty of their pretensions; we have clearer evidence, not only of their fraud, but of the way in which they practised it. Mrs. Norman Culver, a relation of these Foxes, assisted in the depredations upon geese, and shared their secret; but was not so much a wonder of a woman as to keep it. She therefore made a formal deposition,

certified by two respectable witnesses, at the town of Arcadia, in the province of New York, in which, among other things she said, "I am, by marriage, a relation of the Fox girls; their brother married my husband's sister. The girls have been a great deal at my house, and for about two years I was a very sincere believer in the rappings; but some things which I saw when I was visiting the girls at Rochester made me suspect that they were deceiving. I resolved to satisfy myself in some way; and some time afterwards I made a proposition to Catherine to assist her in producing the manifestations. I had a cousin visiting me from Michigan, who was going to consult the spirits, and I told Catherine that if he intended to go to Detroit, it would be a great thing for them to convince him. I also told her that if I could do anything to help her, I would do it cheerfully; that I should probably be able to answer all the questions he would ask, and I would do it if she would show me how to make the raps. She said that as Margaretta was absent, she wanted somebody to help her, and that if I would become a Medium, she would explain it all to me." Mrs. Culver thus became an accomplice, and after she had assisted a few times in conveying hints that would suffice for the conquest of her sceptical cousin from Detroit, after a brief probation, she was admitted to a full participation in the mysteries.

We call particular attention to her story. "The raps," deposed Mrs. Culver, "are produced with the toes. All the toes are used. After nearly a week's practice, with Catherine showing me how, I could produce them perfectly myself. At first it was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to warm my feet, or put them in warm water, and it would then be easier work to rap; she said that she had sometimes to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening. I found that heating my feet did enable me to rap a great deal easier. I have sometimes produced a hundred and fifty raps in succession. I can rap with all the toes on both feet; it is most difficult to rap with the great toe. Catherine told me how to manage to answer the questions. She said it was generally easy enough to answer right, if the one who asked the questions called the alphabet." And so forth, the rest of the details of trickery being all clumsy and common-place enough.

This being the substance of our readings in the matter of knocking and rapping spirits, we paid our visit to the London ghosts established in genteel apartments in Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, very soon after we accidentally saw the advertisement we have set forth.

We were two — Brown and Thompson. We rapped at the door of the house in which the knocker lived, on a cloudy and warm

evening in the beginning of this present November (1852), which month began, as all the country knows, with days unusually dull and close. We do not idly talk about the weather, for it has a definite connexion with our story. Having inquired whether Mr. Stone was at home, well knowing that he was — for he had advertised himself to be at home at that hour in the evening to all parties who desired an introduction to the world of spirits — and having replied to the question about our names by stating that our calling was "in consequence of an advertisement," we were conducted to a drawing-room, in which we found that the maid who preceded us had just lighted the fire. Mr. Stone presently appearing, solemn as became a man who knew his lodgings to be haunted, pointed courteously to the sticks that had begun to crackle in the grate over the lighted paper, and murmured "We have had no fire here; we did not like to light it, for it is so very warm." Truly no fire was needed, and we have a reason of our own for citing Mr. Stone's corroboration of the fact.

To Mr. Stone, who "had just returned from the United States" with Mrs. Hayden, for the purpose of demonstrating those wonderful phenomena, which "have created the most intense excitement in all classes of society," we introduced ourselves by saying that we had called in consequence of an advertisement; and we sat

down before the man who was to bring us to the world of ghosts.

"You are aware," he said, "that I have given a good deal of my attention to electro-biology?"

We *were* aware. "I have recently visited America, where great sensation has been made by manifestations from the world of spirits, made by means of a noise, like rapping. You have perhaps heard of the Rappers?" Something; we came there to be informed. "It is very curious,"

said Mr. Stone. "I have examined these manifestations with great industry, and I have arrived at the conviction that they are true, that they cannot be explained by human minds, that they really do emanate from the spirit world.

The lady whom I have brought with me is decidedly the best Medium I met with, and I, therefore, thought it well that the phenomena should be investigated in this country." Mr. Stone here pausing and looking into the fire,

we inquired what might be the theory of Mediums? "It is very singular," said Mr. Stone. "There

are some persons in whose sphere the spirits have more power. The grossness of matter commonly repels them, but there are some

people whose nervous systems appear to act — you know how delicate the nervous system is —

whose nervous systems appear to act as — we can only suppose, of course, we do not profess to account for these things — as conductors, as magnets, so to speak,

whose bodies are surrounded by

an atmosphere in which the spirits freely move. In the neighbourhood of such a person, spirits

manifest themselves. Such a person is a Medium." "Your Medium sits at the table, and the

ghosts rap on it?" we asked. "She must sit near the table,"

answered Mr. Stone, "because — we cannot control or account for

it — the spirits will not knock beyond her influence. That is the

nature and the necessity of the Medium, but sometimes the spirits

will perform their promise to follow some person to a distant

place and knock." (The Ghost of Cock Lane, and the descent

into the vault, to witness!) "We were demonstrating the other

evening at the house of a distinguished gentleman in the country,

when a spirit promised to be present to him in his library at a

fixed hour. The gentleman listened, and, being very deaf, heard

nothing; but, on holding his ear more attentively, he said that he

distinctly thought he caught a rapping. It is very curious that

the spirits accommodate themselves to deaf people. During the

whole of the evening at this gentleman's, the spirits knocked

more loudly than usual."

When Mr. Stone had further talked about distinguished patronage, and about the wonders

that had been performed, one of us suggested to him, delicately,

as unwilling to hurt his feelings by implying too roughly that a

man who trembled on the confines of the other world could

think of money, that "Of course we knew that his time was not wholly given to the public — that there was some honorarium," the reply was prompt. "One guinea each person, or five guineas for a party of ten." This being understood, we felt our way to the inquiry, which we shaped as well as we could, "When will the performance begin?" The reply being in effect "We take in each party separately," we signified our desire to be taken in as soon as possible.

The door into the back drawing-room being then opened, we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, the Medium's husband, and the Medium. Introduction having been promptly made, we were left — we, Messrs. Brown and Thompson — in the lady's hands. She sat opposite to us on one side of the round table, firm as a rock.

The Medium sat not only opposite to us, but opposite to the fire. It had first occurred to us when we went into that back drawing-room, that the kitchen had come upstairs; there was such an enormous fire in the grate. Though it was so warm out of doors that, as Mr. Stone remarked, "We did not like to light the fire" in the front drawing-room; in the back room the glowing coals were heaped into a red-hot mountain; and the whole atmosphere was feverish. What did Catherine Fox tell Mrs. Culver? "Catherine told me to warm my feet, or put them in warm water, and it would then

be easier work to rap: she said that she had sometimes to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening."

As we sat in the hot room, with the table between us, opposite to the Medium who sat opposite to the fire, we had begun to ponder upon by-gone people, and to think how we could seize "the vapoury phantoms of futurity" by questioning the ghosts. "Can we call any spirit?" "You can speak only with spirits in the room; the room is full of spirits, and some one spirit that is present will often go out, if you wish it, to fetch you another with whom you desire to communicate. If you question one who is here, he will knock, or if you wait, some spirit that desires to communicate with one of us will knock, and call attention to itself." — "How did you become a Medium?" "I did not know what it meant when I used to hear the spirits rapping about me in my bedroom, and following me wherever I went. They knocked so distinctly that my husband — who heard them also, when I was present — once got up and opened the parlour door, thinking that there was somebody who wanted to come in. Then I found out that they were spirits who desired to speak, and had no other way at present of communicating with us. If you ask them any question, and they answer yes, they rap; and if they answer no, they are silent. If we use letters of the alphabet, and point to them in succession, they

will spell out sentences, and in that way tell what they wish." This was the substance of the account given by the Medium, who added some examples of the care taken of herself by the spirits, and of a communication of importance made to her that morning by a deceased child; a story told to us already in the next room by Mr. Stone, whose version had, however, in one point, differed materially from the Medium's.

A large card lay before us on the table, upon which were printed in capitals, row after row, the letters of the alphabet, and in a last row the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. There were also pencils with which we might point, and there was paper upon which we might write down the letters as the spirits indicated them, and spell out the messages delivered from the other world.

We were quite still. Brown was solemn; Thompson looked into vacancy; the Medium looked down into the table: we were waiting for a communication from any kind ghost who would

"Be as a presence or a motion — one Among the many there." — (Rap-tap.)

"There is a rapping!" said Mrs. Hayden with an indistinct certainty about the expression of her voice, as though she really fancied that she heard a rapping, but might be in error. "Who knocks?" we desired to know. "The spirit," said Mrs. Hayden, "desires to communicate with one of us." Then, talking with

her mouth near to the table, as though she were about to sip knowledge from spirits in the wood, she asked "Who do you speak to? Is it to me?" (No rapping.) "Is it to this gentleman?" (No rapping.) "Is it to that gentleman." (Rap-tap.) That gentleman was Mr. Thompson, who was requested to converse with the spirit: it was probably that of a near relative.

Says Thompson, "Are you related to me?"

Rap-tap.

"What is the relationship between us?"

Thompson is directed to take up the alphabet, begin at A, and point to all the letters in succession. When Thompson points at M there is a rap-tap. M is put down by his friend Brown upon a piece of paper as the first letter of the word, and Thompson travels through the alphabet again till he is stopped at O, which Brown puts down, while Thompson begins again and gets to T, where, being stopped, to save trouble, he says, "Is it Mother?" Rap-tap. Mother; very good.

But Thompson does not laugh, for very dear to his heart is the thought of a mother who has been known to him from early childhood only as an angel. Surely she would speak to her son, if she had power, though she has been parted from him for so many years. What starlight musings of the boy who thought that guardian angels lived in stars, and looked up at the sky for hours,

to dream which was the bright particular star in which his angel dwelt; what yearnings of the youth for a mother's sympathy and guidance when all passions and affections were astir; what sacred mysteries belonging to the inmost thoughts of a whole life, so far as it has gone, were touched by the assertions that the spirit of the lost mother was first to speak. Truly then, if there were truth in Rapping, and if that spirit had addressed her son, she would have spoken not in vain.

"Have you anything to say to me?" asked Thompson. Rap-tap. "Will you say it?" Then, by the most tedious process of getting each letter in succession knocked out of the card, and with a few mistakes in spelling, which were corrected as they were made, but which consumed time, the spirit rapped out this sentence: "Dear son, I am well pleased to see you. I watch over you and God blesses you." Satisfactory, no doubt. A kind of sentence that might be regarded by any reasonable person as a sure proof of the ghost's authenticity. But would she in the next place authenticate her claim to be the mother of Thompson? Would she convince her son by telling him her Christian name? Thompson began the alphabet with an inscrutable face: but the light from the fire and window, although good enough for a ghost, or for a common purpose, was not good for a Medium. The spirit rapped at T (wrong), at I (wrong), at M

(wrong); finally made out Timok — truly an odd Christian name for an English lady; and having, in this instance, the curious peculiarity that it did not contain a single letter of the name that should have been communicated. But Timok might be something mystic. The Medium said it was not mystic but mistake, and complained of the bad light. Spirits, perhaps, are forbidden spectacles. No more must be done until a lamp was lighted.

Then it was again distinctly intimated to the professed spirit of Thompson's mother, who had sought this conversation, that nothing mystical was wanted, only the Christian name she had before she died. — "Went into the spirit world," said the Medium, "the spirits never talk of death." — "Before you went into the spirit world. Do you remember what that name was?" Rap-tap. "Will you tell it me?" Rap-tap. "Do so then, now, if you please." So again came the answer knocked up from the alphabet, this time, E-U-N-I-C-E — of course, ridiculously wrong — but, as Eunice means "a happy victory," and it might be again said that the spirit was mystical, Thompson said, "We will presume that there may be some hidden meaning." "Hidden meaning, you think?" said Mrs. Hayden, listlessly, as though the spirits and their sayings were rather affairs of ours than of hers. "Shall we try again for the real name?" "No," said Thompson, "it is not worth

while; I will be satisfied with the first letter of it." It was then most elaborately defined to the ghost, with almost legal periphrasis, what was required, and the ghost by rap-taps declared itself perfectly clear in its mind, and ready to oblige. "So now for the initial of your Christian name in this world?" — T. "Is that right?" asked the Medium. Thompson said no. "Then we had better try again, there may be some mistake." The Medium explained the matter in her own way to the table, and trying again, speculated again unluckily upon M. That was again quite wrong, and the Medium proposed to try again. Thompson had no doubt, that in not more than twenty-six trials, and, perhaps, in one or two less, the right letter could be hit upon: so declared himself content. He would now be glad if the supposed ghost of his mother would condescend to name the year in which she passed into the spirit world. Did she remember it? Rap-tap. Would she tell it? Rap-tap. And what year was it? Figures being now touched on the card instead of letters, there was a tap at one, a tap at eight, a tap at four (wrong, it should have been at two), and a last tap at nine, which the spirit recanted by refusing to ratify the whole number when asked at the end whether it was what she meant. The Medium probably caught a smile on Thompson's face, and reserved to herself the advantage of another guess; she then settled

upon the year 1846, which was by more than twenty years a blunder. Thompson then ceased from his inquiries, and we all proposed to wait and try the powers of another spirit.

After the usual solemnities, there was a rapid rat-tat-tat-tat. "What does that mean?" asked Brown. The Medium explained that no two spirits have the same rap, and that by familiarity you know the rap of any spirit as distinctly as you know a voice. That spirits rapped according to their temperaments; those of nervous people tapping quickly, of quiet people almost inaudibly, and so on. "Well, who is this?" asked Brown, and it turned out to be a repetition upon Brown of the dull guesses we had just gone through in the case of Thompson. It was the spirit of his mother. (Brown's mother, he is happy to observe here, is alive and well.) Had this spirit of the dead-and-alive anything to say? Yes. A dead-and-alive ghost was the properest for the occasion. The most interminable game at beggar-my-neighbour is not half so dull and stupid as the knocking out of long and foolish sentences from the A. B. C. D. card of a Rapper. Brown must have been regarded as a suspicious character by the Medium. The ghost of the dead-and-alive, blundering over letters, tapping back; and, leaving, after all, her sentences in a broken down condition, said to Brown, "Be candid; investigate; be careful; for this is God's work, my son."

God's work!

The spirit then informed Brown by the usual slow process that his mother's name was Mary; falling into a trap which Brown had laid, possibly by dwelling with the pencil over M and A and R and Y; also that she had been dead six years — all wrong.

"I wish," said Brown, "to ask some questions concerning the future; can the spirits answer them without your knowing what they are?" "If they cannot, they will be silent," said the Medium, "sometimes they do so. Try." — "As they are questions which I should not like to ask in public. Will they see them written on paper?" "O yes." — Brown wrote down very clearly: 'Shall I soon be married?' "Will the spirits answer this question?" Rat-tat-tat. "Is Yes the answer?" Rat-tat-tat. 'How many children shall I have?' was written next, Brown saying "This is a question that must be answered in numbers. Does the spirit see it?" Rat-tat-tat. "Can it answer me?" Rat-tat-tat. And so the spirit answered by the usual process, "One Hundred and Thirty-Six." When the 1 was obtained, and then the 3 to go next to it, and then the 6 to go after that, the rapid growth of Brown's family amused Thompson, and the imminent carrying on of the sum into thousands was prevented by his ill-timed mirth. The production of children by Brown stopped therefore prematurely at

the number of one hundred and thirty-six.

The Medium, who always asked whether the answers fitted, and who did not clearly know whether she might not be succeeding vastly, although she evidently felt a little puzzled by the sense that she was not doing so well as might be expected, was now re-assured by the reverent tone in which the too explosive Thompson asked whether the spirit of his sister were in the room. His only sister being in vigorous health, he did not expect her ghost; but it was there, and very prompt to answer him. How long had she been dead? Two years.

So the dreary labour was continued; but we cannot fatigue our readers with the whole monotony of a sitting that was not enlivened by one happy guess.

After two hours in the presence of the Medium and the great fire, we passed into the front drawing-room again, and paid our money. Mr. Stone trusted that we had found the spirits answering satisfactorily. It appeared to us rather probable that they did answer very satisfactorily at a guinea a head. Nevertheless we grumbled not, and listened to the further wonders that he had to tell of spirits that sometimes not only rapped, but moved heavy furniture about. He had seen a large loo table, he said, turned topsy turvy by the spirits. He told us more, and offered us gratuitously a fresh sitting, if we had not been

satisfied with the first. We had seen enough. We asked for printed information, and brought home with us a pamphlet upon Spirit Knocking, which he recommended to our notice. It had the motto on the cover, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Within the pamphlet we have since read of a spit that flew up a chimney, of a stirrup-iron that followed a man through a wood, and other miserable nonsense.

Of the use of Holy Scripture in the writings of these people we abstain from saying much. We will give, however, from the pamphlet placed in our hands one example. The writer dwells, among other things, upon the account of Peter's coming after his delivery from prison and knocking at the door of Mary's house, when his friends within, who would not at first believe the servant's tidings that Peter stood at the gate, said afterwards "It is his angel." "It is evident from this," argues the Rapper's pamphlet, "that those who were gathered together praying, thought it possible for an angel to *knock*," — we will quote no more of the stuff. This miserable delusion, the ghost of a dead ghost, this clumsiest of all the cheats that ever offered folly to be bolted by the greedy appetite of superstition without even the courtesy of cooking it a little, did for a short time turn the heads of thousands in America. But, even in America — the Land of Promise to the Mormons, and to many other sects of fanatics — the

Rappers came at last to be generally understood after Mrs. Culver's deposition had been published; the "intense excitement in all classes of society" died out; and now this ghost of the Cock Lane Ghost, having been laid a second time, makes a third appearance, more faded than ever, and by advertisement invites "the nobility and gentry" during the present London season, to be present at its manifestations — "God's work, my son;" — nothing of the Treadmill quality in it.

MY FORTUNE.

A GREAT many years ago — two-and-twenty years to-night — I well remember what a cold, wet night it was, with a thick sleet driving against the windows, and a melancholy, moaning wind creeping through the leafless branches. It had been quite a sad winter time to us at home — the only sad one I had ever known, for it was just two or three weeks after the accident had happened that first laid me on my couch, and only a few days before, my father had told me that I should never be able to rise from it any more. It had been a heavy blow to us all.

We sat together in the drawing-room all the long evening, my father, and my mother, and I — my sister Kate had gone the day before to some friends of ours in the country. One gets so soon used to misfortunes and disap-

pointments when just a little time has passed; but, at the first, they are often so hard to bear, and I think that never, at any time, did I feel such sorrow at the thought that I must be an invalid my whole life as I did that night. I was only a girl — not fifteen yet; and, at that age we are so full of bright dreams about the future, looking forward with such clear, joyous hopefulness to the world that is just beginning to open before us, stretching out our hands so eagerly to the golden light that we think we see in the far distance. It was so hard to have the bright view shut out for ever, to have the bright dreams fade away, to have all the hopes that to me had made the thought of life so beautiful torn from me for ever in one moment.

I had borne the knowledge of it all quite calmly at first; it was only now that I thought I really felt and knew all that I was losing. But, thank God, my life has not been what in my faithlessness I thought, that night, it would be; thank God, that the whole bitterness of those few hours' thought has never come to me, as it did then, again.

Early in the evening my father had been reading to us aloud; but since he ceased, no word had been spoken in the room. He had been writing for the last two hours; my mother, sitting by the fire, was reading. The whole house was silent; and from without, the only sounds that came to us were the wind howling through

the trees, and the cold rain dashing on the windows — both cheerless sounds enough to hear. It was indeed a night for melancholy thoughts; and to one ill and weak as I was then, perhaps it was to be forgiven that, thinking of the future and the past, looking back upon the happy days that were gone, and forward to where the sunless clouds hung so heavily, I should scarcely be able to press back the tears that tried to blind me.

For when we are very young we shrink so from feeling prison-bound; we pray so earnestly, that if sorrow must come to us, it may rather burst in sudden storm upon us, and, passing away, leave the blue sky clear again, than that our whole life should be wrapped up in a cold grey shroud, through which no deep sorrow can ever pierce into our hearts — no deep joy ever come to gladden us.

And in that grey shroud I thought that my life was to lie hidden and withered; and now, while as yet it was only closing over me — while with passionate resistance I would still have struggled to tear it back, I felt that my hands were bound.

A little thing will sometimes serve to divert our thoughts even when they very much engross us; and so it was that night that I was suddenly startled out of the midst of my reverie by two loud, sharp knocks upon the street door — a sound certainly by no means uncommon. And perhaps, if nothing more had followed, I might have

fallen again into my former thoughts; but, as I lay for a few moments listening, the door was opened, and then there followed such strange hurried exclamations — half of surprise, half of alarm — mingled with such apparently irresistible bursts of laughter, that my first dull interest began rapidly to change into a far more active feeling.

“My love, what’s that?” asked my father, without looking up.

“I can’t imagine!” my mother answered, in a puzzled tone laying down her book.

Just at this moment we heard a quick step running up the stairs, and all our eyes with one accord turned to the door, which in two or three minutes was burst open, and to our extreme amazement, in rushed our servant Ann with a little half-naked child in her arms. Yes, that little creature standing on the step, was the only thing to be seen when she had opened the door.

“Upon my word this is going too far,” my father exclaimed, angrily, when we had heard Ann’s story. “It isn’t two months since the same trick was played in town. Ann, call Tom to get a lantern immediately, and follow me. We must make a search; though indeed it’s hopeless to think of catching any one on such a night as this. Whoever has done it is out of reach by this time. My dear,” he turned as he was hurrying from the room, “don’t do anything with the child until I come

back; I’m afraid she’s ill,” and he closed the door.

I shall never forget what a poor little object it was. It had scarcely an atom of clothing on it — just a torn old frock that would hardly hang together, and its poor little white shoulders and arms were all bare, and wet with the heavy rain. Her pretty fair hair was wet too, but her face was what attracted and astonished me most, for in spite of the bitter coldness of the night, it was glowing like fire, with a spot of the brightest scarlet on each cheek, and her large blue eyes so unnaturally bright that it was quite painful to look at them. Yet such a sweet face it was!

My mother made her kneel beside me on my couch, and we talked to her, and kissed her, and taking off the old wet frock, wrapped my mother’s shawl around her; but all the time and though she was certainly more than two years old, she remained as perfectly unmoved as though she had been a little statue, only those great bright eyes were fixed upon my face, until I began to get absolutely frightened at her.

In about twenty minutes my father returned from his useless search.

“We can do nothing more to-night,” he said, in a tone of considerable vexation, as he joined us again. “Poor child, she’s very feverish indeed; why, exposure on such a night is enough to kill her. My love, you must put her to bed; there’s no help for it, and I’ll see what I can do for her. But

really it's a little too much to expect that all the sick children of the neighbourhood are not only to be cured for nothing, but to be housed too, by the physician." And my father left the room to change his wet garments, in no very contented state of mind.

My mother put out her hands to lift the child from my side, and then for the first time a moaning sound broke from her, and leaning forward she caught my dress with her little hands, and held it tight, half crying, as if she feared to go away. I pressed her to me, and clasped my arms around her. I couldn't help it — and she let me do it, and laid down her head upon my bosom, the dear child! with that plaintive moaning sound again. I was almost weeping myself — half with pity, half with love — for I loved her so much already, as we love all things that cling to us, all things that — weaker than ourselves — appeal to us for protection. And so, for I could not bear that against her will she should be made to leave me, still keeping her in my arms, I had the couch wheeled into my bedroom; and there, in Kate's bed we laid her, poor little weary suffering thing.

It would be too long to tell you all about her illness, for she was ill for many weeks; how patient she was; how anxious we all were for her; how, in spite of a few cross words at first, my kind father tended her with as much care as ever he bestowed upon his wealthiest patient; how my dear

mother sat up night after night with her, as though she had been her own child; how the little thing crept so into all our hearts, that when at last one evening my father pronounced her out of danger, even his voice was broken with emotion, and we were fairly crying — both my mother and I.

Nor will I trouble you with an account of all the fruitless search that was made to discover who she was or where she came from, but one thing I must mention, because it perplexed us very much, and added to our difficulty in deciding how to dispose of her. It was this: that we began to suspect — what at first had never entered our heads — that she had been stolen, and was not a poor woman's child. It was her own dim recollections of past things that gave rise to this supposition, but the fever had so confused all things in her poor little head that we never could reach any certainty upon the subject.

Well, the end of it all was that we could not part from her, for we had all grown to love her so well already, and we knew that if we sent her away from us, the only place that would receive her was the workhouse. So it was quite settled at last that she should stay with us, and because she had taken to me so much from the first, they pronounced, laughing, that she should be my child; and I was so happy.

I called her Fortune — Fortune Wildred we baptized her — that, should she never find her own sur-

name, she might at least have some proper claim to ours. Of course she must have had a Christian name before; indeed she said she remembered it, and declared that it was Willie; but, Willie seemed so odd a name to give a little girl, that we agreed it would not do, and then I chose Fortune.

My little Fortune — she was so dear to me, and she loved me too so well! Young as I was, our relation to each other became in many things like that of mother and child. It was strange that, of her own accord, from the first she called me Aunt Dinah. And I so soon grew accustomed to the title, and so soon too fell quite naturally into calling her my child, for though yet but a girl in years, I was becoming a woman very quickly, as I should think must often be the case with those who have their destiny in life fixed as early as mine was, for I had no other outward change to look forward to as most girls have, and all my business was to settle down and be content.

My life, I often think, might have been lonely and sad without my child, but with her I was very happy. It was as if I lived again in her, for all the hopes and wishes that my illness had crushed came into life again, but not for myself now. It was for her that I dreamed, and hoped, and thought, — for the little bright-eyed child who loved to lie beside me, with her white arms round my neck, and her soft cheek pressed on mine; who loved — Heaven bless

her — to be with me always; who never was so happy as when, even for hours, we two would be left alone together, and, with the perfect confidence that only children have, she would talk to me of all things that came in her mind, gladdening my very heart with the loving things she said. They all loved her, but none as I did, for she loved none of them so well. They used to say that I should spoil her, but I never did; she was not made to be spoiled, my little Fortune, my sunny, bright-haired child!

She was my pupil for the first few years, and such dear lessons they were that we used to have together, — dear to both of us, though most to me. She was so good and gentle, so sorry if she ever grieved me, so eager to be good and be forgiven again — as though my heart did not forgive her always, even before she asked it — so loving always. She never wearied of being with me — the kind child — not even when, as happened sometimes, I was too ill to bear her childish merriment, and she would have to sit quietly in my room, and lower her sweet clear voice when she spoke to me, for she would hang upon my neck then too, and whisper to me how she loved me. Ah, I never shall forget it all, — I never shall forget how good my little Fortune was to me.

I may as well mention here, that soon after it was settled she should stay with us, we had a little miniature portrait of her taken, which

I have worn ever since as a locket round my neck. We did this on the chance that it might possibly serve on some future day as a means of identifying her. Here is the little picture now; it is so like her, as I have seen her a thousand times, with her sunny veil of curls around her.

The years went on, and brought some changes with them — one change which was very sad — my mother's death. It came upon us suddenly, at a time when we were least thinking of sorrow, for when her short illness began we were preparing for my sister Kate's marriage. It was long before the gloom and grief that her loss threw upon our little household passed away, for she was dearly loved amongst us, and had been a most noble and true-hearted woman.

When Kate had been married about a year, my father withdrew from practice, and, to be near her, we removed to Derbyshire, and he, and I, and Fortune, kept house there, in a quiet cheerful way together. And so the years went on until my child was about seventeen.

In this new part of the country we had not many neighbours with whom we were intimate, but there was one family, who, since our first coming, had shown us much kindness. Their name was Beresford, and they consisted of a father and mother, and one son, who was at college. They were wealthy people, with a good deal of property in the county. When we first knew them I had not been

without a suspicion — I almost think it was a hope — that Arthur Beresford and my Fortune might one day fall in love with one another; but it was not to be, for as they grew up, I saw that there was no thought of more than a common friendly love between them; and, indeed, boys of one-and-twenty are generally occupied with other things than falling in love, and girls of seventeen, I think, generally suppose that one-and-twenty is too young for them to have anything to do with, as no doubt it very often is. So they remained good friends, and nothing more.

I remember well Arthur Beresford's return from college two or three months before he came of age, and how, on the day after — a bright June morning it was — he burst into our drawing-room, with the gay exclamation, "Here I am, Aunt Dinah, and free for the next four months!" and coming up to me, took both my hands in his, and looked so gay, and so happy, and so handsome, that it did me good only to look at him. He was in very high spirits indeed, for not only had he gained his freedom, as he called it, but he had succeeded in bringing back with him his cousin, Nevill Erlington, a fellow and tutor at Oxford, who had done him, so he said, such services during his career there, that had it not been for him he should never have been the happy fellow he was there, which, whether it was as true as he thought it or not, I liked the boy for saying and thinking.

And one or two days afterwards, Nevill Erlington came with Mr. Beresford and Arthur to call on us. He was six or seven years older than Arthur, and neither so lively nor so handsome, but he had a firm, broad, thoughtful brow and deep lustrous eyes, and a voice so deep, and rich, and soft, that it was like the sound of music to hear him speak. I liked him from the first — we all did — and it was not long before he became an almost daily visitor at our house, coming sometimes alone, on the excuse — I knew it was but an excuse — of bringing us books, or news, or some such thing, but more often with one or other of the Beresfords. Indeed, after a little time, I know that I, for one, fell quite into a habit of missing him if ever a day passed without his coming, for his quiet, gentle presence had in it a great charm to me, and he had fallen so kindly and naturally into my ways, that I had felt, almost from the first day, that he was not a stranger but a friend.

Nor was I the only one who watched for his daily visits, or felt lonely when he did not come. My dear child seldom spoke much of him when he was away; even when he was with us she was often very quiet, but I knew soon that in both their hearts a deep, true love was growing up, and that my darling would one day be Nevill's wife. And he deserved her, and she him. Timid as she was now, I knew that it would not be always so; I knew that, presently, when

all was understood between them, her present reserve would pass away, and my Fortune, as she really was, with her bright, sunny gaiety, with her graceful, hoping woman's nature, with her deeply-loving, faithful heart, would stand beside him, to illumine and to brighten his whole life. Such happy days those were while these two young hearts were drawing to each other — happy to them and me, though over my joy there was still one little cloud.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were the only persons amongst our new friends to whom I had told my Fortune's story. I did not feel that it was a thing I needed to tell to every one; but now I was anxious that Nevill should know it, and felt uneasy as day after day passed, and kept him still in ignorance. But indeed I was perplexed what to do, for he and I were almost never alone, and in the state in which matters were yet between him and Fortune, it would have been premature and even indelicate to ask Mrs. Beresford to interfere. There was only one opportunity I had for speaking to him, and that I lost. I remember that day well. My father and Fortune had gone after dinner to my sister Kate's, expecting to be back in an hour, and when the hour had nearly elapsed Nevill came in alone, bringing a request that they would return with him to spend the evening at the Beresfords. I thought they would soon be in, so he willingly agreed to wait; and sitting beside

me at the open window he presently began — it was the first time he had ever done so — to talk of Fortune. It was strange; without a word of preparation or introduction, he spoke of her as only one who loved her could speak. For a moment I was startled; then I fell into his tone, and I too talked of my child as I could have done to few but him. There was no explanation between us, but each read the other's heart fully and perfectly. And yet, not even then did I tell him Fortune's story. I longed to do it — it was on my lips again and again — but I was expecting her return with my father every moment, and I feared to be interrupted when I had once begun. So the time went past, and I was vexed with myself when it was gone, that my tale was still untold.

Though it was after sunset when they came in, Nevill persuaded them still to accompany him back. I remember well his warm though silent farewell to me that night. I remember, too, when they were all away, how long I lay and thought in the summer twilight. I ought to have been glad, and I *was* glad, but yet some low sad voice, that I thought I had hushed to silence years ago for ever, would awake in my heart again, making me break the beauty of that summer evening with my rebellious tears. It was only for a little time, for I, who had been so happy, what right had I to weep because *some* hopes had died? I pressed my tears back, praying to be forgiven, and

soon the soft stillness of the night calmed me, and I thought again of my dear child, and eagerly and hopefully as ever I had done when I was young, I dreamed bright dreams for her future life. When I was young! I was but nine-and-twenty now, yet how far back my youth seemed! Strange; there was scarcely two years between me and Nevill, yet how everyone — how he, how I myself — looked on me as old compared with him.

It was late when they came home that night, and I thought my darling looked sad — I had thought so once or twice of late. She slept in a room opening from mine; and always came the last thing to say good night to me. To-night, when she came, I was grieved, for she looked as if she had been weeping. She stood beside my couch — the light from behind that streamed through the opened door falling on her bright, unbound hair, and also herself looking so pure and beautiful — my own Fortune! I kept her a few minutes by me, for I longed to cheer her; but she did not seem to care much to talk. I said something about Nevill, and she asked if he had been long here before they came.

"About an hour," I said.

"Ah! I am glad," she answered. "I was afraid my poor Aunty had been alone the whole night. It was kind of him."

"Yes, he is always kind, dear," I said.

Which she did not answer, but smiled gently to herself, and stood

in silence, with my hand in hers; then suddenly she frightened me, for quickly stooping down she laid her head upon my shoulder, and I felt her sobbing. At first she would not tell me why she wept, but whispered through her tears that it would grieve me; that I should think she was ungrateful — I, who had been so good to her, and loved her so well always. But when I pressed her earnestly, it came at last. It was because through the wide world she knew not where to seek for a father or a mother; because to the very name she bore she had no claim; because to all but us, she said, her life had ever been a deceit, and was so still; because she felt so humbled before those she loved, knowing that she had no right they should be true to her whose first step had been a falsehood to them.

She told me this, pouring it out rapidly — passionately; and I understood it all, and far more than she told me. Alas! I might have guessed it all before.

I comforted her as I could. I told her that her first grief she must bear still — hopefully, if she could; that for the rest she should not sorrow any longer, for all whose love she cared for should know what her history was. I told her to have courage, and I thanked her earnestly, and truly, for how she had spoken to me then; and presently, weeping still, but happier and full of love, my darling left me — left me to weep, be-

cause a grief I should have known would come had fallen on me.

I said that the Beresfords were landed proprietors, and Arthur was their only son; so his coming of age was to be a great day. Of course, I very seldom moved from home; but it had long been a promise that on this occasion we were to spend a week with them, and the time was now close at hand; indeed it was on the second day, I think, after I had had this talk with my child, that our visit was to begin. So, early on that day we went.

I have not mentioned that, for the last fortnight, besides Nevill, the Beresfords had had other visitors with them — a brother of Mrs. Beresford's — a Colonel Haughton, with his wife and their two children, a little boy and girl. They had just returned from India, where, indeed, Mrs. Haughton had lived many years. She was in delicate health, and did not go out much, so that she was as yet almost a stranger to me; but the little I had seen of her, and all that Fortune had told me about her, pleased me so much that I was not at all sorry for this opportunity of knowing more of her. There was something graceful and winning in her manner, indeed, that prepossessed most people in her favour, and there was much, both of beauty and refinement, in her face.

It was the day after we came, and a kind of preliminary excitement was through the house, for the next morning was to usher in

Arthur's birthday; and to-day Mrs. Beresford was giving a large children's party, expressly in honour of little Agnes and Henry Haughton. I think we had every child for six or seven miles round assembled together; and there had been music and dancing, and a ceaseless peal of merry voices all through the long summer evening, and everybody looked gay and happy, and all went well, for not a few of the elder ones had turned themselves into children too for the time to aid them in their games.

It was growing late, and even the lightest feet began to long for a little rest, when from one large group that had gathered together, there came a loud call to play at forfeits; and, in two or three moments, all were busy gathering pretty things together to pour into Fortune's lap; and then they merrily began the game, and laughed and clapped their hands with delight as each holder of a forfeit was proclaimed.

The most uproarious laughter had just been excited by Nevill's performance of some penalty allotted to him; and then I recollect well how he came, looking very happy, to kneel at Fortune's feet and deliver the next sentence. She held up a little ring; and, when she asked the usual question, what the possessor of it was to do, he answered gaily,

"To give us his autobiography."

There was a pause for a moment, while they waited for Fortune to declare whose the forfeit

was, but she did not speak, for the ring was hers. Nevill had risen from his knees, and seeing it, he exclaimed laughing, for he knew it,

"What, Miss Wildred, has this fallen to your lot?"

She looked up hurriedly from him to me, and said, "Aunt Dinah," quickly, as if to ask me to speak. But, before I had opened my lips Mrs. Beresford came forward, and said kindly,

"Nevill, I think it will be hardly fair to press this forfeit. We can't expect young ladies to be willing to declare their autobiographies in public, you know."

I interrupted Nevill and answered,

"But if you will take my account of Fortune's life instead of calling on her for her own, I think I can answer for her willingness to let you hear it. Shall it be so, Mr. Erlington?"

But he was eager that it should be passed over, was even vexed that any word had been said about it at all. I understood his delicacy well, and thanked him for it in my heart, but I knew what my child's wish was, so I would not do what he asked me, but promised that when the children were away the story should be told; and then the game went on.

It was past ten o'clock when they gathered round me to hear my child's history. There was no one there but the Beresfords, and the Haughtons, and Nevill, and ourselves. I saw that my poor

child was agitated, but I would not have her either know that I guessed she was so, or that I shared her agitation, so I took out my knitting, and began working away very quietly as I talked, just glancing up now and then into one or other of my hearers' faces — into Nevill's oftenest, because there was that in the earnest look he fixed on me which seemed to ask it more than the rest.

There was not really very much to tell, and I had gone on without interruption nearly to the end, and was just telling them how I called her Fortune because we thought the name she said she had so strange, when, as I said the word "Willie," a sudden cry rang through the room.

It fell upon my heart with a strange terror, and in an instant every eye was turned to whence it came.

Pale as death, her figure eagerly bent forward, her hand grasping Fortune's shoulder, Mrs. Haughton sat. From my child's cheek too all colour had fled; motionless, like two marble figures, they fronted one another; their eyes fixed on each other's faces, with a wild hope, a wild doubt in each: it lasted but a moment, then both, as by one impulse, rose. Mrs. Haughton stretched out her hands. "Mother!" burst from Fortune's lips. There was a passionate sob, and they were wrapped in one another's arms.

I saw like one in a dream — not feeling, not understanding, not believing. A giddiness came over

me; a sudden dimness before my eyes; a feeling of deadly sickness, as we feel when we are fainting. There began to be a buzz of voices, but I could distinguish nothing clearly until I heard my own name spoken.

"Dinah," my father was saying hurriedly, "you have that little portrait — give it to me."

I roused myself by a great effort, and taking the locket from my bosom, put it in his hand. Another moment, and there was a second cry; but this time it was a cry only of joy.

"Yes, yes!" I heard Mrs. Haughton passionately saying, in a voice all broken with emotion, "I knew it, I knew it! It is my child — my Willie — my little Willie!" and she pressed the portrait to her lips, and looked on it as even I had scarcely ever done.

Ah! I needed no other proofs. I needed nothing more than that one look to tell me I had lost my child.

Mrs. Haughton had sunk upon her seat again, and my darling was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hand, and weeping. They spoke no more; they, nor any one: then, when a minute or two had passed, Colonel Haughton raised my child kindly from the ground, and placing her mother's hand again in hers, led them silently together from the room.

I closed my eyes and turned away, but still the tears would force their way through the closed lids upon my cheek. And, as I wept, feeling — that night I could

not help it — so lonely and so sad, a warm, firm clasp came gently and closed upon my hand. It was Nevill who was standing by my side, and as I felt that friendly pressure, and met the look that was bent upon me, I knew that there was one at least who, rejoicing in my Fortune's joy, could yet feel sympathy for me.

It was not long before Colonel Haughton came back, and from him we learnt all that there was to tell. Mrs. Haughton, when very young, had married a Captain Moreton and accompanied him to India, where my child was born, and called after her mother Wilhelmina. But she was delicate, and the doctors said that the Indian climate would kill her; so, before she was two years old, they were forced to send her home to England, to relations in the north. An English servant was sent in charge of her, and both were committed to the care of an intimate friend of theirs who was returning to England in the same vessel; but the lady died during the passage, and neither of child nor nurse were there ever more any tidings heard, except the solitary fact — which the captain proved — that they did arrive in England. It was fifteen years ago. The woman had money with her belonging to Mrs. Haughton, as well as the whole of the child's wardrobe; quite enough to tempt her to dishonesty.

And such was the history of my Fortune's birth.

I went away as soon as I could

to my room, and lay there waiting for my child; for I knew that she would come. The moonlight streamed in brightly and softly, and the shadow of the trees without the window came and waved upon my couch, rocking gently to and fro, with a low music, like a song of rest. It stilled my heart, that quiet sound; and lying there alone, I prayed that I might have strength to rejoice, and not to mourn at all, and then after a long time I grew quite calm, and waited quietly.

My darling came at last, but not alone. Her mother entered the room with her, and they came together, hand in hand, up to my couch, and stood beside me, with the moonlight falling on them and shining on my child's white dress, as if it was a robe of silver. We spoke little, but from Mrs. Haughton's lips there fell a few most gentle, earnest, loving words, which sank into my heart, and gladdened me; and then she left me with my child, alone.

My darling clung around my neck and wept, and, calmer now myself, I poured out all my love upon her, and soothed her as I could, and then we talked together, and she told me all her joy. And there were some words that she said that night that I have never since forgotten, nor ever will forget — words that have cheered me often since — that live in my heart now, beautiful, distinct, and clear as when she spoke them first. God bless her — my own child!

Brightly as ever the sun rose upon an August morning, did his first rays beam through our windows to welcome Arthur's birthday. There was nothing but joy throughout the house, and happy faces welcoming each other, and gay voices, and merry laughter, making the roof ring. There are a few days in our lives which stand out from all others we have ever known; days on which it seems to us as if the flood of sunlight round us is gilded with so bright a glory, that even the commonest things on which it falls glow with a beauty we never felt before; days on which the fresh breeze passing over us, and sweeping through the green leaves overhead, whispers ever to us to cast all sorrow from our hearts, for that in the great world around us there is infinite joy, and happiness, and love. Such a day was this; and bright and beautiful, with the blue, clear sky, with the golden sunbeams, with the light, laughing wind, it rises in my memory now — a day never to be forgotten.

I was not very strong, and in the afternoon I had my couch moved into one of the quiet rooms, and lay there resting, with only the distant sound of gay voices reaching me now and then, and everything else quite still. I had not seen much of my child during the morning, but I knew that she was happy, so I was quite content. And indeed I too, myself, was very happy, for the sunlight seemed to have pierced

into my heart, and I felt so grateful, and so willing that all should be as it was.

I had lain there alone about half an hour, when I heard steps upon the garden walk without. The head of my couch was turned from the window, so I could not easily see who it was, but in a few moments they came near, and Fortune and Nevill entered the room by the low, open window.

"I was longing to see my child," I said softly, and with a few loving words she bent her head down over me, kissing me quickly many times.

Nevill stood by her side, and smiling, asked:—

"Will you not give me a welcome too?"

I said warmly, for I am sure I felt it,

"You know that you are always welcome."

He pressed my hand; and after a moment's pause, half seriously and half gaily, he went on—

"Aunt Dinah, I have come to ask a boon—the greatest boon I ever asked of any one. Will you grant it, do you think?"

I looked at him earnestly, wondering, hoping, doubting; but I could not speak, nor did he wait long for an answer; but bending his head low,

"Will you give me," he said—and the exquisite tenderness of his rich voice is with me still—"will you give me your Fortune

to be evermore *my* Fortune, and my wife?"

I glanced from him to her. I saw his beaming smile as he stood by her, and her glowing cheek and downcast eyes, and then I *knew* that it was true, and tried to speak. But they were broken, weeping, most imperfect words, saying — I well know so faintly and so ill — the deep joy that was in my heart; and yet they understood me, and, whispering "God bless you!" Nevill stooped and kissed my brow, and my darling pressed me in her arms, and gazing in my face with her bright tearful eyes, I saw in their blue depths a whole new world of happiness.

A few more words will tell you all the rest. My child was very young, and Nevill had little beside his fellowship to depend upon, and that of course his marriage would deprive him of. So it was settled that they should wait a year or two before they married; and at the close of the autumn they parted, Nevill — who had been some time ordained — to go to a curacy near London, and Fortune, with her mother, to relations further north.

It was to me a very sad winter, for I was lonely without my child, but I looked forward hopefully, and every one was very kind. And in the spring an unexpected happiness befell us, for a living near us in Mr. Beresford's gift became vacant suddenly, and before it was quite summer again, Nevill was established as the new

rector there. And then my darling and he were married.

There is a little child with dark-blue eyes and golden hair, who often makes a sunshine in my room; whose merry laughter thrills my heart, whose low, sweet songs I love to hear, as nestled by my side she sings to me. They call her Dinah, and I know she is my darling's little girl; but, when I look upon her face I can forget that twenty years have passed away, and still believe she is my little Fortune, come back to be a child again.

THE DEEDS OF WELLINGTON.

AY, many a year I followed him
Whose course of glory's run;
Draw round me, friends, — I'll tell you
where
I fought with Wellington.
For I was one who served with him
Through all his fields in Spain;
Ah, friends! his like we ne'er have seen,
Nor yet shall see again!
And well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he
did —
The deeds of Wellington.

From India first we heard his fame;
I was not with him there,
But how he beat them at Assaye,
Old soldiers can declare.
Of his wild dash on Doondiah's horse
I've often heard them tell;
Where there was fighting to be done,
Be sure he did it well.
Oh! well may England honour him!
Till earth's old days are done,
The world shall hear the deeds he
did —
The deeds of Wellington.

'Tis nearly fifty years since then —

Yet well I mind the day

When our first march we made with him

To where the Frenchmen lay;

Upon the heights of Roliça,

Laborde fought long and well;

We beat him; how we beat Junot,

Let Vimiero tell.

Oh! well may England honour him!

Till earth's old days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he
did —

The deeds of Wellington.

They lost — we won, and that was all.

Pshaw! blunderers crossed our way;

Sir Hugh — Sir Harry saved Junot,

And flung that work away.

But soon our general led us on,

Unchecked by such as these,

And then we chased the eagles back

Across the Pyrenees.

Oh, well may England honour him!

Till earth's old days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he
did —

The deeds of Wellington.

Behind the Douro, Soult lay — safe?

Why, in his face, 't was forced;

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, and watched us
come,

And while he laughed, we crossed;

We saw their backs; and that same year,

At Talavera, plain

We showed their Victor that we came

To see their backs again.

Oh, well may England honour him!

Till earth's old days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he
did —

The deeds of Wellington.

Retreat came next. What? — did we fly?

No! On Busaco's height

We turned, and taught their Massena

We little thought of flight;

A month at Torres Vedras' lines

We let the Marshal lie, —

He chafed and fumed, and then, at last,

He learned what 't was to fly.

Oh, well may England honour him!

Till earth's old days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he
did —

The deeds of Wellington.

They foiled us once at Badajos;

Good Lord! that work was warm!

It makes one white to think of, now,

The night we tried to storm.

But its time came; in that curs'd breach,

By Heaven! the French fought well,

But on, through blood and fire we went;

In yells and shrieks it fell.

Oh, well may England honour him!

Till earth's old days are done,

The world shall hear the deeds he
did —

The deeds of Wellington.

I swear it warms my blood again,

Although my hair is grey,

To think of how we beat Marmont

On Salamanca's day;

And 't was a sight to see, my friends,

When our great captain, 'mid

The rescued city's tears and shouts,

Rode into freed Madrid.

Oh, well may England honour him!

Till earth's old days are done,

The world shall tell the deeds he
did —

The deeds of Wellington.

Somehow, at Burgos we were checked;

At times the greatest are;

One failure he could well afford:

'T was there I got this scar.

A winter more, and then for France

We marched; he knew it well,

And, rising in his stirrups, cried,

"To Portugal, farewell."

Oh, well may England honour him!

Till earth's old days are done,

The world shall tell the deeds he
did —

The deeds of Wellington.

For France! for France! but, hold, good
sirs,

King Joseph stopped us here;

Well, red Vittoria swept our path,

And left the roadway clear.

And, long before November passed,

We rolled back Soult's advance,

We poured through St. Sebastian's
breach,

And trod the soil of France.

Oh, well may England honour him!

Till earth's old days are done,

The world shall tell the deeds he
did —

The deeds of Wellington.

We won Toulouse, and, winning that,

We heard that all was won;

Seven weary years of war were gone,

Our work and his was done.

We little thought he yet would meet
 A greater than he'd met;
 We never dreamed he had to win
 His sternest victory yet.
 Oh, well may England honour him!
 Till earth's old days are done,
 The world shall hear the deeds he
 did —
 The deeds of Wellington.

But so it was; a year passed by,
 And, passing, proved it true,
 And I was with him once again,
 At far-famed Waterloo.
 And I — I heard his "At them, men!"
 When the Old Guard seemed to yield;
 I shared in that last charge that swept
 The French from his last field.
 Oh, well may England honour him!
 Till earth's old days are done,
 The world shall hear the deeds he
 did —
 The deeds of Wellington.

And so they say that he was one
 Not made for love, but fear —
 A cold, stern man that stood alone:
 All this I smile to hear.
 Ask those who fought through that great
 war,
 Bled, conquered by his side,
 And who'll not name his name with love,
 And speak of him with pride?
 Oh, well may England honour him!
 Till earth's old days are done,
 The world shall hear the deeds he
 did —
 The deeds of Wellington.

I name his name to honour it;
 In glory let him rest;
 More than all other things I prize
 This medal at my breast.
 Why, friends? Because it tells that I
 Some honour bore away
 With him whom, with a people's grief,
 St. Paul's receives to-day.
 Oh, well may England honour him!
 Till earth's old days are done,
 The world shall hear the deeds he
 did —
 The deeds of Wellington.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

HIS PHILOSOPHY OF DINING.

LET us by all means try to sit down to dinner in a good temper. Nothing spoils the digestion like anger. We should look upon the hour or two set apart for dinner as the holiday part of the day, and dining as an orthodox amusement. It is of no use saying "Don't do this, and don't do that — after or before dinner; don't write, don't read, don't get hot," and so forth. The best thing we can do is not to think about it at all. An eminent — I may say the most eminent — physician now living (and to whom the writer of these lines, under God's blessing, owes his life) said once in a case of very painful hypochondria — "Eat? Why, eat what you like; don't ask me, I have nothing to do with it." Dinner is a necessity that should be taken and enjoyed, not thought about. I know of an old gentleman of fortune (how blind she is!) who has all the cookery books he knows of brought up to him in bed of a morning; these he reads with earnest attention, and then summons his cook to learn what is exactly in season. After mature deliberation, he proceeds to the grave business of ordering dinner, and toddles about the shady side of Pall Mall, worrying the world with fat jokes till it is ready. I know a man, too, a barrister in great practice, who will probably

one day be Lord Chancellor. He is making perhaps twenty thousand pounds a year by his profession (more shame to us!), and he never dines at all: — a biscuit, and a glass of sherry bolted mechanically, and placed near him by his clerk, who has a sort of life interest in him; a mutton chop got through nobody knows how, and peppered with the dust of briefs — such is his nourishment. Neither of these men understand the philosophy of dining. The one — I mean the glutton — never takes his dinner without grumbling, and, as sure as you, my worthy reader, who are reading this article pleasantly with your wife over the tea-table may hope to die happily of old age, so, probably, will our choleric friend of the cookery-books be carried off some day choking and grumbling by an apoplexy.

A really good wholesome dinner would take the lawyer by surprise as a thing he really was not used to, and he reminds me often of an old Göttingen professor, of whom it is related that he married. One day, about a week afterwards, his bride wondering that he did not come down to supper, went into his library to see what detained him. She found him deep in his papers. "Wilhelm," she said gently. "Mein Fräulein!" replied the professor startled. "Miss! what can I do for you? What has happened that you pay me such a late visit?" Some people, indeed, have so used themselves to bad

habits that they can no longer return to good ones.

Frederick Barbarossa is not the only person who has been killed even by such a simple proceeding as a good washing. It is not therefore for such lost sheep as these that I write, but for sensible persons like you and myself, dear reader.

Kings and Queens generally set the hour of dining in the countries they govern. It is whispered that the Queen of Great Britain dines with her children at two o'clock, and that the state dinner at eight is a mere pageant. Louis Philippe dined generally at seven, at least such is the hour named in an invitation — I beg his ghost's pardon, a command — I have by me. The Queen of Spain dines, or used to dine, at five; the Sultan at sunset; the late King of Sardinia dined at three; the Emperor of Russia eats when he is hungry — the State dinners are between five and six; the Emperor of Austria dines at five; the King of Prussia at three; the King of Hanover at five; the King of Sweden at five. The hour of five seems indeed to be the most general, as it is the most convenient. On the continent, especially, as every one goes to the theatre, which opens at seven — a later hour than five would interfere with the projects for the evening.

Guests upon the continent always take leave of their host about seven, so that he is not bored to death with them all the evening. Dinner means dinner,

and nothing more, and a dinner party is not, as with us, the miserable waste of many hours.

Busy men should take some refreshment once in every six or seven hours. Professional men often put off their dinners too long for the sake of dining at home, when a chop at a club would prolong their life ten years. By the bye the City wants a club terribly. Wine or stimulant may be taken or not taken. Weak men require stimulant in moderation; strong, full-blooded people are better without it. Any thought about what you are to eat, or how you are to eat it, is unworthy of a man of sense. Hold no communion with the vegetarians. Vegetable diet is a delusion and a snare; — a little man who had tried it for six months used to describe his sensations being “as if his bones were unhooked one from the other.” Studious men, however, or those engaged in sedentary occupations, should only eat meat once a day, and then in moderate quantity. A couple of glasses of water after dinner is said to be a capital digester — and I dare say it is, for I generally see fat people drink them.

Intense thought immediately after dinner will certainly make the blood fly to the head, which we want at the stomach; it should therefore be checked. Do not dine alone if you can help it: if you are obliged to do so, however, take something to read with you; anything to keep the mind cheerful without excitement. I have

often found the waiter, especially in foreign inns a much pleasanter fellow than he looked. Waiters are always ready to talk if permitted, and, for my part, I would sooner learn the views of a waiter on passing events than take a silent dinner. We lose a great deal by too much reserve also. I think it was Johnson (in one of those pithy dialogues chronicled by Boswell) who used to say “Sir, I am always ready to talk to anybody; if he is better than me I shall be improved by it, if otherwise I may hope to improve him.” While living abroad I once dined every day for three months at the same table with another gentleman, without either of us having ever exchanged a word. It certainly was not my fault, and he told me, for I knew him very intimately subsequently, that it was not his. It was probably mere acquired reserve on both sides. As a rule, single men, not in high official positions, should be always ready to talk to everybody. I have made the chance acquaintance of some of the celebrities of history while dining at hotels. It was so that I first saw Godoy, the famous Prince of the Peace, and Washington Irving.

Food should be varied as much as possible. It was the silliest thing ever devised to give the same dinners at public institutions every day. Neither need persons who can afford it fear to eat of many different things at the same dinner. It is pleasant,

however, to think that the poor man's piece of boiled rusty bacon contains as much or more nourishment than the epicure's ortolan, and certainly tastes sweeter to him. There are very few things, indeed, in which wealth has any real advantage over poverty. The best tonic indeed I know of, is having in one's children after dinner, and, in this respect, poor men are frequently better off than rich ones. In the first place, because they want no tonic to digest their well-earned food; and, in the next, because they have it if they do; — a pleasant example of the embarrassment of riches.

The French have a proverb that "Night brings counsel." I prefer, however, the saying of Sancho Panza, "There is wisdom in olives." One takes a much easier common-sense view of things after dinner than before. Juvenal says, coarsely, "No man reasons on a full stomach." I forgive Juvenal, who was by no means a man after my heart, but I cannot agree with him. I think it is precisely then that one does reason well, charitably, and forgivingly. No man ever knew how to dine properly who could shut his heart afterwards to the distresses of one human being. It is all very well putting on a stern face, Mr. Bull, but you really cannot button up your pockets to your poor relation after all that turtle soup and iced punch, that whitebait and roast sweetbread, so it's of no use trying. If you had wanted to

play the hard man with him any longer, you should not have asked him to dinner. There is no resisting the energy and eloquence given to him by so much good cheer.

How many useful inventions, how much happy thought and pleasant wisdom, how many good resolutions, how much hope, and love, and truth, and kindness, have been born of a good dinner! How keen an insight into character may be had in an after-dinner conversation. If I wanted really to judge the capacity or the heart of any one, I would sooner see him at dinner than at any hour of the twenty-four.

England is the most dinner-giving nation in the world. Then Russia; latterly, the French have begun to give a good many dinners; but Germany, Spain, and Italy, are still benighted in this particular. In Denmark and Sweden a good deal of rough coarse hospitality goes on, and the Turks even can and do give good dinners, when they do not attempt to serve them in the European style. A good rule in giving dinners is never to have more guests or more dishes than you know how to manage. A roast saddle of Welsh mutton, two sorts of vegetables, and a tart, is a dinner for a prince; but then there should not be more than four princes or princesses to eat it. It is the best dinner a young housewife, whose husband has five hundred pounds a year can, or ought, to put upon the table

and much better than any possible abominations contrived by the pastry-cook round the corner.

The mistress of a small household should never be above giving an eye to the maid; nobody will think any the worse of her. A very dear and near friend of mine, who is now a man of mark enough in the world to be recognised by some who read these pages, used to give charming little dinners; and many a time have we all gone to the kitchen, a "merry three," and dressed a little impromptu feast a philosopher and an epicure might alike envy. My friend was a dab at an omelette, and piqued himself rather upon it; his wife made a bread-and-butter pudding that made one's mouth water to think about; and I beat up the sauce, and did the looking-on part. Surely, surely, never were there such merry dinners. I don't think it ever occurred to any of us to regret we had not a cook, or above the pay of a good City clerk in a bank among the three of us.

In France it is customary to drink a glass of vermouth or some bitter liqueur before dinner, and a farewell in coffee after it, as digesters. In Russia, at Hamburg, in Denmark and Sweden, and in most of the northern countries of Europe, an epicure begins his dinner with a glass of fiery spirits; and I have found it a good plan to follow the customs of any country in which I might be living. In southern countries, however, where the atmosphere is dry, this

practice would be an easy and familiar introduction to the doctor. In Spain, Italy, Turkey, &c., all fermented liquors should be avoided by a man who does not wish to be in a perpetual fever. One cup of well-made coffee is also enough for anybody.

I once knew a physician in good practice, whose whole family were in the habit of taking a tea-spoonful of soda mixed in water and then a glass of port wine after dinner, but I found that it produced acidity instead of destroying it. The best specific I know for acidity is a glass of cold water; if one does not succeed, try two.

French dinners should always be diluted with claret and water; beer does not harmonise with them. Half a bottle of claret and one glass of Madeira is a fair dinner allowance for any man, and will not hurt him. Claret may be drunk, and will be found good in France, Northern Germany (especially in the Steuer-Verein), Russia, and America; elsewhere it is detestable. Beer is good in England, Bavaria, and indeed throughout Germany, and in America; everywhere else it should be avoided. In Hamburg, English beer may be had cheaper than in England, owing to the drawback on exportation. In Spain the only drinkable wine I could ever get, except at the houses of the Jews, was the Val-de-peñas, but that is seldom good; it is hardly necessary to add that port and sherry are unknown there, and it would

be impossible to drink either in a hot country, if as plentiful as water.

I found it a good plan to drink weak brandy-and-water throughout Spain. If an English traveller also should arrive hungry at a Spanish inn, he had better confine himself to eggs, and dress them himself, or they will be served up with rancid oil and bad potatoes. It is a curious thing that beefsteaks are better almost everywhere than in England. They are best of all in Hamburg. Let the epicure ask for a *bifteck étouffé* — a stifled beefsteak — and he will make the acquaintance of one of those happy marvels of cookery of which there are not more than four or five in the world. The worst ham I ever eat was at Bayonne; but they make the best chocolate in the world there. In Southern Germany the best dish a hungry traveller can ask for is a *kalbs-cotelette* (a veal cutlet); in Northern Germany beefsteaks and potatoes are to be recommended. Mutton throughout Germany is detestable. In Hungary the fried chickens are better than anything else, and for wine let the thirsty man ask for Erlauer, and mix it with two parts of water to one of wine. Italy is famous for macaroni; and a dish called *polenta* should be forgotten by no visitor to Venice, though it wants a good appetite. In America, pumpkin pie stands first in the estimation of the wise, and mint julep and sherry cobbler require no recommendation here; although how cousin Jonathan can

contrive to swallow so much of them it is not easy to understand. A *mayonnaise* is a good dish in its way, and a capital manner of serving up cold salmon or the remains of a fowl. At Frankfort, however, they give you a *mayonnaise* of brains; a dish which it surpasses the capacity of any human digestion to dispose of satisfactorily. The Jews, I really believe, can eat anything in the way of strong food. I once saw a pretty little lady of this race devour the best part of a Strasbourg pie without one atom of bread, yet she seemed to live upon butterflies, and had a complexion like an houri.

The capacity of the digestions of Southern Germany is also very remarkable: they can dispose of a regular meal six times a day, and fill up the intervals with raw herrings and sardines. An Algerine, however, once told me he eat twenty pounds of grapes daily while they were in season, for his health. So that nationality can make little difference. However, southern nations are less given to excess than northern ones. The late Mr. Liston was once called in by a lady in weak health; his advice to her was to get tipsy every day. She did so and recovered. The relations of an old gentleman of eighty used to assert that he never by any accident went to bed sober. Yet Panucci, one of the famous long livers of Italy, never eat anything but salad and drank nothing whatever. Priests may be said,

pression, if the volume* in which Mr. Hawker subsequently reprinted his modern-antique, as the Song of the Western Men, had obtained the notice and circulation which it seems to us to have better deserved than many collections of verse with much higher pretension.

Mr. Hawker is apparently still under the impression, that even of the burden to the old song only the fragment he quotes in his letter to us had been preserved. We believe he will find, however, that the entire burden which was added to our reprint, and for which we had the corroborative authority of one of the living representatives of the Trelawney family, is an authentic part of the old poem. This impression is confirmed in another letter, correcting our mistake, addressed to us also by a clergyman, to whom all the facts of the modern adaptation of these celebrated stanzas appear to be well known. "The chorus, I should say, does not appear in Mr. Hawker's poem; but on reading it, I recollected the burthen of a song which my mother, a Cornishwoman, had sung to me when a child, and saw at once that the two fragments belonged to the same ballad. My mother's song was

" 'And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,

And shall Trelawney die?

There's twice ten thousand Cornishmen

Will know the reason why.' "

* Ecclesia; a volume of Poems by the Rev. R. S. Hawker, M. A., Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall. Oxford, 1840.

THE "LOGGING" STONE.

WE have another Cornish score to clear: — In an article entitled "Still on the Wing," in Vol. XIII. p. 347 of Household Words, there appeared an account of the overthrow of the famous Logan or "Logging" Stone; which, although substantially correct, has been thought to have left a slur on the character of a meritorious naval officer, not deserved. With the view of removing it, we have lately received Lieutenant Goldsmith's own version of his freak, written soon after it was perpetrated, and while he was being assailed with the most inveterate censure by all the antiquaries and newspapers of the locality. Many statements exaggerated his culpability; and, in order to clear himself in the eyes of his mother — whose good opinion he most coveted — he wrote to her the following account of the affair: —

"Penzance, April 24, 1824.

"THE facts in question, my dear Mother, are these:

"On the 8th of this month we were off the Land's-End, near the spot where the Rock stood. Our boats were creeping along shore beneath it for some goods which, we suspected, might be sunk in the sands near it. I took the opportunity of landing to look at the Logan Rock with my mate; and, hearing that it was not in the power of man to remove it, I took it into my head to try my skill, and, at this time (half-past four o'clock, P. M.), the boats having finished what they had to do, and it blowing too fresh for them to creep any longer, I took them and their crew on shore with me, and, having landed at the foot of the rocks, we all scrambled up the precipice. We had with us, at first, three hand-spikes, with

which we tried to move the Rock, and could not do it. The hand-spikes were then laid aside, and the nine men who were with me took hold of the Rock by the edge, and, without great difficulty, set it in a rocking motion, which became so great, that I was fearful of bidding them try to stop it lest it should fall back upon us, and away it went unfortunately, clean over upon its side, where it now rests. There was not an instrument of any kind or description near the Rock when thrown over, except one hand-spike, and that I had in my hand, but which was of no use in upsetting the Rock; and this is the *truth*, and nothing but the *truth*, as I hope for salvation.

"For my part, I had no intention, or the most distant thought, of doing mischief, even had I thrown the Rock into the sea. I was innocently, as my God knows, employed, as far as any bad design about me. I knew not that this Rock was so idolized in this neighbourhood, and you may imagine my astonishment when I found all Penzance in an uproar. I was to be transported at least; the newspapers have traduced me, and made me worse than a murderer, and the base falsehoods in them are more than wicked. But, here I am, my dear Mother, still holding up my head, boldly conscious of having only committed an act of inadvertency. Be not uneasy — my character is yet safe; and you have nothing on that score to make you uneasy. I have many friends in Penzance: amongst them the persons most interested in the Rock, and many who were most violent now see the thing in its true light. I intend putting the bauble in its place again, and hope to get as much credit as I have anger for throwing it down."

We are furnished, also, with a copy of a letter from the agent of the proprietor of the estate on which the Stone stands, and, consequently, of the Stone itself. That gentleman declares, "I have no hesitation in stating that I do not believe you had any intention of injuring any one, and that you were not aware you should do so by upsetting the Logan Rock.

From the moment you had reason to know the sensation produced by it, I can safely say that you have said and done every thing in your power to make amends."

Lieutenant Goldsmith at once set to work to restore the Rocking Stone to its place; not by order of the Admiralty, but of his own accord. Tackle and men were freely furnished him from the dockyard. A graphic account of the feat appeared in the Royal Cornwall Gazette of the 6th of November, 1824: —

"The Logan Rock is in its place, and 'logs' again. Lieutenant Goldsmith has nobly repaired the error of a moment by a long trial of skill, and energy, and courage. I say courage, for it was a work of great peril; and wherever danger was, there he was always foremost — under the weight of the mass of machinery, and on the edge of the precipice. An engraving, which will shortly be published, will convey the best idea of the complicated machinery employed; and I shall content myself with barely observing, as a proof of the skill of the mode of applying it, that many Engineers had their doubts whether it could be so applied, and even when erected, they doubted whether it would be efficient.

The moment, therefore (on Friday last), when the men took their stations at the capstans was an anxious one, and when, after twenty minutes toil, Lieutenant Goldsmith announced from the stage, 'It moves, thank God!' a shout of applause burst from all who beheld it. Endeavour to conceive a group of rocks of the most grand and romantic appearance, forming an amphitheatre, with multitudes seated on its irregular masses, or clinging to its precipices: conceive a large platform carried across an abyss from rock to rock, and upon it three capstans manned by British seamen. Imagine the lofty masts which are seen rearing their heads, from which ropes are connected with chains in many a fold, and of massive strength. A flag waves over all: the huge stone is in the midst. Every eye is directed to the

monstrous bulk. Will it break its chains? — will it fall and spread ruin? — or will it defy the power that attempts to stir it? — will all the skill and energy, and strength, and hardihood, have been exerted in vain? We shall soon know: expectation sits breathless; and at last it moves. All's well. Such was the first half-hour. In two hours it was suspended in the air, and vibrated: but art was triumphant, and held the huge leviathan fast.

I will not detail the labour of two successive days: but come to the last moment. At twenty minutes past four on Tuesday afternoon a signal was given that the rock was in its place, and that it logged again. This was announced by a spectator: but where was Lieutenant Goldsmith? why does not he announce it? He has called his men around him: his own and their hats are off: he is addressing them first, and calling upon them to return thanks to God, through whose aid alone the work had been done — a work of great peril and hazard, and by His blessing without loss of life or limb.

After this appropriate and solemn act, he called upon them to join in the British sailor's testimony of joy, three cheers; and then turned with all his gallant men to receive the re-echoing cheers of the assembled multitude. More detailed accounts will be given; but this hasty sketch may convey some idea of the scene. That Lieutenant Goldsmith, whose character — like the rock — is replaced on a firm basis, may have an opportunity of exerting his great talents and brave spirit in the service of his profession, is the sincere wish of all this neighbourhood."

A DIP IN THE NILE.

A TRAVELLER who comes home with the dust of Egypt on his shoes, and brings us cheerful talk from the bedside of our very old friend, the Nile, is always to be heard with pleasure. Mr. Bayle St. John, who talks to us agreeably of Father Nile, his landed proper-

ty, his towns and villages, and villagers, through two volumes, entitled *Village Life in Egypt*, has, therefore, our ears at his disposal. We get into his book as we would get into a convenient bathing-machine, and roll down towards the famous river. Here we are with our heads bent over its waters, into which we are about to dip.

The water fills our ears and blinds our eyes, in which, blind though we are, a thousand lights are dancing. We sink while our heaps swim, and we have a vision at once that we are true Egyptians, pious Moslems, and that we are at Cairo, during the Festival of the Prophet — a feast at which in the newness of our orthodoxy we are more particularly anxious to assist. The dancing lights before our eyes become a gay illumination, torches, lanterns flash to and fro, strings of lamps glitter among trees, the trees of the Esbekiyeh, the Hyde Park of Cairo.

The Esbekiyeh is a place of spacious gardens, crossed by alleys, and surrounded by a broad drive under acacias and sycamores. It is an hour after sunset, and we are walking, we think, on this ground between two rows of tents, all pouring streams of light out from within. We walk up to the grand feature of the scene, the Kayim, a row of four tall masts connected by a great entanglement of rigging, and overhung with lamps of many kinds, the offerings of many people. By the light of this ship of Vauxhall

that glitters down on moving turbans and tarbooshes, and irradiates the crowd in which we are becoming wedged, we see strange sights about us. Profane jokes and pious ejaculations, all of the true Egyptian Moslem cast, are gurgling, instead of the Nile water, in our ears; the sights are very phantom-like. The tents are occupied by holy dervises, who are at work therein, performing publicly for the religious edification of themselves and their beholders. In a small tent dimly lighted, two or three are bounding frantically up and down, like India-rubber men. In another, dervises are pouring out their souls in perspiration under piles of cloaks and blankets. In a large tent, brilliantly lighted with a wooden chandelier, sit thirty men all in a circle chatting, while a white-bearded dervise in the middle silently gets up his spiritual steam. He begins a measured chant, the chat ceases from the thirty mouths, and the thirty heads, all keeping time, turn slowly to the left, and look at the same instant over the thirty left shoulders. "Al —" cry thirty mouths together, and back work the thirty heads to the right, slowly and solemnly, till thirty faces look at once over thirty right shoulders: "— lah!" cry the thirty mouths. Then to the left for an Al — again; then to the right for a — lah! The white-beard in the middle gets his steam up more and more, chants faster and faster. The thirty faces turn faster and faster; left,

right: Al — lah! Left, right, left, right: Al-lah! Al-lah! Faster and faster, as if thirty men were furiously trying to shake off their thirty heads: Allahallahallahallah — the cry becomes no longer voice — a grunt, a howl. Excitement grows, the men can no longer sit still; they leap to their feet, still wagging their heads incessantly, while their eyes roll, and their features writhe, and the wild grunt goes on to the praise of Allah. Turbans are shaken off, and shaven polls wag on; lips foam, but through them there still pours the incessant Allahallahallah. There are twenty-nine dervises, for one has fallen in a fit and has been dragged off into a corner by the heels. The motion of the twenty-nine is changed to a duck forward, which brings the nose into perpetual relation with the knees, and at each spasmodic bow "Allah" is now jerked out of the nine-and-twenty mouths in one spasmodic syllable, which seems to have been retched up from the nine-and-twenty stomachs.

The time changes. It is still the Festival of the Prophet, but it is day, and we are waiting near the principal tent of the dervises to see the ceremony of the Doseh or the Trampling. Thousands of people are assembled, some on the top of a great wall, some on tree-tops, some on house-tops, others on the top of our own toes. There is room among the crowd, however, for some stalls that have been set up by boys and women who sell oranges, sweetmeats, and

sherbet. What would be the pleasure of a spectacle from which there was absent that æsthetic element of perfect refreshment represented at our own places of mental recreation by the body-soothing apples, oranges, and ginger-beer? There is a stir now in the crowd; the sea of heads rises an inch or two, for the spectators are on tiptoe. Flags are to be seen coming from the direction of the Iron Gate; most of them are green, inscribed with letters from the Koran. Clubmen who march before the flags hew out of the crowd an alley about six feet wide. We have felt the clubs, and have stood back, and are rewarded for our sufferings by a place in the front row of the human hedge by which the lane is bounded.

Two and two in a long file, the near hands of each pair clasped together, and the off hands resting on the shoulders of the men before them, down there comes rushing through the lane a torrent of about two hundred young dervises. As they come they sway with an uniform automaton movement from side to side, gasping out "Allah;" they are all pale and bathed in sweat; they appear to be all drunk with fanaticism, some perhaps with a draught of something better, which may help them to go through their pious work. Suddenly all stop, fall flat upon their faces, and arrange themselves side by side to form a living pavement, a sort of corduroy road of men.

Busy officials running to and fro fit all the human logs together neatly, by adjusting here an arm and there a leg. The logs, however, are not bound to lie quite still, but, on the contrary, they are expected to keep up, and do keep up, a convulsive twitching motion through their bodies, while at the same time these miserable men are all at work rubbing their noses violently in the dust from side to side, and grunting out the name of God in swinish accents. Some believing bystanders are infected with the fierce plague of fanaticism, and go down among the grovellers. There is a murmur, a shout, and a dead silence, while the crowd sways eagerly forward. A stout man, on a powerful horse, surrounded by about a dozen attendants, moves at a quick walking pace over the prostrate bodies. Each dervise receives the horse's tread over his loins; some throw up their heads and feet when the weight falls, writhing like worms. The sheikh rides on and away. The friends of the dervises run forward to pick them up, and whisper in their ears "Wahed," which means "Declare the Unity of God." Some can only groan, some are in a swoon, some respond to the appeal with foaming or with bleeding lips. A few have evidently passed through fanaticism into fits. There is a tall Arab who leaps like a fish whenever he is touched upon the breast.

Faint with the pressure of the crowd and with the repulsive nature of the spectacle, our own

heads become dizzy, and objects become indistinct before our eyes. Possibly that may be also the effect of the Nile flood into which we have dipped. They say that a whole life-story becomes present in the compass of a minute to the drowning man; the Nile may therefore set another vision or two swimming in our heads before we rise up to the surface.

We are at the base of a pyramid of Dashour, and climb up to the entrance. A long, sloping gallery leads us down to a low passage, through which we creep with labour among huge stones into a gloomy chamber. A stifling sense of heat oppresses us, but from this chamber — a vault of overlapping stones which meet at the height of about forty feet over our heads — we crawl upon our faces through a passage some twelve inches high and roughly paved, a group of pale men, each with a taper in his hand, the nose of one upon the heels of another, all rapidly becoming purple and perspiring out of every pore. The heat is frightful. Smothered voices from behind protest against the dust kicked up in front, and the reply comes back from the front in stifled groans. We wriggle desperately onwards through this worm-hole, but no end appears. If there should be no end, how can we get back to the light again? At length the first head and the first right arm that holds a taper is thrust out into an open expanse; a minute more and one man stands upright, giddy and

faint, dripping with perspiration. The rest follow, dusty-haired and purple-featured. This chamber is precisely like the one we just now quitted. We ascertain this fact, and work our way back to regain the fresh air of the desert, the expanse of which we then see from the summit of the same pyramid swelling away in stony waves. A fox breaks from his hole under our feet, and runs before us.

Again we are about to burrow. The chief pyramid of the Sakkarah group rises from its vast pedestal of rocky desert in five great steps, that together reach a height of some three hundred feet. We are impelled to worm our way into its heart. The entrance, at the bottom of a great hole, is about forty paces from its northern front; we climb down, one by one, each making an avalanche of sand and rubbish, and enter, following an Arab. Turning his back to the entrance, each of us crawls in, feet first, while his mouth and his eyes fill with dust; the Arab takes each by the legs and pulls him then along a narrow passage, under a block of stone, the lintel of the ancient doorway. Here we have space to sit as we are pulled in by the Arab, and talk to one another with abated breath, by taper-light. Now we descend in file along steep winding passages cut in the rock, our tapers throwing about shadows that mysteriously come and go, and seem more real than we ourselves appear while treading thus upon the paths of a dead

world. Passages branch off, upwards, downwards; we go on and down as if bound for the bowels of the earth. Sometimes the gallery expands in a vast crevice overhead; sometimes it narrows to a hole; sometimes we drop down as into a shallow well, and travel on again. At length we come into an open space, to which we see no boundary but a thick wall of darkness, in which our tapers cannot at first make a breach. As we become accustomed to the gloom, our eyes discern four walls of rocks rising around us, broken by the black mouths of passages or alcoves, but the roof we cannot see; for, high above our heads, beyond the power of the tapers, is a veil of darkness. We collect materials and kindle a great fire, about which we sit in the red light, upon great blocks of stone that make confusion on the floor; and now we see, a hundred feet above our heads, the roof of the great cave, all scooped out of the rock; the entire substance of the pyramid presses above it. In the centre of the cave a grand column of granite, fitted upon a hole, conceals a mystery. So might a demon be confined; and we, perhaps, are actors in some adventure of the old days of enchantment. In a corner we may find a goblet, which we break; and, when we break it suddenly, the cave will shake, the granite column fall in powder from the hole it covers, and a resplendent fairy, who had been imprisoned in that cave by a

malignant sorcerer, will rise and reward us with a plate upon which food never fails, and a bunch of everlasting grapes that distil at a wish any wine in the world, from Burgundy and Port down to the Greek resinous abominations. We do not, however, seek in any way like this to accomplish the adventure of the cave; we leave the fire behind us flickering and leaping to the lofty roof that is again hung with the tapestry of darkness, and struggle onward through another passage, half choked with great blocks of stone. It was a handsome gallery a long, long time ago, and lined with painted alabaster; now it leads us among dismal branching passages, which stifle us with heat and dust, and the Egyptian darkness that defies our tapers. We are glad when we get out again into the bright light of an Egyptian day.

Again we are creeping under ground into the ibis mummy pits. A faint gleam of light at the bottom of the descent shows where the Arab is, who has sped on too hastily before us. We have passed out of the narrow passage through which we were forced to crawl; the walls have retreated on each side; the roof has abruptly ascended, but we cannot stand up. We are upon a slope of sand that gently slides us on, one after the other, with our heads all downward. It is impossible, without making the matter worse, to attempt either to get up or turn. We look a-head and see the stream

of sand before us pouring in a gentle cataract over the edge of a square well, too broad to offer any hope of help by reaching out towards its sides. We glide on; but, as each head passes over the brink of the well, the swarthy face of the Arab is discovered looking up for it. The Arab stands with his outstretched legs planted upon two projections, close under the cataract of sand and stone; and, catching us as we come, plants us in safety. We are soon all down and roaming along galleries into chamber after chamber, into chambers by the hundred, some of them huge caves, and all the catacombs of ibises.

Rising now and shaking the Nile water from our faces, we look out over the surface of the river. On one side the masts of an anchored boat lean against a grove of locust trees, in which a cloud of pigeons comes to settle, loading them as if with huge white flowers. On the opposite bank a long dense wood of sycamores and acacias just allows the setting sun to be seen in fragments like a distant conflagration. A mass of strangely-contorted clouds, with broken rainbows here and there, tapestries nearly the whole circuit of the heavens. The lake-like reach of the river is steeped in the most gorgeous colours. It glows full of light from brim to brim, and burning eddies and rosy ripples come trembling up to kiss our cheeks as we are bathing. The world below, borrowing all the beauty of the heavens, seems

to borrow also their transparency, and shines and glitters as if about to dissolve like a soap bubble.

On the shore we observe the gisrs or embankments, of heights varying from ten to twenty feet, by which communication is kept up between the villages. These gisrs are pierced here and there by sluice-gates, for they are accompanied by a system of canals, which in the summer become dry and choked with mud. To keep canals and gisrs in repair much labour is required, and this the fellahs, or Egyptian villagers, are forced to furnish at wages that will barely maintain life even in Egypt. A gang of five or six hundred fellahs — men, women, and children — may be met often by the traveller, listlessly at work with mattock and basket, under the eyes of appointed taskmasters — Arabs, like themselves — armed with swords and whips. And though, by taking earth to raise the gisir from the neighbouring canal which they have also to deepen, they might get through two labours with the toil of one, they may be seen actually digging here and there deep, useless holes in a field covered with green corn.

The villagers of Egypt are good fellows, but they have no motive to industry. Much of their life is spent in task labour, and if they earn more for themselves than bare subsistence, any superfluity that they may be discovered to possess is wrung from them by the officers of government. Extortion and cheating, garnished abun-

dantly with blows, pervade the whole system of government in Egypt. The Governors of the great provinces are Turks, but the minor districts all have native officers of peasant origin, called Nazirs, who bring to the village doors the system of oppression. They are not loved the worse for it. They do as they are done by; they are beaten, and they beat. Excessive taxes are of course demanded of the fellahs, who of course, if they be respectable refuse to pay, of course are horsed in Eton style, and suffer the naboot. Blows are honourable, and the man is to be envied who has suffered most, and allowed the least quantity of money to be tortured from him. It is all done in a quiet family way. The sheikh of a hamlet sits under the palms in his market-place. The fellah who has paid his quarterly tax and taken his naboot by way of assurance that no more can be extracted from him, goes and squats down as easily as in his sore condition he is able, quietly to see the same process gone through with his neighbour, accepts a pipe from a friend whose turn is yet to come, and sily boasts of the few fuddahs he has saved, though he had held them in reserve under his tongue to pay in case the torture should prove unendurable. The sheikh appeals to Allah and the Prophet, does a hard day's work, and when he has raised the amount that he thinks sufficient, goes home in hope that he may be able in his turn to keep back a small propor-

tion for himself. The Nazir of the district, however, keeps an eye upon the sheikhs of the villages, whose turn it now is to suffer, for the Nazir wants enough to satisfy the Governor of his province — through whose hands the money next will pass — and at the same time to yield a portion to his private pocket. But the Governor, who also wants to pocket pickings, holds the naboot over the Nazirs, and so on through every step.

When not collecting taxes, the sheikh is admired in the village as its most respectable first citizen. The fellahs treat him with respectful familiarity. The principal men of the village — the oldest and best behaved — collect about him in the evening, and talk politics over the pipe and the coffee cup.

Many of the Egyptian villages are mere miserable heaps of huts, around and among which rise palm trees, one or more of which belongs to each family. There is no visible mosque, but a room is generally set apart for public prayer. In larger villages the houses are still chiefly of one story, but many have an upper room used as a dwelling, with stores, donkeys, goats, and other property below. The upper floor is reached by an external staircase, and contains two or three rooms, each reached by a separate door from the open landing. The roof is of palm rafters, covered thickly with clay. The sheikh's house is, of course, on a larger scale, and in the neighbourhood of some populous villages are to

be seen neat white houses in gardens, belonging to Nazirs and other great men. In such villages there is also commonly a grain store. The mosque is known by a pepper-box minaret, or an indented parapet of a terrace in the Saracenic style. There is a coffee-house with a carved woodwork front, a barber's shop with lofty narrow divans, and a square roofed with dhourra stalks, through which the sunlight filters upon stalls called shops, and women squatted on the ground who offer for sale trays of bread and heaps of vegetables.

The house of an ordinary villager has two rooms, furnished with mud divans raised a few inches from the floor. Its most important article of furniture is the Furn. That is a kind of permanent bedstead, built of brick, and containing an arched stove. This provides warmth in winter, and it is the cooking-place. The whole family sleeps sometimes, in cold weather, on the furn, which being fed with dung fuel, is maintained all night at a gentle heat. There are no chairs and tables, of course; but there is sometimes a dish-stand a few inches high, and there are a few earthen dishes, bowls, and water-jars. This dwelling has low doors, and windows about six inches square.

The fellah is apt to play the master in his household, as the master is played to himself out of doors. A great part of the land of Egypt belongs as estate to the Pacha and a few great landed pro-

prietors, who farm it out. The people go with the soil: each peasant has a small allotment which he cultivates when he is able, but the man who farms the estate on which he lives has a right to his labour, and the giving of wages is often merely optional. In money, or kind, or personal service, the Egyptian villager is made to pay back ninety-five per cent. upon the produce of his labour.

For this plunge into the Nile and gossip upon Village Life in Egypt, we are indebted altogether to the pleasant book of Mr. Bayle St. John. We pay our thanks to him accordingly.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MADIAT.

HAVING received permission from the Tuscan Secretary of State to visit the Madiat in the prisons where they are severally expiating their enormous crime of possessing a Bible, we determined to take the husband first in order, for, by a refinement of cruelty, they are confined in separate prisons, in different parts of the country.

Francesco Madiat is confined in Volterra, a desolate town situated on a bleak hill in the midst of the Tuscan Maremma, but to the antiquary full of interest for its Etruscan remains, and to the lover of art as being the centre and place of manufacture for those alabaster ornaments which

— from the tame and insipid snow-white baskets of the chimney-piece of a ladies' academy, to the classic vases of agate-alabaster in the cabinet of the connoisseur — are found as ornaments in almost every country.

Volterra may be approached from Florence on two sides, either by Poggiabonsi or by Pontadera; we were recommended the latter as an easier, though longer road.

Having taken our places by the railway from Florence, amid the parting smiles of an old flower-girl — who, as she forced her carnations upon us, tried to infuse into those smiles something of the sweetness of younger days — we steamed along, at some sixteen miles an hour, as far as Pontadera. Here, after refusing the invitation of a voluble *vet-turino* to be conducted to the now deserted lakes of Montecatino, we effected an arrangement for Volterra at a price about the half of what he asked, and probably twice as much as he expected. The road was unexceptionable: such as we Englishmen are in the habit of assuming to be peculiar to Mac Adam and ourselves. When seven miles from Volterra in distance, and two hours in time, the town with its fortress was seen crowning the heights, and apparently quite near at hand. From this point the whole route presented the wildest scene of desolation, as the soil consists of a cold white clay on which not a blade of verdure will grow, and which rain and torrents have

worn away into romantic shapes, leaping the upper surface bare and full of cracks. The whole country, as far as the eye can see, has such an appearance as one might imagine the earth to have presented when the Deluge first subsided.

Under the walls of the town, we overtook a party of holiday-making "artists" in alabaster, and were told that, by accompanying them up a steep footpath to the left, we should arrive half-an-hour before our carriage, which had to wind its way up the zigzags.

Arrived at the hotel, our landlord made much boast of "some Englishmen" who had been "staying for the last month with him." This turned out to be a true Samaritan who, with his son, had devoted all that time to cheering the sinking spirits, strengthening the drooping mind, and enlivening the solitary hours, of the poor prisoner we came to see.

As our time was limited, and we could not visit the prison before ten next morning, we arranged for an early inspection of the Etruscan remains in the Museum, being the most perfect collection of tombs (some of them, probably, but little later than the time of Abraham) that exists in Europe. It would be foreign from our subject to detail the treasures of this striking collection; but we may pause to notice one singular custom, which, if now adopted, would cause a complete revolution in epitaphs. Many of the older

tombs represent, in the sculptured relief with which all are decorated, the passage of the soul to its destined state for the future. The spirit of the departed is mounted on horseback, and led on either by a good angel to realms of bliss, or by a bad spirit, with a huge hammer over his shoulder, to the place of torment. We could well fancy the embarrassment that would be experienced by the surviving relations in deciding so important a point as the nature of the entablature, and what a convincing and permanent proof it would afford of their opinion of the departed. In one instance, a departed spirit, whose horse, urged on by the bad angel, is conducting him at full speed to the regions of torment, is represented as pulling hard at the bridle until he has fairly brought the horse's head aside even to the shoulder — and yet still progressing downward.

The hour for our admission into the prison having arrived, we presented our order, which seemed a mere matter of form, as our visit had been evidently announced beforehand. As Francesco Madiat was in the infirmary, we were conducted first over other parts of the prison, in which every prisoner is not only confined separately, but does his work and takes his exercise separately. Each man is put to the work which he followed before his committal, so that, as each cell was opened, we saw hatters, carpenters, weavers, and even

blacksmiths, at work. The cells were all clean and well ventilated, a separate cell being usually provided for each, so that except in very rare cases no prisoner sleeps in his workshop. The diet was much the same as they would have been used to outside, while a portion of the produce of extra labour was permitted to be laid out in extra delicacies, thus affording this first incentive to even the least impressionable of rational beings.

Long corridors ran throughout the building with these cells on each side of them, and at the central spot was a small square space, where a crucifix is set up and the mass performed, so that care is taken to give to all the prisoners the comfort of religious services, except the unfortunate Madiat, whose deprivation in this respect is a severe, though inevitable, aggravation of their sufferings. The refusal of their Bible and other devotional books is an unnecessary, cruel, and dangerous feature in their solitary confinement.

We found Francesco in a comfortable room of the infirmary, and the exemption which his illness procured him from prison discipline and prison dress, along with the hopes of a speedy release which he seemed to entertain, gave him a more cheerful air than we afterwards found in his unfortunate wife. We had a long conversation with him in French, this language being adopted at his own request, in order that the governor and doctor — who, I

conclude, had been ordered to be present — might hear it.

We did not feel ourselves bound to alter on this account what would otherwise have been the tenor of our conversation. As we had come with no intention of embittering his mind against the powers that be, no interruption was offered by either of those present. Nothing could be more pleasing than the whole conversation and manner of the poor prisoner. His references to Scripture, which one naturally looked for in one whose love for it was his whole crime and must form his whole consolation, were frequent. But all such quotations were perfectly free from cant or affectation, and seemed to be but the utterings of his heart.

He was evidently much cheered by our visit, and his evenness of spirit and noble calmness seemed to make an impression, even on the governor of the prison.

The route to the prison of Lucca is over much more beaten ground. Sparing you, therefore, as we rested at Pisa, all raptures over the unequalled grouping of the leaning tower, the Cathedral, and the Baptistery, in one noble space, we will invite you to enter the "Ergastolo" at Lucca. The arrangements of the prison are similar, though in some respects inferior, to those at Volterra, but it alone contains female as well as male prisoners. The proportion of the former throughout Tuscany is very small — under fifty

females, to upwards of two thousand males.

We found poor Rosa suffering from headache, depressed in spirits, still liable to pain from her old spinal complaint, and, after repeated disappointments, unwilling to admit of hope. In her odious striped prison dress, with her hair cut to the prison regulations, and a cotton handkerchief over her head, those who had known her in her happier days would with difficulty have recognised her now. She was, however, well supported from within; though she spoke of her arrest as having come upon her like a thunder-clap. Her chief anxiety seemed to be to conceal her own sufferings from her husband, and to have more certainty as to the state of his health, shattered as she knew it to be.

She had received visits from two remarkable personages — no less than the Grand Duchess and the Archbishop. How so exalted a personage as the former could have visited her in her cell, and for such an offence, without such a visit resulting in a pardon, I am at a loss to conceive.

Nor is it less singular that one charged with, and pronounced guilty of "Open impiety in the way of proselytizing," should have been twice requested by the archbishop to "pray for him."

Having given a temperate and scrupulously unexaggerated account of the present position of these unfortunate persons, we may with greater confidence so-

licit attention to the following statement, which should strike a chill on every heart, including even the hearts of their oppressors. It is our firm belief that if their present sentence be carried out, or even if their present punishment be continued much longer, their lives will be sacrificed. Time will show how far we are correct in our view of the present state of their health. We have done our duty in testifying to what we saw and know — the awful responsibility must rest with others.

END OF VOL. XVI.

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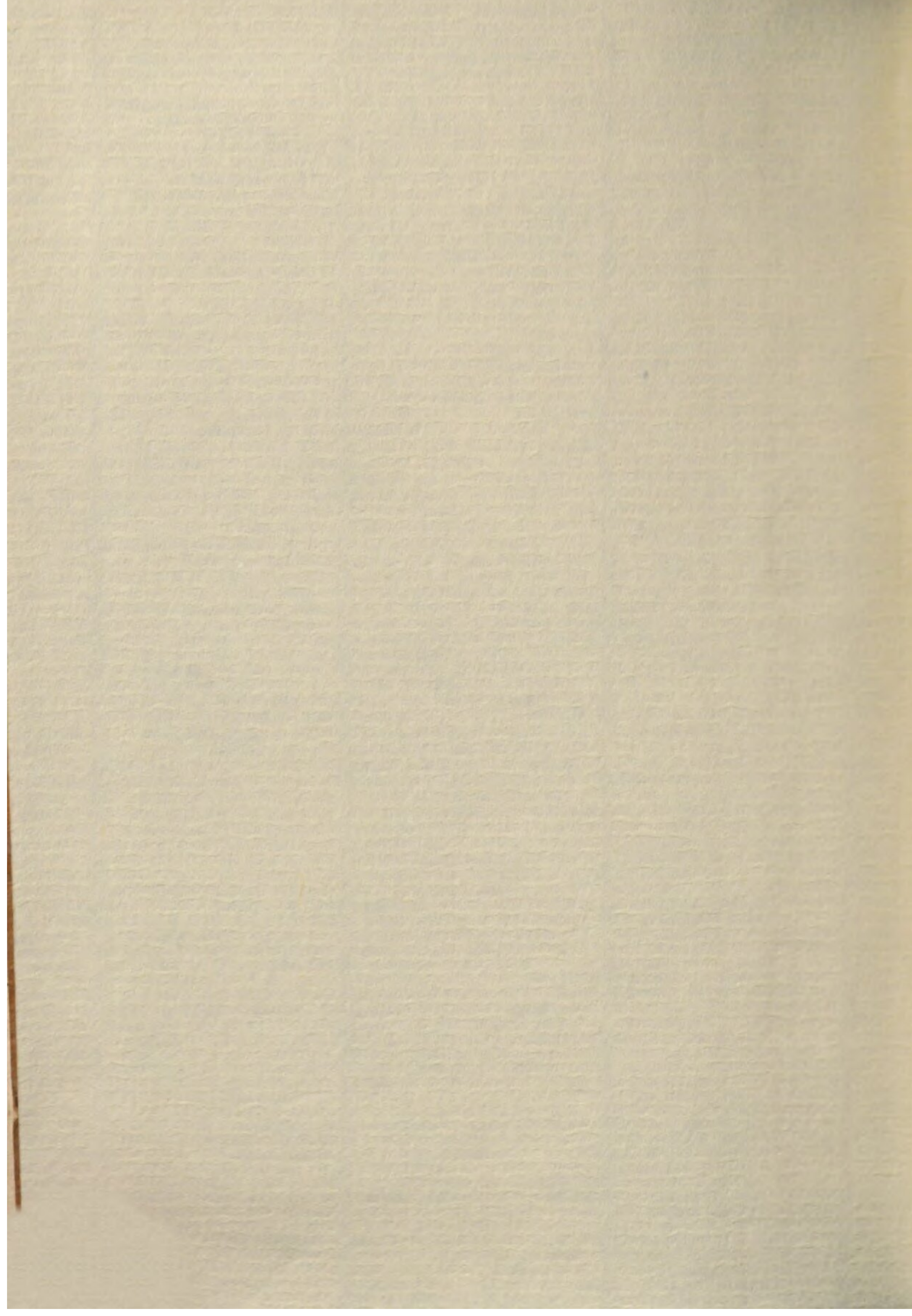
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